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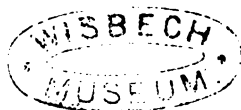
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Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*



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CONTENTS *of* VOL. CCLXVII.

	PAGE
Africa, From. By GRANT ALLEN	547
Aran, The Isles of. By GODDARD H. ORPEN	88
Arcadian Extremes. By LANDLEY LEYBURN	279
Archives, Our. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A.	70
Backing Cupid: a Tale of Royal Ascot. By CHARLES T. C.	
JAMES :—	
Chaps. I.-VI.	209
Chaps. VII.-X.	313
Book-burner, A Royal. By J. A. FARRER	284
Book-Fires, Charles the First's. By J. A. FARRER	476
Book-Fires, Sixteenth Century. By J. A. FARRER	43
British Climate, The. By ALFRED J. H. CRESPI	457
Camphor Forests and Eucalyptus Pine. By A. J. H. CRESPI	301
Carnac, The Giant Stones of. By GODDARD H. ORPEN	622
Chant de Goliath. By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING	526
Charles the First's Book-Fires. By J. A. FARRER	476
Coffin Nails. By Rev. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.	570
Concerning Cycling. By W. ARMSTRONG WILLIS	600
Deaf and Dumb, The : Teaching them to Talk. By J. G. SHAW	504
Dibdin, Charles. By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN	558
D'Israeli the Novelist. By WILLIAM E. A. AXON	177
Dream, A, of Dante. By ISABELLA J. POSTGATE	205
Dumas' Henri Trois. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	192
Early Mormonism. By FRED. BARRACLOUGH	339
Eucalyptus Pine and Camphor Forests. By A. J. H. CRESPI	301
Extremes, Arcadian. By LANDLEY LEYBURN	279
"Faust," The Second Part of. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	362
From Africa. By GRANT ALLEN	547
"Gentleman Pete." By A CONVICT	628
Giant Stones, The, of Carnac. By GODDARD H. ORPEN	622
Henri Trois, Dumas'. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	192
Ilfracombe and Lundy. By AN OLD OXONIAN	511
In New Zealand. By J. LAWSON	184
Ipplepen : Round and About an Old Devon Village. By W. G.	
THORPE	407
Isles of Aran, The. By GODDARD H. ORPEN	88
"Jane Eyre," Some Reminiscences of the Author of. By FRANCIS	
H. CANDY	414
King John, Under. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A.	614
Knapsack Expeditions. By HENRY M. TROLLOPE	258
Lady, The, of Lyons. By PERCY FITZGERALD	136
Log-Book, A. By W. H. PATTERSON	142
Lundy and Ilfracombe. By AN OLD OXONIAN	511
Migrants, Summer. By JOHN WATSON	121
Molière, The Wife of. By GERALD MORIARTY	20
Monastery, A Russian. By J. THEODORE BENT	238

	PAGE
Mormonism, Early. By FRED. BARRACLOUGH	339
My Portrait. By HENRIETTE CORKRAN	529
Myths of the Great Departed: a Study in Legendary Folk-Lore. By C. S. BOSWELL	434
Nature, The Romance of. By WILLIAM SYDNEY	54
New Zealand, In. By J. LAWSON	184
New Zulu Bonds. By W. H. STACPOOLE	1
Our Archives. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A.	70
Our West African Possessions. By H. R. FOX BOURNE	379
Portrait, My. By HENRIETTE CORKRAN	529
Queen, A Vagabond. By JAN WINN	266
Romance, The, of Nature. By WILLIAM SYDNEY	54
Round and About an Old Devon Village: Ipplepen. By W. G. THORPE	407
Royal Book-burner, A. By J. A. FARRER	284
Russian Monastery, A. By J. THEODORE BENT	238
Sceptre and Pen. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS	147
Second Part, The, of "Faust." By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	362
Sergeant Bell's Raree Show. By RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD	596
Sixteenth-Century Book-Fires. By J. A. FARRER	43
Some Minor British Game-Birds: Woodcock, Plover, and Snipe. By JOHN WATSON	447
Some Recent Scientific Advances. By ALFRED J. H. CRESPI	391
Some Reminiscences of the Author of "Jane Eyre." By FRANCIS H. CANDY	414
Study, A, in Legendary Folk-Lore: Myths of the Great Departed. By C. S. BOSWELL	434
Story, The, of the Coat. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS:—	
Part I.	487
Part II.	577
St. Spiridon's Day. By JAMES BAKER	294
Summer Migrants. By JOHN WATSON	121
Sun Dials. By LAUNCELOT CROSS	248
Swanage. By W. ARMSTRONG WILLIS	354
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN:—	
Ibsen upon the English Stage—Mr. Swinburne's Poems and Ballads—Poet and Prophet	103
Mr. Morris and the Strand—The Bull Ring in Paris	207
Concordances	312
The Praise of Solitude—Imaginary Travels—Imaginary Life on Mars	419
A Scotch Girl—Biographies of Eighteenth Century Worthies	527
Mr. Swinburne on Ben Jonson—Mr. Swinburne's Poetic Awards	631
Teaching the Deaf and Dumb to Talk. By J. G. SHAW	504
Under King John. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A.	614
Unsophisticated Travellers, The. By LYNN C. D'OYLE	105
Vagabond Queen, A. By JAN WINN	266
Valley, The, of the Shadow. By LYNN C. D'OYLE.	421
Village, A Yorkshire. By S. O. ADDY	33
West African Possessions, Our. By H. R. FOX BOURNE	379
Wife, The, of Molière. By GERALD MORIARTY	20
Woodcock, Plover, and Snipe: some Minor British Game-Birds. By JOHN WATSON	447
Yorkshire Village, A. By S. O. ADDY	33

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1889.

NEW ZULU BONDS.

BY W. H. STACPOOLE.

Go, dash the roses from thy brow,
Grey hairs but poorly twine with them,
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now.

PART I.

I WAS about twenty-eight years of age when I entered into partnership as a stock and share broker with Mr. Paul Tompkins a pompous, bustling, portly-looking personage, with a bald, dome-like head, massive shirt front and general appearance of responsibility. Mr. Tompkins, who was my senior by some thirty years or more, found the *clientèle* and business experience, whilst I, or rather my father, a retired Army officer, provided the £5,000 capital with which we started. I may as well say at once that those £5,000 were all that I could ever expect to receive from my father, and that they were in fact more than I was strictly entitled to, regard being had to the rights of other members of our family. Having taken offices in Tokenhouse Yard, Mr. Tompkins and I commenced business in September, 187-, under the title of Tompkins and Ashley, Stock and Share Brokers.

From the moment we opened our doors we were busily and merrily at work—indeed rather uproariously so at times. The number of Mr. Tompkins's clients was legion. How or where he got them I am sure I do not know, but, comprising as they did representatives of nearly every order of gentility, they seemed to swarm the offices, or to follow him like the tail of a comet as he made his way to and fro between Tokenhouse Yard and the Stock Exchange, where, on their behalf, whole batches of orders were executed *en bloc*. We had three

rooms in our offices: a clerks' room; a private room, where Mr. Tompkins and I sat; and a large outer room for the accommodation of our clients. In the middle of this latter apartment stood an electrical apparatus which kept ticking away from 11 a.m. till 4.30 p.m. while it rolled off on a thin endless slip of paper, called "the tape," the current prices of stocks and shares. The effects of this instrument on the crowd that stood round it all day were at once various and incessant. Sometimes the whole throng would quiver as though from an electric shock; sometimes there would be a heaving and a swaying in the mass; some pressing forwards with eager exulting faces, others pressing back with muttered expressions of hate or fear; while sometimes, though not often, the concourse, unable to restrain itself, burst into a loud cheer, to the very great scandal, as I then suspected, and subsequently learned, of a firm of Government brokers who occupied the adjoining offices. Mr. Tompkins, if he were present on such occasions, would hold up his hands, saying in a pathetic parental way:

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen——."

Whereupon there was usually a stampede to a neighbouring restaurant.

We did, or at least appeared to do, as much business as any six ordinary firms, and for some time I felt very much pleased and elated at being *the* Mr. Ashley of Tompkins and Ashley.

Gradually, however, I began to doubt the soundness of our business; so many of Mr. Tompkins's clients had a habit of absenting themselves if they lost, without paying their "differences"; then I found that Mr. Tompkins and I were contracting a habit of speculating on our own account; presently, to my intense annoyance, I had reason to think that we were looked upon rather askant in the "House." Finally, about the beginning of December I was forced to the conclusion that Mr. Tompkins had entirely over-estimated his knowledge of the stock markets, that he had, in fact, no special knowledge of stockbroking whatever; that his clients were nearly all of them "punters"; that my money was nearly gone, and that our firm was looked upon as a "bucket-shop."

A "punter," I may mention, means a person who speculates for small amounts. At baccarat or on the Turf he operates, generally for shillings, half-crowns, crowns, or other the smallest amount the banker or bookmaker will accept. In this way he is distinguished from the "plunger" who operates for large amounts. A "bucket-shop" is a stockbroker's office which is frequented by and kept for the convenience of "punters." Such institutions are, I may add, almost invariably owned by what are called "outside brokers," an industrious

and enterprising class of practitioners who have, however, no more connection with the Stock Exchange than they have with the Vatican.

Perhaps, before proceeding any further, it may not be amiss if, for the benefit of those who are not learned in Stock Exchange matters, I explain the nature of the operations which are technically known as "bulling" and "bearing." Accounts are adjusted on the Stock Exchange about once a fortnight. In other words, unless there be a special arrangement that the transaction is to take place at once, if you buy a stock your broker pays the owner for it; or if you sell he delivers it to the buyer at the next account. Now, suppose that a week will elapse before the next account comes on, and suppose also that for some reason or other you are led to think that a certain stock will get dearer, or "go up," as it is termed in the meantime. It is evident under these circumstances that if you were to buy a certain amount of the stock to-day, and then, if the stock gets dearer in the intervening time, to sell it again, you would have two transactions to carry out on the account day, and that you would benefit by them. In the one case you would have to pay the price at which you agreed to buy the stock; in the other you would have to receive the higher price at which you agreed to sell it. So that by buying the stock at one price and selling at a higher price you would make a profit. This is what is called "bulling," "bearing" being the converse operation. The "bear" thinks, for one reason or other, that a stock is going to get cheaper, or to "fall" in price. Consequently, while the stock is dear he sells it to be delivered or handed over to the purchaser at a future date; and then, if, as he expects, it does get cheaper, he buys it again at the cheaper price, and makes his profit by delivering it to the purchaser, who has to pay him the higher price. Of course, if the stock should get dearer, he (the "bear") has to buy it at the dearer price, if he be not already possessed of it, so as to complete his contract with the purchaser, in which case he would make a loss by having to give more for the stock than he gets for it. In the same way, if a "bull" buys a stock that falls in price, he must, if he does not want to invest his money in it, sell the stock at the lower price, in which case he loses the difference between the two prices. This is, generally speaking, the theory of a Stock Exchange account, and of "bulling" and "bearing." In practice, however, "bulling" and "bearing" are usually, as Mr. Labouchere once said, merely betting transactions. As a rule, the "bull" does not pay for all the stock he has bought, nor does the "bear" deliver all the stock he has sold. What they do, in most cases, is merely to give or take a

cheque for the amount which is represented by the difference between the price of the stock when the contract was made, and the price it is at when the contract is concluded. Still, it is important to notice that either party can legally call upon the other to perform the whole contract. The "bear," by tendering the stock sold, can demand the whole of the purchase-money. The "bull," by tendering payment, can demand delivery of the whole of the stock he has bought.

The markets fluctuated violently during the first three weeks of December, and, in spite of Mr. Tompkins's most confident predictions, the changes were almost invariably against us. If we bought, there was sure to be a heavy fall; if we sold, there was equally certain to be a sharp rise. Everybody about the office seemed to be demoralised, except Tompkins, who bustled about as confidently as ever, exhorting and advising, and declaring that he "never lost heart." I could not help thinking at times that it would have been a pity if he had, for he seemed to have little else to lose.

Thus we blundered on, Tompkins always cheerfully and blusteringly pooh-poohing any opposition, until, on the Christmas Eve, I could no longer disguise from myself that we were hopelessly insolvent, and that our end had come at last. On that day I found, on looking over our books, that our position was briefly as follows: We owed nearly £900 to clients who had closed their accounts, and were clamouring for their money. It was then Friday; Saturday would be Christmas Day; Monday, of course, a bank holiday; and on Tuesday morning the account would begin, and then, unless some extraordinary change took place in the markets before closing time on Christmas Eve, we should owe £1,500 to the jobbers on the Stock Exchange. To meet this we had £76 odd. The banking account, I ought to mention, stood in the name of Tompkins and Ashley; but, as I had found all the capital, the cheques, which sometimes one and sometimes the other of us filled up, were honoured only on my signature.

Mr. Tompkins came bustling into the room just as I had finished my investigation of our affairs.

"I want you to sign four cheques before you go to lunch," he said, as confidently as though there were £70,000 to our credit.

"Four cheques!" I exclaimed; "I can't. We have only £76 odd at the bank."

"Oh, they're small ones—won't come to £30 altogether—and we must get rid of the fellows, they're such a nuisance. Leave your signatures, and I'll fill them up when I've made out the amounts," he replied, in his impetuous way.

"But we can't go on any longer. This is, practically, our last day of business; why should we pay these claims in preference to others?" I asked.

"Don't be so sure about its being our last day of business," was the confident reply. "We're not dead, and the game is not over yet. Besides," here his voice became at once coaxing and testy, "they're such wretchedly small amounts, and I'm pledged in honour to the fellows."

"Very well," I said; and, having signed four blank cheques, I left the office, saying that I should not be back until about four o'clock, as I was going westwards.

I was detained longer than I had expected, and it was nearly five o'clock when I returned. The outer room was deserted, our clients having left by that time, and Mr. Tompkins was round at Angel Court, from whence he was expected back every minute. Before going into the private room, I looked at "the tape," and was very much disgusted to find that New Zulu Bonds had fallen one per cent. just before the close of business. We (Tompkins and I) had £40,000 worth of them open for the "rise," and the fall represented a fresh loss of £400.

Having sat down at my desk, I opened the drawer and took out the cheque-book to see from the counterfoils for what amounts the cheques I had recently signed had been filled up. Again and again I looked at the last four counterfoils, looked at the other counterfoils, to satisfy myself that it was my own and not some other cheque-book that was before me, looked again at the last four counterfoils, sat and looked and wondered.

Before me, in the handwriting of Mr. Tompkins, were these last four entries :

Thomas Price	£344. 18s. 10d.
James Graham	£256. 14s. 6d.
William Milward	£186. 15s. 6d.
Paul Tompkins	£100. 0s. 0d.

Eight hundred and eighty-eight pounds, eight shillings, and ten pence in all! What on earth could it mean? I wondered. How could Tompkins have drawn such cheques? Was he mad or drunk? or was it all a hoax, or a mistake?

The pass-book, which had been sent to the bank to be made up the day before, was lying in the drawer, having been brought back by somebody, Tompkins probably, that afternoon. I took it out, and opened it with trembling hands, feeling that something unexpected had happened. When I came to the last entry on the credit side I

sat still for some time looking blankly at it. On the credit side, and dated that very day, was this entry :

Cash £4,000.

"Cash, four thousand pounds ! Cash, four thousand pounds !" I kept repeating to myself for some seconds, wondering all the time whether or not I was in a dream. At first I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes ; but there was the entry in black and white, and, at last, I could only conclude that Tompkins must have made £4,000 in some way or other, and have credited it to the firm in this manner, so as to give me a pleasant surprise.

"Halloa, Tompkins !" I exclaimed, as he came into the room, "where on earth has all this money come from ? What mischief have you been up to, old man ?"

"I told you I'd pull you through all right," was the reply, as he shambled into his seat. I noticed, almost unconsciously, that he did not speak with his usual elation, and that there was a strange, dogged, sheepish expression about his voice and manner.

"Yes, so you have said often enough, and now you seem to have done it," I replied. "What is this trump card you have been keeping up your sleeve ?"

"I have not been keeping any trump card up my sleeve," said Tompkins, without taking his eyes from the desk.

"Then what does it mean ? Whence has this money come ?" I asked again.

There was a moment's pause, and then, speaking solemnly, or, I should rather say, stubbornly, and without raising his eyes from the desk between us, he said :

"Mr. Ashley——" There was another pause.

"Yes ?" I exclaimed.

"New Zulu Bonds dropped a point this evening, but they will be twenty per cent. higher by the middle of January—I opened £100,000 more of them for the rise this afternoon." Having delivered himself of this *dictum* in a voice that was almost sepulchral, Mr. Tompkins addressed himself to some papers that were lying before him.

For a moment I looked at him in speechless wonder. At last I exclaimed, pointing to the pass-book as I spoke :

"The devil, you have—but that's not an answer to my question. What has any future rise in New Zulus to do with these four thousand pounds ?"

"We'll make four thousand out of them, and a good deal more with those I bought since I secured the money," said Tompkins doggedly.

"But how did you 'secure' the money? That's what I want to know," was my exasperated rejoinder.

Again there was a pause, during which, with the object probably of collecting his thoughts, Mr. Tompkins pretended to be writing a letter. At last he leaned back in his chair, and, looking at me for the first time since he came into the room, said in a grave, almost parental, tone: "You know what our position was. Not to speak of Graham and Milward and others, we owed over fifteen hundred pounds in the 'House,' and were safe to have been 'declared' next week if I had not secured those four thousand pounds."

Here he paused again, and sat looking at me, as though he deemed it advisable to see what effect his words produced before he proceeded any further.

I began to suspect that something wrong was coming, but thought it best not to ruffle him until the truth was out, so I said in a conciliatory tone: "Yes, you are right there, we'd have been 'declared' next week; but with this money to help us over the account, and the rise there is sure to be in Zulus, we ought to do well."

Encouraged by my remark, Tompkins proceeded fitfully and furtively to unbosom himself of the truth. Though the story he had to tell was of exceeding simplicity, it took him a long time to unfold it, and would have taken him much longer if I had not momentarily checked the innumerable digressions into which he would fain have wandered. At last, however, the truth was before me in all its hideous nakedness, and I sank back in my chair, pale and trembling in every limb.

The bank had advanced the £4,000 against £5,000 worth of United States Government Bonds which belonged to a client of our firm. In unwittingly drawing against these bonds, I had been made to embezzle £888! The reader may think, perhaps, that I had nothing to fear as I was innocent. So many an innocent man has thought, until he has discovered his mistake in the dock of a criminal court. I knew enough, however, about law to know that a trial at law is an artificial method of discovering the truth, in which the court decides on such facts alone as are proved by sworn evidence. The circumstances under which I signed the cheques could not be so proved; they would rest merely on my statement, which, as a mere prisoner's statement, would carry but little weight, while the undoubted facts that would be established at a trial were such as would bear heavily against me.

At half-past eleven o'clock that morning Captain Beaumont, the owner of the bonds, gave them to Mr. Tompkins to keep for him on

behalf of the firm, as he (Captain Beaumont) was going abroad shortly with his regiment. At about half-past twelve o'clock Mr. Tompkins, who could be proved to have had communication with me in the meantime, took these bonds to the bank, and obtained an advance of £4,000 on them for the use of the firm. Having done this, he bought for the firm £100,000 New Zulu Bonds. Until this advance was obtained we were quite insolvent and unable to meet our liabilities. Between one and three o'clock, four cheques, signed by me, were presented at the bank. With these cheques £888 of the money advanced was drawn, and thus our outside liabilities were discharged. At a few minutes before four o'clock New Zulu Bonds fell one per cent., representing a fresh loss of £1,400 on the £140,000 we had open for the rise. Thus, with the £1,500, or more, that we had previously lost, we should owe upwards of £2,900 at the settlement. So that, with the money we had paid away that day, the £4,000 for which the bonds had been pledged were practically lost. It was only then—only after the fall had taken place, when, in short, the purpose for which the money was borrowed had failed, that I disclaimed any knowledge of the bonds, or of the way in which Mr. Tompkins had dealt with them. There ought not to have been more than £76 to my credit when I signed the four cheques by which £888 were drawn. If I believed that there were only £76 at the bank, how was it that I signed not one, or two, but *four* cheques, by which nearly twelve times that amount was drawn within a couple of hours afterwards—for Mr. Tompkins had given open cheques, which had all been presented and cashed. I have told the reader how I came to do so, but would any judge or jury believe such a story? Would it not be said that I connived in the action of Mr. Tompkins until I was frightened by the fall which took place in New Zulu Bonds; and that I only disavowed the transaction when our position had become desperate, and detection imminent. This, at least, is what the world would say, and, however a prosecution might end, my character would be irretrievably tarnished.

“So I am to be dragged into the Old Bailey through your rascally conduct!” I exclaimed at length, after we had sat in silence for some moments.

“I don't think you ought to talk like that,” was the answer. “I have acted faithfully to you, and Zulus are certain to rise after the account. Every penny of the money has gone to the use of the firm. See, here are the receipts.”

Mr. Tompkins *had* paid the £100 he had drawn in his

own name to sundry small creditors of the firm, thus showing, as it would be said, that I had no occasion to give four cheques to pay small creditors. He seemed to have a muddled idea that so long as he acted loyally to me, it was quiet immaterial what he did with regard to other people. I need not describe the altercation which ensued, or how he seemed to think that I was acting very ungratefully in return for his efforts on our joint behalf.

When I left the office, which I did in a very few minutes, I went to the nearest telegraph office, and sent a message to my father, who lived in Wiltshire, to say that I could not go home that night as I had arranged, being detained in London by important business. Then I went on to the Old Jewry to the office of my solicitor, a Mr. Arkwright. It being Christmas Eve, the office had been closed for some time, so I drove to Mr. Arkwright's house in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater. He had just gone out when I arrived, and was not expected back until late that night. However, I saw Mrs. Arkwright, whom I knew very well, and when I told her that the matter about which I wished to see her husband had occurred suddenly, and was of such importance that it prevented me from going home for the holidays, she asked me to dine with them next day, so as to have the whole evening to talk to Mr. Arkwright.

"He will be tired in the morning," she said; "but there will be nobody at dinner but ourselves and the children, and after dinner you will have the whole evening to talk together. Of course, Christmas Day is hardly a day to ask anyone to dine, but, under the circumstances, you will, perhaps, be glad to have the opportunity of keeping away from a restaurant."

Accordingly, I agreed to dine with them next day at six o'clock, after which I went to my club, where I spent a few hours before going home to my chambers in Dover Street.

PART II.

Next morning I called for the *Standard* directly I awoke. Sitting up in my bed I unfolded it, still damp from the press, and rapidly ran my eyes over its columns in search of any possible news from Zululand. Ah! there was what I sought—a telegram of three lines. The paper dropped from my hands, and I sank back in my bed, as, at one glance, I comprehended its purport.

The Zulus had recommenced hostilities!

That was the substance of the message. The immediate inference was that Zulu Bonds would be at least 10 *per cent*, lower on

Tuesday, if, indeed, they were saleable at any price. A fresh loss of £10,000, or more, through Tompkins's last mad, unwarranted and unwarrantable gamble.

My position was now worse than ever, as my disclaimer could only be made when exposure was inevitable. A prosecution seemed to follow as a necessary consequence. The bank would hold the bonds against the money it had advanced on them, until Captain Beaumont proved the fraud that had been committed, and the quickest, cheapest, and most conclusive method of doing this would be to prosecute the wrong doer or doers to conviction. As I signed the cheques by which the money was drawn, I should be held to be primarily responsible. Consequently, I should be committed for trial, and have to undergo the horror of standing in the dock of the Old Bailey—be the issue of the trial as it might be. There would be little use, I felt, in asking Captain Beaumont himself to find the money to take the bonds from the bank on Tuesday morning. To do this would be dangerously like compounding a felony, besides involving the certain loss of £900. He would, probably, rather contest the matter in a court of law on the chance of getting back his property intact.

I did not leave my chambers until about four o'clock, when I strolled across the park to the Marble Arch, and thence along the Bayswater Road towards Porchester Terrace. The afternoon had been damp and misty, and before I had got 300 yards from the Marble Arch a dense fog came on which thickened so much and so quickly that in the space of about two minutes I could not see a yard before me. I was standing at the time, for the fog had brought me to a stand-still, at the corner of some street—which, I had not the slightest idea—that ran northwards, and, having heard that the fog is always thickest near the park, I turned round this corner and groped my way up the street in the hope of getting into a clearer atmosphere. Having gone some distance in what I supposed to be a northerly direction, but without finding any relief, I took a turning to the left so as to approach the vicinity of Porchester Terrace. And thus I wandered up one street and down another for more than an hour, guessing my way, but hardly able to see a yard before me, until at last I stood still, fairly perplexed and lost. Where I was I had not the slightest idea. The street in which I was standing seemed to be composed of private houses, not of shops, and, as far as I could judge from the way in which the windows of the houses were lighted, tenanted by well-to-do people. Just then the fog, which seemed to pulsate like a living thing, expanding and contracting as though it

were sentient, became more dense than ever. It was alike dangerous either to stand still or to walk on, lest, blind-folded as I was, I might come into collision with something in the darkness. Within about three yards of me a hall door stood open, and, partly to get protection from the dangers of the fog, partly to look at my watch, I went up one or two steps and stood before it, wondering how anyone came to leave their door open on such a night. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and belonged evidently to a well-appointed house. On looking at my watch I found that it was a quarter to six o'clock. Little chance, therefore, of my being able to reach Porchester Terrace in time for dinner, I thought, unless by good fortune I should happen to be in the immediate neighbourhood, and the fog should clear off as quickly as it had come on. Whilst I was thus meditating, a Scotch terrier ran to the door barking sharply. He was followed by a maid-servant who apologised to me for his conduct as she caught him up in her arms. She had hardly done so when there appeared on the landing of the stairs the figure of a little woman who slowly descended, saying, in a voice which I at once recognised as being that of a person who was accustomed to speak with authority :

"Hush, Fido, hush, sir! How dare you?"

Until this little woman came into the hall I could not see her very distinctly owing to the mist that rolled in from the open door where I stood, but when she came near to me she presented as quaint and curious a spectacle as it would be possible to conceive. The little lady—she might have been a duchess from the dignity of her carriage and demeanour—was evidently seventy years of age or more, and yet attired in a low, pink evening dress, like a girl of twenty, while her white hair was tied up with ribands and natural flowers. At first I felt inclined to smile, but there was something pathetic both in the incongruity of her attire, and the timid, fascinated manner in which she approached me.

"You are——?" she whispered, and paused, when she had got within about a yard of me.

"Robert Ashley, madam," I replied, taking off my hat, and speaking as gallantly as I could.

"Robert Ashley!" she repeated, in a frightened, tremulous voice. There was again a moment's pause, during which she stood before me trembling all over, and gazing into my face as though she were fascinated. Then she continued in the same low, tremulous voice: "It is so long, but you seem just the same. Do you not recognise me?"

"Madam," I replied, with the utmost deference, "I am exceedingly sorry to say that I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

"But you are Robert Ashley," she exclaimed impatiently, the tears starting to her eyes. "I am Laura Payne—it is years now—I knew you at once, but then you are just the same, whilst I have changed. Do you not remember——?"

"I am very sorry," I said again, "but you have evidently mistaken me for someone else. The fog is so thick, I have been forced to take refuge on your door-step. It grieves me very much to cause you a disappointment, but I am not the Robert Ashley you suppose, though Robert Ashley is my name."

"Oh, it cannot be—it cannot be that I should wait all these years for this! That Robert Ashley should come on this night of all others, and not be my Robert Ashley after all. Come upstairs and see our portraits, see if it is not your portrait that is by the side of mine," she said impatiently, with the tears running down her cheeks. As she spoke she motioned me to follow her, and began to ascend the stairs.

I paused for a moment, hardly knowing what to do, as I did not like to enter a strange house on such an invitation, but I had noticed that the servant retired with deference when she came into the hall; so, judging that she was probably the mistress of the place, I followed her up the stairs and into a handsomely furnished drawing-room.

"Do you remember those pictures?" she said, as we entered the room, pointing, as she spoke, to two portraits which hung near to each other on the wall.

One was the portrait of a very beautiful, fair-haired girl, who was dressed pretty much as my companion was. The other represented a young man whose features certainly bore a remarkable likeness to my own. He was dressed in the fashion of the early years of this century, with a high collar, folding cravat, embroidered waist-coat, and frock-coat that was tight about the waist, while it bulged out like a gown round the hips. I could not help thinking, as I looked at it, that it might have been my own portrait, if I were dressed for a fancy ball. "Are you that man?" the little lady whispered at length in a tone of awe, when we had been standing before the pictures in silence for some seconds.

"No, madam," I replied; "it is very like me, but it is another Robert Ashley—it is not I." I spoke as kindly as I could, for I began to suspect something of the history that was connected with the two pictures.

She glanced wistfully from me to the portrait and again from the portrait to me as I spoke. Then she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, crying: "Of course not—of course not—you

are dressed so differently—I see it all now—everything has changed ; he would not be as you are, he would be old and grey now. And I ? Oh ! how foolish I have been to think he could recognise me if he came back, merely because I am dressed as I was when he left me. Of course I look absurd in this dress—but I have always had a presentiment that he would come back to me one Christmas night, and I wanted him to find me just as he left me on a Christmas night fifty-seven years ago. You see,” she continued, after she had cried bitterly for a minute or two, during which time I did not very well know what to say or do, “we were to have been married, and we dined together at my father’s house—this night fifty-seven years ago it was. He had to go to America on business. There were no trains in those days. The next morning he left London by an early coach for Liverpool, so I did not see him after he left the house that night. His ship was never heard of after it sailed. But he was to be back within a year, and he promised me so faithfully that we should be together on the next Christmas evening. I have always believed that he would come back at last, and every Christmas I have had a strange presentiment that he would come to the house just at dinner-time on Christmas night. And so I have always been alone on this night, and had his place laid for him at the table, and been dressed as I was when we parted—but I see it all now—everything has changed and passed away.”

Here the poor little woman fell into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, whilst I felt more perplexed than ever to know what to do. At last, when I was saying something to the effect that I was sorry to be the cause of reviving such painful associations, she got up from a chair on which she had been sitting, and said, as she wiped the tears from her eyes :

“No, no, don’t say that. I shall not cry any more. I feel that you have been sent here by providence to wake me from my dream. I always believed that Robert Ashley would come at last, and he has come. If he be not the same Robert Ashley that I expected, neither am I the same Laura Payne whom he would remember. And now, forgive me for a moment, while I lay aside these clothes for ever.”

She returned in a few minutes, dressed in a manner that was more suitable to her age, and I learned from the conversation we had that the Robert Ashley, whose portrait hung upon the wall, was an uncle of my father. Miss Payne’s father died about two years after Robert Ashley was lost at sea, leaving her his only surviving child and an heiress. By the time I was acquainted with these facts, a servant

came into the room to say that dinner had been on the table for some minutes. It was then about five minutes past six o'clock. We were in Sussex Terrace, which, if the weather had been clear enough to enable me to see my way, would be about ten minutes' walk from Porchester Terrace, but the fog was as dense as ever. Under the circumstances I could not resist Miss Payne's invitation to take the place that was reserved at the dinner-table for Robert Ashley. So I sat down to my Christmas dinner with Miss Payne, the only person who had dined with her on that day for more than half a century. Apart from the little illusion about the other Robert Ashley's return, she was not merely quite sane, but very intelligent, and full of interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of the early part of the century. Altogether the dinner passed so pleasantly that I felt quite sorry when she rose from the table saying that I should find her in the drawing-room when I came upstairs.

"I hope you will be able to stay with me until nine o'clock," she said as she was leaving the room. "A grand-nephew and grand-niece of mine will be here by that time if the fog clears off. I should like you to see my niece. She is called Laura after me and is wonderfully like what I was. In fact, you might think that Laura Beaumont sat for the portrait which you saw upstairs of me when I was a girl."

"Beaumont!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, do you know her?" asked Miss Payne eagerly.

"No, but I know a Captain Beaumont."

"Of the — regiment?" interposed Miss Payne.

"Yes, he's a client of ours. Good heavens, what a fatality!" These latter words I ejaculated almost unconsciously as I sank into a chair, where I sat looking blankly before me. Up to this moment I had forgotten, since I entered the house, the purpose of my intended visit to Mr. Arkwright.

"I can see there is something amiss; tell me all about it," she said in a grave, kind voice, as she closed the door and sat down near to me.

For a moment or two I paused, then I told her as concisely and plainly as I could the story of Mr. Tompkins and the bonds. She had not the least difficulty in understanding me. An intelligent woman, accustomed to read the newspapers and to consult with her own stockbrokers, she knew quite well the difference between buying and selling for cash, and buying and selling for the account, and perfectly appreciated every point in my story.

"You remember what Hamlet says about the divinity that shapes our ends," she said when I concluded. "Mr. Tompkins has acted

very wickedly, and might have got you into a dreadful predicament. It is terrible to think how the innocent are sometimes made to suffer for the guilty. I understand perfectly the position of affairs, and I can assist you more effectually perhaps than Mr. Arkwright would be likely to do. The bonds must be got from the bank on Tuesday morning. I shall give you a cheque for the amount that has been advanced against them—there—don't thank me; remember that Captain Beaumont is my grand-nephew, and that I look upon you as my grand-nephew also. Besides, your coming here to-night has been worth more than nine hundred pounds to me; and believing as I do that your coming was not by mere chance, but that this matter of the bonds was ordered to send you here, I feel that I am under an obligation to redeem them. But, now, about your own losses; they will amount to many thousands, through this fresh intelligence from South Africa."

Miss Payne was very wealthy, and, had I encouraged her, I believe she would have provided any sum that might be required to enable me to meet our "differences" at the settlement, so as to end my connection with Mr. Tompkins without going through the Bankruptcy Court. I need not, however, detail our conversation any further, and it would be quite impossible for me to describe my feelings when, a few minutes afterwards, she gave me a cheque for the amount that Mr. Tompkins had drawn on the security of the bonds. Under ordinary circumstances I should have felt humiliated in taking such a sum from a stranger, notwithstanding the shadowy relationship that subsisted between us. But I must frankly confess that in the cheque she gave me I saw my release from having to stand in the dock of the Old Bailey, and any thought of the lesser humiliation being merged and lost in my conception of the greater, and more awful, humiliation from which I was saved, I experienced for some time the most exquisite pleasure in my sudden deliverance from the dreadful predicament in which I had become entangled, however innocently.

At about eight o'clock the fog cleared off almost as quickly as it had come on. I sent a note to Mr. Arkwright to explain and apologise for my absence, and to say that circumstances had occurred which rendered it unnecessary for me to trouble him about the matter on which I had wished to consult him. Captain Beaumont and his sister joined us at a little after nine o'clock. Miss Beaumont I found to be wonderfully like the portrait of what Miss Payne had been. We passed a very pleasant evening, and it was not until nearly one o'clock the next morning that I got back to my chambers, with

an exceedingly distinct recollection of a fair-haired girl, who had large blue eyes and a very soft musical voice.

PART III.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning I cashed Miss Payne's cheque at a bank in Bayswater, and then drove as fast as I could to Tokenhouse Yard, my intention being to leave Mr. Tompkins to attend to matters on the Stock Exchange, whilst I redeemed the bonds and took them to Miss Payne's house, where I proposed to leave them until the afternoon, when I should hand them over to Captain Beaumont. It was nearly a quarter to eleven when I reached the office, and about ten minutes afterwards I was joined by Mr. Tompkins, who looked so cowed and abject that I could not help laughing outright.

"I'm awfully sorry," he faltered as he entered the room.

"Well, Tompkins," I said, "that's no more than you ought to be; but I am going out for a couple of hours, and I must leave you to see after the account."

"Going to hook it?" he whispered, with an expression of real terror on his rubicund face.

"Hook it! Why should I?" I asked.

"Those cursed bonds, that's the worst part of the business. I shouldn't mind the smash if it weren't for them. But, of course it's all my fault, and I'll see you safe as far as they are concerned. I'll explain everything about them."

"Tompkins," I said, "do you mean what you say?"

"Certainly I do," was the answer; "come round with me at once to your solicitor, and I shall make an affidavit about the whole matter."

I paused for a few seconds and then said:

"Well, Tompkins, there is not the least doubt but that you are a most shocking scamp. You are about the most perfectly reckless, sanguine, and unscrupulous man I have ever met. You have ruined me and dozens of others, and, I suppose, will ruin dozens and scores more before you die. But, notwithstanding all, I believe you are a gentleman—that is, according to your lights, which are rather misty at times. Now do as I tell you to do. Go over to the 'House' and make the best job you can of our account, but set your mind at ease about the bonds, I have the money in my pocket to redeem them. Don't ask any questions, for I have not time to answer them—and now I must be off. I shall be back at about two o'clock."

Having taken the bonds from the bank I drove with them to Miss Payne's house. Captain Beaumont lived in an adjoining street. And that afternoon, when our position on the Stock Exchange was definitely ascertained, I intended to take the bonds round to his house and restore them to him.

The pleasure I had experienced when first I found myself freed from the consequences of Mr. Tompkins's act had by this time worn off considerably, and was succeeded by a very unpleasant feeling that I was thrown on the world as a pauper who had recklessly squandered his patrimony, and who had no special aptitude or utility in life. It was nearly twelve o'clock when I reached Sussex Terrace, and as I could not be of any use in the City, and wished the worst to be over before I returned, I stayed to lunch with Miss Payne, and did not get back to Tokenhouse Yard until nearly three o'clock.

When I reached our offices I passed through the outer room as quickly as I could. The crowd was still standing about the "tape," as interested and excited, apparently, as ever. Nobody took any notice of me, and business seemed to be going on as briskly as though we were worth thousands.

"I suppose Tompkins has not made our position known yet," I thought, as I sat down at my desk. "Confound the fellow! I was in hopes the *exposé* would have taken place before I came back. Why, Tompkins," I continued aloud, as he entered the room as jauntily as of yore, "what does this mean? Business going on as usual!"

"And why not, pray?" asked Tompkins airily.

"But, gracious heavens! you cannot have told the people our position, and it was your duty to do so——"

"I don't know about duty, but I do about expediency," interposed Tompkins, "and, as a matter of expediency, let me give you this piece of advice—I am older than you are, and have seen more of the world than you have—never, never let anyone know your private affairs; remember that people generally think well of you till you make them think badly."

"Oh, stop this nonsense," I cried, "I am sick of it! It is not honest, and I am not sure that it is not illegal to be taking people's money at present, bankrupt as we are."

"Tompkins and Ashley bankrupt!" exclaimed Tompkins. "I wish I heard anyone else say so. We are worth twenty thousand pounds, sir!"

"Twenty thousand pounds!" I repeated, not knowing what to understand from his speech and manner,

"Yes, sir, twenty thousand pounds," he replied, "and more than that, according to my reckoning."

We sat looking at each other in silence for a few minutes when he said :

"It's all right, Ashley. You have been away from the City and have not heard what has happened. New Zulus have risen twenty per cent., through the oversold state of the account, and I got out at the top of the rise."

In the language of the Stock Exchange, that was what had happened. New Zulu Bonds had suddenly risen, or got dearer, not merely in spite of, but, to use a phrase of Carlyle's, by virtue of their inherent rottenness. The worthlessness of these bonds was so apparent, that, with the exception of Tompkins and a few others, everybody had been selling them, in the hope, as I have previously explained, of buying them again at a cheaper price to give to the purchasers. When the account came to be made up, that is to say, when the buyers and sellers, or "bulls" and "bears," came to compare accounts with a view to settling their transactions, it was found that for every one new Zulu Bond in existence, the "bears" had sold about a dozen, and legally contracted to deliver them. The "bulls" promptly took advantage of the situation, and asked the "bears" to kindly deliver the bonds which they had sold and contracted to deliver at that account. The "bears" went rushing about the "House" in all directions, trying to get the bonds which they were suddenly obliged, in pursuance of their contracts, to deliver to the "bulls." Of course, as they were seeking for more bonds than were in existence, they could not find them, so presently they came back and confessed that they were "cornered," *i.e.*, completely at the mercy of the "bulls," who might offer any fancy price conceivable for such Zulu Bonds as did exist, and make them, the "bears," pay it. The bonds, of course, at once rose in price, and Tompkins magnanimously consented to release certain "bears" from their engagements on payment of about £21,000.

When the account was over we dissolved partnership, my share of the profits from New Zulu Bonds being (including the original £5,000 capital) nearly £13,000. I subsequently became a partner in a firm of stockbrokers, which does—for I am still a member of it—a steadier and more lucrative business than Tompkins and Ashley did, albeit the clients are less numerous. Tompkins, after failing shortly afterwards on the Stock Exchange, started as an "outside broker," and made a fortune, on which, for the sake of himself and others, I am glad to say he has retired.

About six months after I dissolved partnership with Mr. Tompkins, I entered into another kind of partnership with Miss Beaumont. Miss Payne was present at the wedding, and wept profusely, as women are accustomed to do on such occasions, but with, perhaps, more reason for her tears than most of them can assign ; for I suspect that, as she watched the marriage ceremony, she saw at the altar another Robert and Laura Ashley.

THE WIFE OF MOLIÈRE.

FEW stories in literary history are so interesting, and at the same time so sad, as that of the married life of Molière. Armande Béjart, the woman whose destiny it was to be the wife of the great French dramatist, was born early in 1643. She was long supposed to have been the natural daughter of the actress Madeleine Béjart. Documentary evidence, however, which has only come to light in this century, fully proves that she was the daughter of Joseph Béjart and his wife Marie, and was thus sister and not daughter to Madeleine. Armande's mother, at the time of her daughter's birth, was in greatly straitened circumstances; and therefore the infant's sister, Madeleine, its senior by more than twenty years, resolved to adopt it as her own. Being compelled to spend a great deal of her time in travelling about, Madeleine first placed the child under the care of a lady in Languedoc. Armande remained here till 1657. During this period Madeleine's company, of which Molière was one of the most prominent members, was frequently in the south of France. And it can well be imagined that in his visits with Madeleine to the house in which Armande was being educated Molière was early attracted by the child's grace and cleverness, and contracted for her an affection destined later on to ripen into love. That this feeling was reciprocated is equally probable. "Elle l'appelait son mari," says Grimarest, an early biographer, "dès qu'elle sçut parler." In 1657 Madeleine resumed the charge of her sister Armande, who was now fourteen years of age, and brought her to Paris. It was from this date that the feelings of Molière towards the child began to assume a deeper tone. He was close on forty years of age. After a life of labour and anxiety he was at length upon the point of finally achieving wealth and fame. His talents were fully recognised at Court. He was settled at Paris; and the time was surely come when he might look to enjoy the tranquil pleasures of domestic ease. Where, then, could he find a better partner than Armande? Her family was well known to him. Her education in a quiet country home would be a guarantee for her future conduct. Lastly, her beauty, elegance, and talent would enable her to act with her husband in those dramatic

masterpieces which have made the name of Molière eternal. It is true he was twenty years older than his inamorata; but his large income, his position as director of the company, and his well-deserved reputation for tenderness and generosity amply counterbalanced this possible disadvantage.

The life of Molière is written in his plays, and it has been supposed, from the grim humour with which the character of Sganarelle, in the "École des Maris," is drawn, that the amusing story of that deluded guardian is a satire on Molière himself, and that he had many misgivings as to his ultimate success with Armande. This view, however, in our opinion, is not correct. In the generous character of Molière there were none of the suspicions, the heart-burnings, and the jealous dreads which distinguish Sganarelle. It is rather with Ariste, the middle-aged but amiable hero of the "École des Maris," that we should prefer to identify him. The plot of this play is briefly as follows: The father of two young girls, Isabelle and Léonore, has on his death bed entrusted them to the care of two brothers, Sganarelle and Ariste, with power either to marry them themselves, or, failing the assent of the young ladies to this arrangement, to dispose of them to third parties. Sganarelle, the younger brother, a boorish and uncultured individual, brings up his ward, Isabelle, in absolute seclusion. She is dressed like a nun. She writes no letters. She sees no friends and she pays no visits. Her only employment is domestic labour, her only amusement the grim lectures of her guardian. The result of this unnatural system of restraint is that the girl enters into an amusing intrigue with a young man named Valère, escapes from the house, marries her youthful lover, and leaves Sganarelle disconsolate. The courtly and superb Ariste, on the other hand, although—and this is a point to which we would call the reader's special attention—the elder of the two brothers by twenty years, and therefore a very great deal older than his ward, Léonore, brings her up in perfect freedom. All her wishes are anticipated. She is allowed fine dresses, handsome equipages, and pocket money in abundance. She is taken to balls and receptions. She visits and receives whom she likes. The consequence is that Léonore is so struck by the nobility, generosity, and openness of Ariste's behaviour that, in spite of the many attentions she receives from other and younger admirers, she falls in love with her elderly guardian and marries him at the end of the play. Is there anyone acquainted with the life of Molière who will not at once recognise the strong likeness between him and Ariste? This play moreover, it must be remembered, was first produced at Paris on June 14, 1661. The young Armande was

then with the company. She was most probably in the theatre when it was being acted, and the similarity between the position of the wealthy and elderly Ariste towards Léonore and of Molière towards her must have been at once apparent.

Thus the courtship of Molière ran its course. His feeling for Armande was one of love unalloyed. Whether her ideas of future happiness corresponded with his own it is impossible to say. From her subsequent conduct, however, it may be safely concluded that she was attracted rather by his wealth and position than by the "grande tendresse" he had offered her in the person of Ariste.

The marriage was celebrated at the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, on the *lundi gras* of 1662, which happened to fall that year on February 29. The newly married couple then commenced life in a house in the Rue Richelieu. Molière has with exquisite subtlety described, under the character of Lucile in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the personal appearance of his wife, Armande. The whole passage is so exceptionally perfect that the reader will pardon our quoting it in full. This portion of dialogue takes place between Cléonte, the lover of Lucile, and Covielle, who is trying to depreciate her in his eyes.

Covielle. Je ne lui vois rien que de très-médiocre, et vous trouverez cent personnes qui seront plus dignes de vous. Premièrement, elle a les yeux petits.

Cléonte. Cela est vrai, elle a les yeux petits ; mais elle les a pleins de feu, les plus brillants, les plus perçants du monde, les plus touchants qu'on puisse voir.

Covielle. Elle a la bouche grande.

Cléonte. Oui : mais on y voit des grâces qu'on ne voit point aux autres bouches ; et cette bouche, en la voyant, inspire des désirs, est la plus attrayante, la plus amoureuse du monde.

Covielle. Pour sa taille, elle n'est pas grande.

Cléonte. Non ; mais elle est aisée et bien prise.

Covielle. Elle affecte une nonchalance dans son parler et dans ses actions.

Cléonte. Il est vrai ; mais elle a grâce à tout cela ; et ses manières sont engageantes, ont je ne sais quel charme à s'insinuer dans les cœurs.

So happy a description needs no addition.¹

It is not improbable that the first few months of married life were happy. But Molière was soon destined to a rude awakening. It is not known for certain in what character Madame Molière made her *début*. The first part written for her by her husband was that of Élise in the "Critique de l'École des Femmes," produced June 1, 1663. The brilliant success she gained on this occasion, combined with her already evil instincts, at once turned her giddy brain. She soon began to

¹ For the truth of this description see *L'Histoire du Théâtre Français*, par les frères Parfait ; also "Lettre sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Molière et sur les Comédiens de son Temps," in the *Mercur*e for May, 1740.

show those wilful and vicious inclinations which were destined to end in shame for herself and misery for her husband. The social and conversational talents of Molière made him much sought after as a companion. But he was not a lover of those aimless assemblages of human beings miscalled society. "Il n'aimait pas le nombre ni la gêne," says his biographer, Grimarest. Continually worried with the endless details of theatrical management, needing much time for the composition and revision of his dramatic works, he liked to spend his few leisure hours in quiet social intercourse with a small body of chosen friends. But Armande was incapable of forming a member of this select circle. It may perhaps be said in her behalf that this would have been too much to expect of a young girl suddenly brought from the seclusion of her home into the glare and glitter of theatrical society. And so Armande, when not occupied on the stage, must be at balls, receptions, and fêtes of every kind, whither her husband had neither the time nor the inclination to accompany her. She had an extraordinary love of extravagance for its own sake, and her reckless expenditure on dress and ornaments soon threatened to play havoc even with her husband's large income. Molière had not expected that the maxims of the "École des Maris" would have been applied so quickly and so literally. As a natural consequence quarrels soon arose. Molière, like many persons of generous and kindly character, was occasionally subject to furious fits of passion, which, though violent, soon blew over. Armande was at first frightened at these outbursts, but she soon learnt to despise them, and Molière, after a long series of attempts to check her follies, gave up the struggle. He retired more than ever to that close circle of friends of whom Chapelle, Rohault, and Mignard were the favourites, and strove in the society of those kind companions to forget his disappointment. The dream of Ariste was ended! Molière saw too late that between him and the wife he had chosen there was a great gulf fixed, and he bitterly complained to his friends of the hopeless mistake he had committed.

Like every successful man, Molière had many enemies. The notorious unhappiness of his domestic life afforded them a rich source of triumph. Before many months had passed he began to be caricatured on the stage, to be lampooned in public prints, to be pointed at everywhere as the husband of one of those "franches coquettes"

Qui s'en laissent conter, et font dans tout Paris
Montrer au bout du doigt leurs honnêtes maris.

In their hatred of a rival the enemies of Molière did not hesitate to sound the lowest depths of calumny. The great difference in age

between Madeleine Béjart and her sister Armande had begotten the rumour that Armande was really her daughter. Relying on this rumour, the enemies of Molière declared that he had been the lover of Madeleine at the time of Armande's birth. And it was now that the boldest and most envious of his rivals, the actor Monfleuri, laid before the King that infamous charge which accused Molière of having married his own daughter. Whether the King deigned to examine into this preposterous accusation is unknown. In any case he returned to it an indirect answer which silenced the crew of libellers very effectually. In January, 1664, Madame Molière gave birth to a boy ; and the King, who had just received the denunciation presented by Montfleuri, at once signified his desire to be godfather to the child.

Shortly before this date Molière and his wife had left the Rue Richelieu. They took up their new abode in a house in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, in which Madeleine Béjart also resided. It may have been a desire to place his wife under her care that induced Molière to shift his quarters. It was not, however, a good piece of policy on his part. Madeleine had for so long looked on Armande as a daughter that her relation towards Molière was now practically that of a mother-in-law. It is therefore needless to say that in all the quarrels between Molière and Armande she took the part of the latter—a circumstance which did not tend to make the home of Molière more happy or more comfortable. Another fact was that Mdlle. de Brie, an old flame of Molière, but now no longer young nor beautiful, lived in the same house ; and the charming Armande was thus enabled to remind Molière of his former liaisons on every conceivable occasion.

Up to the birth of her first child Armande's faults did not go beyond giddiness and extravagance ; but from that event her conduct became far worse. On May 12, 1664, the "Princesse d'Élide" was produced at Versailles with extraordinary magnificence. A second production took place at Fontainebleau on July 30. Armande appeared on each occasion with great success, and was applauded to the echo by the assembled courtiers. Following the example of the King, the highest nobility of France frequently took part in the great ballets and spectacular allegories produced at Court. A professional actress was thus constantly brought into intimate association with persons who considered her immeasurably beneath them in the social scale. The result of such a connection can be well imagined. Armande—who needed little encouragement—speedily became a mark for the crowd of dissolute intriguers who thronged the ante-

chambers of Marli and Versailles. Her name soon began to be spoken of in connection with the Abbé de Richelieu and the Comte de Lauzun in a way which there was no mistaking. Her real object at this time, however, was to achieve the conquest of the Comte de Guiche, a popular young seigneur; but the latter, possibly because he was engaged in more exalted quarters—he is indeed said to have aspired to the Duchess of Orleans—spurned Armande's advances. Her hopeless infatuation for him soon became the laughter of Paris. Before long the scandal reached the ears of her husband. Molière, in terrible indignation, bitterly reproached her for the dishonour she was bringing on his name; but Armande was able to prove that her relations with the Comte de Guiche had never gone beyond a harmless flirtation. Of the other matters Molière knew nothing, and a reconciliation ensued. This was typical of all subsequent disagreements. The rumours against Armande grew worse, and the quarrels between husband and wife became more frequent and bitter.

In the midst of these miserable disputes Armande, on August 4, 1665, gave birth to a second child, a girl, the only one of his children who survived Molière. Not long after this event the first definite rupture took place between him and Armande. Their continued quarrels had become unbearable. These, combined with his theatrical and literary labours, began slowly, but surely, to tell upon the spirits and constitution of Molière. His face grew haggard. His views of life, once so genial, altered into cynicism. In December, 1665, his health finally gave way, and he was absent from the stage for nearly three months. The production of the "Misanthrope" on June 4, 1666, a few months after his recovery, sufficiently indicates the tone of his mind at this period. Husband and wife had now separated by private agreement. They, however, still occupied different sets of rooms in the same house, and met constantly at the theatre. In April, 1667, Molière again fell ill, so seriously that for a long time he was compelled to restrict himself to a milk diet. And in the summer of this year, acting on the advice of friends, he retired to the pretty suburb of Auteuil, where, away from the noise and turmoil of Paris, he might hope to find rest and health for mind and body.

In spite of the wreck that marriage had caused to all his hopes, in spite of ruined health and bitter calumny, there is a peaceful happiness about this last epoch in the life of Molière which all his biographers will contemplate with pleasure. His *appartement*, a suite of rooms on the ground floor, with three bedrooms on a higher story, was plain but comfortable. His house-

hold consisted of a girl from the village, Martine, and his old housekeeper, La Forest. His little daughter, who was now at a school in the neighbourhood, was frequently brought to spend a holiday with him. His wife, Armande, rarely troubled him with a visit. So thoroughly indeed did she respect the quiet which was absolutely necessary to her suffering husband that not even in his worst days of ill-health is there any record of her having acted as his nurse. But with a few books, a few friends, pleasant walks in the country, and visits to the simple villagers to whom his kindness and charity made him ever welcome, the days glided by not unhappily. Molière had plenty of time to spare for his rural retreat. Dramatic companies at that date rarely acted more than thrice a week, and the regular vacations were long and frequent. Among the few intimate friends who constantly came to Auteuil none were more welcome than Chapelle. This worthy *bon vivant* quite revolutionised the quiet country *ménage*. A wit, a man of fashion, and a lover of good wine, he placed himself at the head of his host's table, entertained the guests at his host's expense, and made the quiet shades of Auteuil ring with the sound of his jolly revels. Molière, strictly limited to a milk diet, and usually confined to his room by indisposition, was of course unable to share these orgies. He contented himself with mild remonstrances to Chapelle on the sin of intoxication, but that worthy, to quote Grimarest's words, "promettait des merveilles sans rien faire." There was a contrast between the toilsome but ill-rewarded life of the great dramatist and the careless existence of this amiable trifler which seemed to bind the two together. And to none of his friends did Molière open himself so confidentially. The constant burden of his conversations with Chapelle was his wife, Armande, whose image no estrangement, no infidelity could obliterate from her husband's heart. Not only was this the case, but Molière was continually racking his brains to discover some means of winning back his wife's affection. In nearly every play written at Auteuil there was some kindly passage, some dexterous compliment, some indirect appeal addressed to her. It was during this period, for instance, that the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was written, in which occurs the exquisite description of Armande quoted above.

But it was in vain. Armande only took the opportunity of her husband's absence at Auteuil to commit against him an act of dishonour which may be stigmatised as the most disgraceful of her shameless life. About the year 1666, Molière, with the proverbial kindness which ever distinguished him, had taken into his household a little boy named Michel Boyron. The latter was of good birth ;

but his parents had died when he was young, a pair of dishonest guardians had frittered away his property, and at the time Molière noticed him he was travelling about with a company of strolling players. Molière, attracted by the child's unfortunate position, took him into his own house, gave him a good education, and wrote one or two little simple parts for him. Madame Molière, for some unknown reason, took an extraordinary dislike to the child. At a rehearsal of "Mélécerte" she so far forgot herself as to give him a violent box on the ear. Boyron—or Baron, to call him by his stage name—though only fourteen years old, fell into a violent passion. In spite of his patron's entreaties he left his house and rejoined the strolling company from which he had been rescued. For more than three years he remained away. At length, in Easter, 1670, yielding probably to renewed solicitations on the part of Molière, he returned, and received an immediate engagement in his company. Baron was now in his eighteenth year. He must therefore have fully attained the splendid stature, the perfection of form and feature, and the superb deportment which later on combined with his undoubted talents to make him one of the greatest actors France has ever produced. But the vicious and irregular life he had led during the last three years had thoroughly depraved his heart, and he did not hesitate to commit a great wrong against his benefactor. The first part in which Baron was engaged was that of Cupid in the Court ballet of "Psyche," produced at Versailles on July 24, 1671. The part of Psyche was taken by Armande herself, and she was at once so struck by Baron's personal graces that she did not hesitate to yield a ready assent to the offers he was base enough to make her. Fortunately Molière was never informed of this last and greatest act of treachery on the part of his wife. He thus continued on terms of great intimacy with Baron; and it is from the latter that Grimarest received many of those personal details which render his *Life of Molière* so charming.

Molière, as we have already noticed, had never given up all hopes of a reconciliation with his wife. In the course of 1671, by the mediation of friends, he was enabled to come to an accommodation with her. His health was better now and he was allowed to give up his rigorous milk diet and return to a more generous fare. The reconciliation, such as it was, came only just in time, for the end was very near.

In March, 1672, "Les Femmes Savantes" was produced at Versailles. In the beautiful character of Henriette Molière again painted an ideal picture of the wife whom, in spite of all her faults, he loved so

deeply. All readers of Molière know the graceful girl who can think of no sweeter future

Que d'attacher à soi par le titre d'époux
Un homme qui vous aime, et soit aimé de vous,
Et de cette union de tendresse suivie
Se faire les douceurs d'une innocente vie.

In the autumn of 1672 Armande gave birth to another child. Shortly after this event Molière and his wife returned to the house in the Rue Richelieu which they had occupied in the early days of their marriage. Madeleine Béjart had recently died. She left all her property to Armande, who thus became very wealthy. Molière may well have looked forward to many more years of prosperity, and of what was more valuable to him than prosperity, of happiness and love. But it was not to be. The return to Paris and the reconciliation with his wife had excited him terribly. The cough from which he had long suffered had now finally settled on his lungs. His health became rapidly worse, and even while the year 1673 was yet young, the man felt that he was dying. On February 10 the most amusing of his farces, "Le Malade Imaginaire," was produced with great success. The efforts of Molière, who took the part of Argan, completely exhausted him. As the evening of February 17, the date of the fourth representation, drew near his condition became so alarming that his friends implored him not to go to the theatre that night. He steadily refused all their entreaties. The reason he alleged, that if he stopped the evening's performance fifty poor persons would go without their supper, was not correct.¹ He was rich enough to compensate them, and it would have been easy to find a substitute. But he was weary of life and went to take his part in the play with a vague presentiment that that night would be his last. The very speech he made before setting out for the last time of all to the scene of his past triumphs is in the nature of a requiem. "Tant que ma vie a été mêlée également de douleurs et de plaisirs," said he to Baron, "je me suis cru heureux ; mais aujourd'hui que je suis accablé de peines, sans pouvoir compter sur aucun mouvement de douceur, je vois bien qu'il me faut quitter la partie. Je ne puis plus me tenir contre les douleurs et les déplaisirs qui ne me laissent pas un instant de relâche. Mais qu'un homme souffre avant de mourir ! Cependant je sens bien que je finis."

The circumstances of his death are too well known to need more than a brief recapitulation. In the middle of the play his cough grew so trying that he was almost compelled to stop. He managed, however, though in terrible pain, to get through his part. At the end

¹ So Loiseleur. See *Les Points Obscurs de la Vie de Molière*, p. 338.

of the performance he staggered to Baron's dressing-room. The latter, shocked at his ghastly appearance, carried him to a Sedan chair and accompanied him to his house in the Rue Richelieu. Armande had acted on this occasion in the part of Angélique. She cannot, therefore, have failed to notice her husband's critical condition. Yet there is no record of her having done anything to assist or even to have accompanied him home. On arriving at his residence Molière grew rapidly worse. Two sisters of charity, hastily summoned, found him stretched in the agonies of dissolution, and after a few moments' suffering he expired in their arms. His last action had been to send Baron to fetch his wife. She arrived too late to see him die, as also did a priest who had been summoned in haste to administer the Sacrament.

One would have thought that a writer from whom the reign of Louis XIV. derives so much of its splendour would have been borne to his last resting-place

Not as one unknown,
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
And mass, and rolling music ;

but the French clergy of that time regarded the dramatic profession as outside the pale of the Church, and the curé of St. Eustache refused Christian burial to the remains of Molière. Technically he was in the right ; for the ritual of the diocese of Paris strictly withheld the last rites of the Church from those actors who died not merely without receiving extreme unction, but also without solemnly swearing to abjure the stage should they by any chance return to health. Armande—and, be it noticed, this is the one action of her life on which a biographer can rest with pleasure—went to Versailles, accompanied by the curé of Auteuil, obtained an audience of the monarch, and implored him to procure Christian burial for her husband by a royal order. Louis was much averse to entering into a contest with his clergy, but he immediately wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, in which he suggested that some exception from the hard ecclesiastical rule might be made for Molière. The Archbishop, Harlay de Champvalon, in return, issued an order giving leave for an ecclesiastical funeral. It must, however, take place at night and be attended by only two ecclesiastics. The body must be carried straight to the burial place, without any previous ceremony in the church ; and, added the archiepiscopal decree, “ *cette permission sera sans préjudice aux règles du rituel.*” Up to a very recent date it was believed, on the authority of Grimarest, not only that this harsh concession was obeyed to the letter, but that a crowd of bigoted ruffians surrounded the *cortège* and refused to disperse till

Madame Molière threw out money to them from her windows. A curious contemporary letter, however, written by an eye-witness of the ceremony to M. Louis Boyvin, member of the Academy of Inscriptions, has been discovered, which throws a very different light on the whole affair. The ceremony took place at night, but it was accompanied by three ecclesiastics. The coffin was carried by four priests, and followed by six acolytes with lighted tapers and several lacqueys carrying flambeaux. There was a large crowd of poor people present, and a distribution of money was made among them, nearly 1,200 francs being given away in this manner. Grimarest had evidently heard a confused story about a distribution of money, but mistook its character.

This digression on the death and funeral of Molière has carried us away from Armande, to whom we now return. All the interest her life possesses arises solely from the fact that it was her destiny to blight the life of the great French dramatist by her heartlessness and folly. It will not be inadvisable, however, to conclude this sketch by giving a brief history of her career after her husband's death. The latter is not only interesting, as a singular study in human nature, but is in reality necessary to fully complete the idea which the reader will be inclined to form of her character as delineated above.

By the death of her husband Armande became *directrice* of his theatre. It reopened towards the end of February with the "Misanthrope." On March 3 Armande herself reappeared. The part she chose was her last one of Angélique in the "Malade Imaginaire," the very play in which only thirteen days before she had seen her husband act for the last time. So gross an instance of heartlessness needs no comment. She remained at the theatre in the Palais Royal till the end of March, 1673. She then transferred her company, now reinforced by several actors, from the Théâtre du Marais to the Théâtre du Guénégaud, in the Rue Mazarine. Armande had no conception of her dignity as the widow of Molière. During the next few years she led a life of vulgar dissipation, being aided in her intrigues by a door-keeper of the theatre named La Chateaufort. Her life during this period is minutely described in the "Fameuse Comédienne." That work, an anonymous Life of Armande, published in 1688, however, is so untrustworthy that too much credence must not be given to all the stories about her. The only one of them which can be verified by official reports is so amusing that a short sketch of it may not be uninteresting. It is thoroughly characteristic of her life during this period, and coming after the sad and almost awful story of the death of Molière, seems like one of those diverting farces

which in the theatre sometimes follow after the performance of a dread and gloomy tragedy.

In the spring of 1675 there came to Paris a provincial lawyer named Lescot. The reason of his visit to the French metropolis is unknown, but from his subsequent adventures it may be safely concluded that it was not for the purpose of studying legal authorities in the Mazarin library. While in Paris Lescot happened to visit the Théâtre du Guénégaud, where he saw Armande perform with great *éclat* in Thomas Corneille's tragedy of "Circe." Inspired by a consuming passion for that fairy-like enchantress, he began to rack his brains for some means of obtaining an introduction to her. Now there was also in Paris at this time an obscure actress named La Tourelle, who bore so extraordinary a resemblance to Madame Molière that she had frequently been mistaken for that more celebrated personage. A certain Madame Ledoux, to whom Lescot told the story of his love, therefore hit upon the expedient of introducing La Tourelle to him, as being in reality Armande herself. The introduction was effected. La Tourelle acted her part to perfection; and the deluded lawyer, infatuated with her graces, continued for some time in the seventh heaven of delight, till suddenly an unfortunate event occurred. One evening Lescot, dreaming of his love, the supposed Madame Molière, thought he would saunter into the theatre where he knew she was acting. He entered, took his seat, and watched her go through the performance with her usual success. His mistress had, for very obvious reasons, forbidden him to recognise her in the theatre, in order, she said, to prevent scandalous remarks from the other actresses. But this night Lescot seems to have forgotten the warning. He resolved to take the present opportunity to pay her a visit in her dressing-room and ask about a recent appointment which she had failed to keep. Guided by one of the attendants, he accordingly made his way to her apartment, knocked, and entered without the least embarrassment. Madame Molière was much surprised at the stranger's appearance, and her surprise rapidly turned to rage when she heard him address her in the tones of a familiar. He received her declarations of ignorance of him with incredulity, swore that a necklace she was wearing was his gift—as a matter of fact the crafty La Tourelle had prevailed on him to buy her a necklace exactly similar to one frequently worn by Madame Molière—and on her showing anger at his persistence began to reproach her so furiously that she at last ordered the attendants to turn him out. Lescot continued to rave so wildly that a large crowd was soon collected, to whom Madame Molière expatiated with great

vigour on the scandalous assertions made about her by the bewildered but indignant lawyer. The next day Lescot came again to the theatre and repeated his statements. He was this time, moreover, accompanied by the jeweller from whom he had bought the necklace for La Tourelle, who in his turn was deceived by the extraordinary likeness borne by that adventuress to Armande. At last Madame Molière resolved to place the whole matter in the hands of justice, and Lescot was called upon to stand his trial on an action for defamation. By the vigilance of the police the mystery was cleared up. La Ledoux and La Tourelle were unearthed and their machinations exposed. Madame Molière was fully gratified by a verdict in her favour. A sentence of the Châtelet, dated September 17, 1675, ordered Lescot to offer Madame Molière a full apology in the presence of four witnesses, to pay two hundred livres in damages, and to discharge the costs of the prosecution. On the two women a heavier sentence was inflicted. They were condemned to be publicly whipped, to be banished for three years from Paris, to pay twenty livres as fine to the King, a hundred livres as damages to Madame Molière, and to discharge the costs of their prosecution. The younger sinner, La Tourelle, managed to escape. La Ledoux unwisely preferred to appeal to the Parliament of Paris, which promptly confirmed the decision of the Châtelet, and on October 17 the first part of the punishment was duly inflicted on her. The whole affair was of great use to Madame Molière. She was now enabled to shift all the misdeeds of which the world accused her on to the shoulders of La Tourelle, and thus gained an accession of good fame which her virtue sorely needed.

In May, 1677, Madame Molière, disappointed at her failure to inveigle any of her noble admirers into marriage, bestowed her hand on a third-rate actor named François Guérin. Guérin was not so easy a master as the great Molière. He compelled the seductive Armande to live in retirement at Meudon, where she had only her children to amuse her. She left the stage definitely in October, 1694. She tried to compel her daughter by Molière, Esprit Madeleine, to retire into a convent, in hopes of thus gaining absolute possession of the large fortune which the child inherited from her father. The attempt failed; but Madame Molière rendered her daughter's life so miserable that the latter ran away from home and married a middle-aged nobleman named Claude de Montalant. Armande died in Paris on November 30, 1700.

A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE.

THERE are villages in England whose population has increased little during the last five centuries, and save that the system of open-field husbandry has been abolished, the wattled cottages pulled down, and the church reformed, have undergone little change during that period. Costume, of course, is much altered, and the power to read the Bible or newspaper is in strong contrast with the old order of things. The folk-speech, too, more nearly conforms to general usage. Yet it may have a character all its own, and contain many a word to be found only in an Icelandic or Swedish dictionary, or the rarest and least known Old English writers.

In making these reflections I have in view the little village of Bradfield, in South Yorkshire. Bradfield contains nearly forty thousand acres of moorland and moorland farms, but the town or hamlet itself contains only twenty-four houses. You turn round a sharp bend in a steep road and the whole town, with its pretty old church, bursts upon your view. You can see it all at once, and walk round it in three minutes. When you have examined the twenty-four houses and had a good look at the church, you have seen everything. Bradfield, according to its old inhabitants, is "a place which God began but never finished."

Doubtless the hamlet has been bigger at a former period, and the twenty-four stone houses have replaced a larger number of wattled huts, "enclosed al aboute with stikkes." One of the twenty-four houses is in ruins. It is built of mighty oak beams, which rise from the ground, and meet like a Gothic arch at the ridge of the roof. Evidently the great oak framework has been set up first, and the stone walls and roof adapted so as to fit it. The lower rooms are not more than six feet high, and the chambers above are in the shape of a wigwam. Clearly this is in form a late survival of that most ancient dwelling the clay-daubed hut, whose shape was at first conical and then oblong. When editing a glossary, which comprises Bradfield, for the English Dialect Society, I met with the curious word "chatter-house," used in the phrase "to go through the chatter-house." This process

consists in creeping under the legs of a number of boys who stand astride in a line with their faces turned in the same direction. As the victim of boyish tyranny creeps under each "chatter-house" or pair of legs, he receives a smart blow. Probably "chatter-house" means twig house or wattled house, "chat" or "chad" being still used for "twig" in the district, and "chatter" representing an Old English genitive plural. If that be the explanation—and I have little doubt that it is—then we may see in this quaint house and in this curious word a most interesting glimpse of old English village life, the "chatter-house" being the twig-house which, in form at least, must have survived to a comparatively late time.

The church is a charming little building, erected in the twelfth century. It has been "restored" of course, and every atom of paint and whitewash scraped off so as to show the inner walls in all their naked simplicity. The gargoyles under the eaves are carved with the grimmest faces—the fancied visages of demons, giants, or dwarfs. They grin at you as you look upwards with an awful leer, and as if they would never learn better manners. I fancy that many of these old carvings on gargoyles and fonts are merely traces of a heathenism which lasted on into Christian days—a heathenism which Christianity overlapped and absorbed. On the church font of Norton, a village a few miles distant, is a carving which appears to represent Sigurd Fafnesbane's fight with the dragon. The carved timber of the stout oak roof of Bradfield church is as massive as that of the ruinous house which has just been mentioned. Amongst the beams I noticed on several summer mornings a number of swallows flitting about. They seemed as much accustomed to live inside the church as outside. They got in at the belfry windows, and then twittered amongst the old rafters where they seemed to play at hide-and-seek.

Bradfield is one of those villages which have lost or changed their old names. A part of the village is called Smallfield, from the Old English *smal*, narrow, so that Bradfield (broad field) and "narrow field," are only the names of two ancient common fields. Formerly the place was called Kirkton; now Kirkton is the Old English *cyricctūn*, which means not "church-town" but "cemetery." There was no church at Bradfield at the date of the Domesday survey, and this word "Kirkton" describes some large artificial mounds which yet remain on the west side of the church. The largest and highest of these is called Bailey Hill, adjacent to which is a long mound or barrow surrounded by a ditch. The appearance of Bailey Hill, as you look down upon it from the fields above, is most characteristic of a large burial mound. It is like an enormous sugar-loaf with a flattened

top, and were its sides not overgrown by stunted trees the resemblance to a pyramid would be most striking. In examining a manorial survey of land in Bradfield, made in 1637, I noticed a field called "Dead Man's Half Acre." This "Half Acre" is identical with the "Kirkton" or cemetery. Both these words are the names of a prehistoric burial-place of which Bailey Hill is the most conspicuous part. Topographers speak of these earthworks as a military stronghold or fortification. They stand on the top of a precipitous cliff, and command a splendid view over the wooded valleys beneath and the dark moorlands beyond. Flints are often picked up near the earthworks and in the adjacent fields, and these are popularly said to be "arrow points"; indeed, the place is always popularly associated with warfare and military defence. A more peaceful origin never seems to have been thought of. What these flint flakes are intended to symbolise nobody has yet been able to say, but that they were used in the burial rites relating to the dead is certain. They have not come there by accident, and they are not a natural product of the district. We know that flints and potsherds are constantly found upon and near to burial mounds. They have been purposely scattered there by an ancient people, and probably over the cairns or graves of criminals, or of those who were hated in their lifetime, or who came to a dishonourable end. Just as the Romans scattered bright flowers upon the graves of their beloved dead, so, I think, the old inhabitants of England scattered potsherds and flints over the bodies of those who had died ingloriously. This is a new, and at first sight it may seem a bold, opinion. The evidence, therefore, on which it is founded should be stated. The difference between the funeral rites of the old inhabitants of England and those of the Romans was not great. Both practised cremation, and both used cinerary urns. There are, besides, other points of resemblance. If these rites were so similar in other respects, can we suppose that the one people strewed chaplets of roses or lilies upon the graves of their dead, and that the other, instead of flowers, scattered flint flakes and potsherds? The evidence of Virgil as to the Roman practice is clear, for thus was Marcellus to be honoured :

Manibus date lilia plenis,

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis

His saltem adcumulem donis, et fungar inani

Munere.

On the other hand, our own Shakespeare has handed down the tradition of the old English usage. The priests who performed the burial rites of Ophelia the suicide performed them not with mass of

requiem; but with "maimed rites." "Her death," said the first celebrant, "was doubtful"—

And but that great command o'ersways the order,
 She would in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
 Till the last trumpet, for charitable prayers,
 Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her
 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.

Had she not been the daughter of a nobleman, the grave of Ophelia would have been strown with flints and potsherds instead of chaplets of flowers. The poet whose keen eye nothing ever escaped had probably seen or heard of some such practice carried on in his own time. The most important piece of evidence remains to be stated. A woman about eighty years of age, who lived in a parish which adjoins Bradfield, was speaking, the other day, of the death of one of her friends who had been much respected by all his neighbours. She said, "They will not make *hock-tide* over him." Upon being asked what she meant by "hock-tide," she replied that when she was a little girl it was occasionally the custom to keep the anniversary of a person who was disliked by having "sports" on the day of his death, such as races, cricket, &c. These games were played as near as possible to the house in which the dead person had lived. She further said that she understood "hock-tide" to mean scorn, contempt, mockery. Now this information was in no way derived from books. It was the spontaneous utterance of one who never read books, and who knew nothing of the speculations of men of letters. It was the last record, just snatched from oblivion, of a custom which must once have been common in England; the custom, namely, of giving honour to the beloved dead, and of treating the deaths of bad men with public scorn. The word "hock-tide," or "hock-day," has long been a stumbling-block to the historian and to the philologist. Nobody knew what the word meant, but many writers have referred to an ancient tradition that "hock-day" was a feast instituted in commemoration of a great slaughter of the Danes. But as *hogtid* occurs in Old Swedish, this tradition is without value. Only William Lambarde, the Kentish antiquary, writing in 1576, explained "hock-day" as *dies irrisionis*, though nobody believed him, and nobody has adopted his explanation. But he was unquestionably right, for the tradition which I am here enabled to preserve and hand down declares beyond the possibility of doubt that "hock-day" is "the day of derision." We may compare the Old English *hōcor*, derision,

scorn. It matters not whether the flints or potsherds were strown on the day of burial or on the mind-day, or anniversary. According to the passage in Shakespeare they express, nearly as "hock-tide" does, scorn and derision of the hated dead. Flint chippings and potsherds, being mere refuse and of no value, would suitably express feelings of disdain, just as flowers or perfumes would be the aptest emblems of love or regret. The flowers have perished, but the flints remain.

The land in Bradfield is dry and sandy, and few trees grow on the uplands. Such places were the earliest settlements, for where there were few trees to be felled the land could be easily cultivated. Hence the twelfth century church is modern when compared with the old earthworks about Bailey Hill, which lead us straight back to a time when the village council met upon that hill, where the headborough or baily presided at the public court of the little community. The Bailey Hill was, until recent years, copyhold held of the lord of the manor, and his steward, sitting in later times at the village inn, was the official descendant of the headborough who once held his court in the open air upon the grass-grown tombs of the dead. Every antiquary is familiar with the fact that the village church, or the porch of that church, was once the place where debts were paid, where deeds were sealed and delivered, where solemn compacts were entered into, and where marriages were solemnised. Just as in the Middle English period the church was the local seat of justice, so in the days when there was no village church, and the rites of a heathen religion were remembered, if not practised, the grave of the hero was the place round which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" gathered to settle their disputes, and to receive judgment at the hands of their neighbours. The Bailey Hill at Bradfield, like many other Bailey Hills in England, was the place of the folk-moot or public village assembly, where the villeins met their headborough or baily when duly summoned. Such meetings in the open air on a hill or mound survived, in form at least, down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when William Harrison, in 1586, gave a curious account of a court held upon the King's Hill at Rochford, in Essex. Harrison calls it a "lawless court," but we may be sure that it was a survival of a tribunal which was once lawful and serious, though it had then lost its dignity and import. The court was held on the Wednesday following Michaelmas day, after midnight, so that, says Harrison, it was "begun and ended before the rising of the sunne." He says :

"When the tenants also are altogether in an alehouse, the steward

secretlie stealeth from them with a lanterne onder his cloke, and goeth to the King's hill, where, sitting on a molehill, he calleth them with a verie soft voice, writing their appeerance vpon a piece of paper with a cole, hauing none other light than that which is inclosed in the lanterne : so soon as the tenants also do misse the steward, they run to the hill with all their might, and then all answer at once, ' Here, here ' whereby they escape their ameracements ; which they should not doo if he could have called over his bill of names before they had missed him in the alehouse."

Mr. Vigfusson has described the family howes or barrows which, amongst the Norsemen, "were set near the main door of the big house on the estate." "The barrow," he says, "besides being the place for the 'horg' of family worship, was also the seat of the patriarch. Thus Giant Thrym is sitting on the howe by his hall, 'the lord of the giants, plaiting golden leashes for his greyhounds, and trimming the manes of his horses.' And later in Hallfred's Saga, the good yeoman Thorlaf 'was wont, as was much the habit of the men of old, to sit for long hours together out on the howe not far from the homestead.' Here he was to be found by all who sought him, and could see all that was going on all over the farm."¹ Here we have an exact and authoritative account of the uses to which the Bailey Hill and the adjacent earthworks were put.

The valley which lies deep down under Bailey Hill on the west bears the singular name of "Copman Holes," with which we may compare Copmanthorpe near York, and Copmanhurst. "Hole" is still found in Bradfield in the surnames Hoole and Hoyle, and the *Promptorium Parvulorum* has "hoole or pyt yn an hylle, or other lyke. *Caverna*." If these "Copman Holes" were pit-dwellings, the pits have not yet been found. "Copman" is the Swedish *kopman*, Dutch *koopman*, a merchant or trader. "Chapman" is also found amongst the field-names of the district, for there is a "Chapman field" in Ecclesall. The word "Tinker" may be regarded as nearly equivalent in meaning to "copman" or "chapman," for there is a place called "Tinker sick," or tinker's valley, near Chesterfield, and there is a place called "Pedlar Hagg," or pedlar's common, near Rowlee, in Derbyshire. It is thus made clear that a very long time ago itinerant vendors of small wares wandered about England, camping like gypsies on commons or heaths, or in uncultivated valleys and byways. The remarkable thing is that these people should have left permanent traces of their vocation or of their abode in particular spots ; indeed, the word Copmanthorpe, which is the name of a

¹ *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 416.

village, implies a permanent settlement of traders, squatters, or settlers who must have emigrated from Sweden or Denmark. The way in which old Scandinavian words linger in the field-names or place-names of some parts of Northern England, whilst no records remain of them in our written language, is wonderful. On the wildest part of Bradfield moors, far removed from any cultivated land, is a place called "Cogman clough," or cogman's valley. Cogman is an old surname in England, meaning probably "shipman." But why should shipmen squat on the wildest part of Bradfield moors? Was not the shipman really the same person as the "copman"—the foreign trader?

Bradfield is divided into four districts known as "birelaws." A birelaw is never a parish, as stated in the "New English Dictionary," but a clearly defined district within a parish or a manor. In some manors or village communities, as, for instance, Holmesfield in Derbyshire, these districts or divisions are called "quarters." The birelaws, like the quarters, are always four in number, although in some cases they have lost their distinctive appellation. Mr. Seebohm has shown that in Ireland the *baile*, bally, or townland, was divided into four quarters or "cartrons," each quarter being again divided into four "tates" or homesteads, which are identical with the Welsh *tyddyns*. These subdivisions are unknown in the birelaws, although, reasoning from analogy, there can be little doubt that they once existed. We may, perhaps, see some trace of them in the isolated "halls" scattered about Bradfield, each of which has borne its present name from very early time. I expressed my wonder to a Bradfield farmer last summer that every old farmhouse in the parish should be called a "hall." He was angry, and said with emphasis that these halls were rightly called so, and had been there from time immemorial. Probably he was right. The place-name *Carter* (the old pronunciation of "quarter") which occurs with some frequency in Bradfield and adjoining parishes, is evidently connected in some way with these land-divisions. It appears that the Irish "tates" or homesteads were surrounded by circular enclosures, and it is remarkable that an Old English word *cartrie*, which the "New English Dictionary" does not mention, should mean "circle." It occurs with that meaning in Withal's Dictionary, 1616, p. 286. It is evident that such places as "Carter Knowle," and "Carter Stones Ridge," on the top of Bradfield moors, are in no way connected with the surname Carter, and, moreover, the word is found in the surname "Willelmus del Kerter," which, in 1379, occurs in the adjoining parish of Ecclesfield. This word *carter*, in some cases applied to a barrow or circle of stones,

must also have been applied to the old circular homesteads known in Ireland as "tates." The Scandinavian settlers imposed their birlaws on the land-divisions which they found existing. They crept into the shell which had long ago been prepared for them. The Bailey Hill in Bradfield was the district court to which the quarters, or their descendants the birlaws, resorted.

Doubtless the tribes or septs who originally arranged these land-divisions with an almost mathematical precision were blood-relations. In Bradfield a man who courts a woman residing out of his own parish is still expected to pay the fine called *cockwalk*, a custom which seems to point back to the fact that formerly such marriages were unusual.

In Bradfield a day's ploughing is still known as a "yoking," and the ploughboy who does the work is called a "yokel." The farmer sets out a field in yokings, each of which is to be a day's work for the yokel, the size of these strips, which are really acres or "sellions," depending on the nature of the soil. If the land can be easily worked the strips are large in proportion. Amongst the old field-names of the district such names as "The One Day Work," "The Two Day Work," &c., are common. The highest number which I have seen is "The Five Day Work." In Norden's "Surveyor's Dialogue," 1607, a surveyor and a bailiff discuss the various measures of land, and the following conversation occurs:—

"*Bailiff.* But I pray you whence is the word acre deriued ?

"*Surveyor.* As I take it from the Latin word *actus*, a deede : a dayes worke of a plowe in tilling the ground.

"*Bailiff.* It may beso. For a plow will ayre [plough] an acre a day."

The fields bearing the name "day-work" were bundles of ploughed strips or yokings. The bundles were known as furlongs, shots, or flats, and were surrounded by grass balks covered with bushes, of which a few examples yet remain in the adjacent parish of Ecclesfield. "Flats," "shots," or "shuts," and "furlongs" are common in the field-names of the district. From these particulars we may draw the inference—and it is a most important one—that the acre was originally not only the measure of a day's ploughing, but that its size varied according to the nature of the soil. In the bilingual dialogue of Ælfric, written in the tenth century, it is said to be the duty of the "earthling" (in Bradfield the yokel) to plough every day a full acre or more, and an Anglo-Saxon charter, dated 837, mentions yokes (*gioc*) of earth-lands or plough-lands. The equivalent of a day's-work or yoking is found in monkish Latin as *jornale*, and in classical Latin as *iugerum*.

As this village is one of the places included in the Poll Tax Returns of the year 1379, we know who and what its inhabitants were just before Chaucer had begun to write the "Canterbury Tales." In that year the *villata*, or little community—it is called *villata* in the Returns—contained 396 persons (man and wife being reckoned as one) who were able to pay the tax, the lowest amount paid being 4*d.*; a sum then equivalent to the value of a gallon of red wine. Two cattle merchants, the most prosperous inhabitants of the community, paid 1*s.* each. Five persons are described as "wrights," one as a "souter," or cobbler, and another as a "marschall," or blacksmith. There were three tailors, three websters, a saddler, a mason, and a bowyer, or maker of bows. These artificers and the rest of the community paid 4*d.* each. Amongst the men only thirteen Christian names are mentioned. Of these the most frequent by far was John, William and Richard coming next. The rarest names are Peter, Hugh, Rodulph, Alexander, and Nicholas. Amongst the women fourteen Christian names are mentioned, the commonest names being Alice and Joan, but Agnes, Margaret, and Isabella are frequent. The rarest names are Juliana, Beatrix, Helen, Dionysia, and Anna. Teutonic names, in short, are far more numerous than names of Latin origin, and it is interesting to see such names as Beatrix and Dionysia amongst the peasantry. The poor are still fond of giving their children grand names, and the tendency to adopt a fashionable name is equally strong amongst the rich. Thus Percy, written Percehay in old Yorkshire records, has become fashionable, because it is pleasing to the ear, and because we are familiar with it as the surname of a famous Border family. The Bradfield people were then shepherds, ploughmen, and cattle-drovers, a few artificers living amongst them. There was no knight, no esquire, not even a franklin. There was no resident priest, the cure being supplied by a neighbouring monastery.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the people of Bradfield believed that this village was the birthplace of "Robin Hood." In 1637 John Harrison, surveyor, made a survey of the estates of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. In it he mentions a field near "Robin Hood's Bower," which was "invironed with Loxley Firth," Loxley being a hamlet in Bradfield. He also mentions a field called "Little Haggas Croft," wherein "is the foundation of an house or cottage where Robin Hood was born," and this piece, he says, "is compassed about with Loxley Firth." We are all familiar with Loxley as the name assumed by the famous archer, according to the ballads, and here we probably have the oldest written statement concerning the birthplace

of this hero of romance. I have noticed that "Robin," "Robert," and "Hob," are common amongst the field-names of the district. Moreover, in this very survey "wood" is often written "hood." "Robin Hood" would thus be equivalent to "Robin Wood," and we may identify him with a wood-sprite, and possibly also he has been confused with Eigil, the archer, of the Norse mythology. Kuhn compares "Robin Hood" with Wôden, and says that in Holstein people call "knecht Ruprecht" Roppert. It is remarkable that such a statement as to the birthplace of this mythical person should occur in a survey of land. Land-surveyors were credulous like other people, as John Norden was when, in 1607, he said there was a well near Angleton-Patcham, in Sussex, "which, when you wash your hands with it, smelleth like violets."

S. O. ADDY.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BOOK-FIRES.

FIRE, which is the destruction of so many things, and destined, according to old Indian belief, one day to destroy the world, is so peculiarly the enemy of books, that the worm itself is not more fatal to them. Whole libraries have fallen a prey to the flames, and oftener, alas ! by design than accident ; the warrior always, whether Alexander at Persepolis, Antiochus at Jerusalem, Cæsar and Omar at Alexandria, or General Ulrich at Strasburg (in 1870), esteeming it among the first duties of his barbarous calling to consign ideas and arts to destruction.

But these are the fires of indiscriminate rage, due to the natural antagonism between civilisation and military barbarism ; it is fire, discriminately applied, that attaches a special interest and value to books condemned to it. Whether the sentence has come from Pope or Archbishop, Parliament or King, the book so sentenced has a claim on our curiosity, and as often on our respect as our disdain. Fire, indeed, has been spoken of as the blue ribbon of literature, and many a modern author may fairly regret that such a distinction is no longer attainable in these days of enlightened advertisement.

To collect books that have been dishonoured—or honoured—in this way, books that at the risk of heavy punishment have been saved from the public fire or the common hangman, is no mean amusement for a bibliophilist. Some collect books for their bindings, some for their rarity, a minority for their contents ; but he who collects a fire-library makes all these considerations secondary to the associations of his books with the lives of their authors and their place in the history of ideas. Perhaps he is thereby the more rational collector, if reason at all need be considered in the matter ; for if my whim pleases myself, let him go hang who disdains or disapproves of it !

All the books of such a library are not, of course, suitable for general reading, there being not a few disgraceful ones among them that fully deserved the stigma intended for them. But most are

innocent enough, and many of them as dull as the authors of their condemnation ; whilst others, again, are so sparkling and well written that I wish it were possible to rescue them from the oblivion that enshrouds them, even thicker than the dust of centuries. The English books of this sort naturally stand apart from their foreign rivals, and are roughly classified according as they deal with affairs of state or of the church. The original flavour has gone from many of them, like the scent from dried flowers, with the dispute or ephemeral motive that gave rise to them ; but a new flavour from that very fact has taken the place of the old, of the same sort that attaches to the relics of extinct religions or of bygone forms of life.

The history of our country since the days of printing is exactly reflected in its burnt literature, and so little has the public fire been any respecter of class or dignity, that no branch of intellectual activity has failed to contribute some author whose work, or works, has been consigned to the flames. Our greatest poets, philosophers, bishops, lawyers, novelists, heads of colleges, are all represented in my collection, forming indeed a motley but no insipid society, wherein the gravest questions of government and the deepest problems of speculation are handled with freedom, and men who were most divided in their lives meet at last in a common bond of harmony. Cowell, the friend of prerogative, finds himself here side by side with Milton, the republican ; and Sacheverell, the high churchman, in close company with Tindal and Defoe.

For nearly 300 years the rude censorship of fire was applied to literature in England, beginning naturally in that fierce religious war we call the Reformation, which practically constitutes the history of England for some two centuries. The first grand occasion of book-burning was in response to the Pope's sentence against Martin Luther, when Wolsey went in state to St. Paul's, and many of Luther's publications were burned in the churchyard during a sermon against them by Fisher, bishop of Rochester (1521).

But the first printed work by an Englishman that was so treated was actually the Gospel. The story is too familiar to repeat, of the two occasions on which Tyndale's New Testament in English was burnt before old St. Paul's ; but in pausing to reflect that the book which met with this fiery fate, and whose author ultimately met with the same, is now sold in England by the million (for our received version is substantially Tyndale's), one can only stand aghast at the irony of the fearful contrast, which so wildly separated the labourer from his triumph. But perhaps we can scarcely wonder that our ancestors, after centuries of mental blindness, should have tried to

burn the light they were unable to bear, causing it thereby only to shine the brighter.

It certainly spread with remarkable celerity; for in 1546 it became necessary to command all persons possessing them, to deliver to the bishop, or sheriff, to be openly burnt, all works in English, purporting to be written by Frith, Tyndale, Wickliff, Joye, Basil, Bale, Barnes, Coverdale, Turner, or Tracy. The extreme rarity and costliness of the works intended is the measure of the completeness with which this order was carried out; but not of its success, for the ideas survived the books which contained them. A list of the books is given in Foxe (v. 566), and comprises twelve by Coverdale, twenty-eight by Bale, thirteen by Basil (alias Becon), ten by Frith, nine by Tyndale, seven by Joye, six by Turner, three by Barnes. Some of these may still be read, but more are non-existent. A complete account of them and their authors would almost amount to a history of the Reformation itself; and as they were burnt indiscriminately, as heretical books, they have not the same interest that attaches to books specifically condemned as heretical or seditious. Such of them, however, as a book-lover can light upon—and pay for—are, of course, treasures of the highest order.

Great numbers of books were burnt in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, but it is not till the reign of the latter that a particular book stands forward as maltreated in this way. And, indeed, so many men were burnt in the reign of Queen Mary, that the burning of particular books may well have passed unnoticed, though pyramids of Protestant volumes, as Mr. D'Israeli says, were burnt in those few years of intolerance rampant and triumphant. The "*Historie of Italie*," by William Thomas (1549), is sometimes said (on what authority I know not) to have been not merely burnt, but burnt by the common hangman at this time. If so, it is the first that achieved that distinction, a distinction generally claimed for Prynne's "*Histriomastix*" (1633). The fact of the mere burning is not of itself unlikely, for Thomas wrote very freely of the clergy at Rome and of Pope Paul III.: "By report, Rome is not without 40,000 harlots, maintained for the most part by the clergy and their followers." "Oh! what a world it is to see the pride and abomination that the churchmen there maintain." Yet Thomas himself had held a Church living, and had been clerk of the Council to Edward VI. He was among the ablest men of his time, and wrote, among other works, a lively defence of Henry VIII. in a work called "*Peregryne*," on the title-page of which are these lines:

He that dieth with honour, liveth for ever,
And the defamed dead recovereth never.

And a sadly inglorious death was destined to be his own. For, shortly after Wyatt's insurrection, he was sent to the Tower, Wyatt at his own trial declaring that the conspiracy to assassinate Queen Mary when out walking was Thomas's, he himself having been opposed to it. For this cause, at all events, Thomas was hung and quartered in May 1554, and his head set the next day upon London Bridge. He assured the crowd, in a speech before his execution, that he died for his country. Wood says he was of a hot, fiery spirit, that had sucked-in damnable principles. Possibly they were not otherwise than sensible, for if he died on Wyatt's evidence alone, one cannot feel sure that he died justly. But had the insurrection only succeeded, what an amount of misery might have been spared to England, and how dark a page been lacking from the dark history of Christianity!

Thomas's book was republished in 1561; but the first edition, that of 1549, is, of course, the right one to possess; though its fate has caused it to be extremely rare.

Coming now to Queen Elizabeth's reign, the comparative rarity of book-burning is an additional testimony to the wisdom of her government. But (to say nothing of books that were prohibited or got their printers or authors into trouble) certain works, religious, political, and poetical, achieved the distinction of being publicly burnt, and they are works that curiously illustrate the manners of the time.

The most important under the first of these heads are the translations of the works of Hendrick Niclas, of Leyden, Father of the Family of Love, or House of Charity, which were thought dangerous enough to be burnt by Royal Proclamation on October 13, 1579; so that such works as the "Joyful Message of the Kingdom," "Peace upon Earth," the "Prophecy of the Spirit of Love," and others, are now exceedingly rare and costly. There are many extracts from the first of these in Knewstubb's Confutation of its "monstrous and horrible blasphemies" (1579), wherein I fail to recognise either the blasphemies or their confutation, nor do I find anything but sense in Niclas's letter to two daughters of Warwick, whom he seeks to dissuade from suffering death on a matter of conformity to certain Church ceremonies. He insists on the life or spirit of Christ as of more importance than any ceremony. "How well would they do who do now extol themselves before the simple, and say that they are the preachers of Christ, if they would first learn to know Christ before they made themselves ministers of him." "Whatever is served without the spirit of Christ, it is an abomination to God." But the young persons seem to have preferred death to his advice.

Probably the Family of Love were misunderstood and misrepresented, both as regards their doctrines and their practices. Camden says that "under a show of singular integrity and sanctity, they insinuated themselves into the affections of the ignorant common people;" that they regarded as reprobate all outside their Family, and deemed it lawful to deny on oath whatsoever they pleased. Niclas, according to Fuller, "wanted learning in himself and hated it in others." That is probable enough; also that his disciples allegorised the Scriptures (like the Alexandrian Fathers before them), and counterfeited revelations. Fuller adds that they "grieved the Comforter, charging all their sins on God's Spirit, for not effectually assisting them against the same . . . sinning on design that their wickedness might be a foil to God's mercy, to set it off the brighter." But that they were Communists, Anarchists, or Libertines, there is no evidence; and the Queen's menial servant who wrote and presented to Parliament an apology for the service of Love probably complained with justice of their being "defamed with many manner of false reports and lies." This availed nothing, however, against public opinion; and so the Queen commanded by proclamation "that the civil magistrate should be assistant to the ecclesiastical, and that the books should be publicly burnt." The sect, however, long survived the burning of its books.

But already it was not enough to burn books of an unpopular tendency, cruelty against the author being plainly progressive from this time forward to the atrocious penalties afterwards associated with the presence of Laud in the Star Chamber. All our histories tell of John Stubbs, of Lincoln's Inn, who, when his right hand had been cut off for a literary work, with his left waved his hat from his head and cried "Long live the Queen!" The punishment was out of all proportion to the offence. Men had a right to feel anxious when Elizabeth seemed on the point of marrying the Catholic Duke of Anjou. They remembered the days of Mary, and feared the possible return of Catholicism. Stubbs gave expression to this fear in a work entitled the "Discoverie of a Gaping Gulf whereinto England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banes by letting her Majestie see the sin and punishment thereof" (1579). Page, the disperser of the book, suffered the same penalty as its author.

The book made a great stir and was widely circulated, much to the vexation of the Queen. On September 27 appeared a very long proclamation calling it "a lewd, seditious book . . . bolstered up with manifest lies, &c.," and commanding it, wherever found, "to be

destroyed (= burnt) in open sight of some public officer." The book itself is written with moderation and respect, if we make allowance for the questionable taste of writing on so delicate a subject at all. It is true that he calls France "a den of idolatry, a kingdom of darkness, confessing Belial and serving Baal"; nor does he spare the moral character of the Duke himself: he only desires that her Majesty may marry with such a house and such a person "as had not provoked the vengeance of the Lord." But plain speaking was needed, and it is possible that the offensive book had something to do with saving the Queen from a great folly and the nation from as great a danger.

Stubbs, one is glad to find, though maimed, was neither disgraced nor disheartened by his misfortune. He learnt to write with his left hand, and wrote so much better with that than many people with their right, that Lord Burleigh employed him many years afterwards (1587) to compose an answer to Cardinal Allen's work, "A Modest Answer to English Persecutors." After that I lose sight of Stubbs.

The strong feeling against Episcopacy, which first meets us in works like Fish's "Supplication of Beggars," or Tyndale's "Practice of Prelates," and which found vent at last, as a powerful contributory cause, in the Revolution of the seventeenth century, was most clearly pronounced under Elizabeth in the famous tracts known as those of Martin Marprelate; and in these most bitterly in a small work that was burnt by order of the bishops, entitled a "Dialogue wherein is plainly laide open the tyrannical dealing of lord bishops against God's Church, with certain points of doctrine, wherein they approve themselves (according to D. Bridges his judgement) to be truly bishops of the Divell" (1589). This is shown in a sprightly dialogue between a Puritan and Papist, a jack of both sides, and an Idol (*i.e.* church) minister, wherein the most is made of such facts as that the Bishop of St. David's was summoned before the High Commission for having two wives living, and that Bishop Culpepper, of Oxford, was fond of hawking and hunting. It is significant that this little tract was reprinted in 1640, on the eve of the Revolution.

I pass now to a book of great political and historical interest: "The Conference about the Succession to the Crown of England" (1594), attributed to Doleman, but really the handiwork of Parsons, the Jesuit, Cardinal Allen, and others. In the first part, a civil lawyer shows at length that lineal descent and propinquity of blood are not of themselves sufficient title to the Crown; whilst in the second part a temporal lawyer discusses the titles of particular claimants to the succession of Queen Elizabeth. Among these, that

of the Earl of Essex, to whom the book was dedicated, is discussed ; the object of the book being to baffle the title of King James to the succession, and to fix it either on Essex or on the Infanta of Spain. No wonder it gave great offence to the Queen, for it advocated also the lawfulness of deposing her ; and it throws some light on those intrigues with the Jesuits which at one time formed so marked an incident in the eventful career of that unfortunate earl. Great efforts were made to suppress it, and there is a tradition that the printer was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The book itself has played a part in our history, for not only was Milton's " *Defensio* " mainly taken from it, but it formed the chief part of Bradshaw's long speech at the condemnation of Charles I. In 1681, when Parliament was debating the subject of the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession, it was thought well to reprint it ; but only two years later it was among the books which had the honour of being condemned to the flames by the University of Oxford, in its famous and loyal book-fire of 1683.

But if the history of the book was eventful, how much more so was that of its chief author, the famous Robert Parsons, first of Balliol College, and then of the Order of Jesus ! Parsons was a very prince of intrigue. To say that he actually tried to persuade Philip II. to send a second Armada ; that he tried to persuade the Earl of Derby to raise a rebellion, and then is suspected of having poisoned him for not consenting ; that he instigated an English Jesuit to try to assassinate the Queen ; and, among other plans, wished to get the Pope and the Kings of France and Spain to appoint a Catholic successor to Elizabeth, and to support their nominee by an armed confederacy, is to give but the outline of his energetic career. The blacksmith's son certainly made no small use of his time and abilities. His life is the history in miniature of that of his order as a body ; that same body whose enormous establishments in England at this day are in such bold defiance of the Catholic Emancipation Act, which makes even their residence in this kingdom illegal.

Doleman's " *Conference* " was answered in a little book by Peter Wentworth, entitled " *A Pithy Exhortation to Her Majesty for establishing her successor to the Crown,* " in which the author advocated the claims of James I. The book was written in terms of great humility and respect, the author not being ignorant, as he quaintly says, " that the anger of a Prince is as the roaring of a Lyon, and even the messenger of Death. " But this he was to learn by personal experience, for the Queen, incensed with him for venturing to advise her, not only had his book burnt, but sent him to the

Tower, where, like so many others, he died. So at least says a printed slip in the Grenville copy of his book.

But Wentworth is better and more deservedly remembered for his speeches than his book—his famous speeches in 1575, and again in 1587, in Parliament in defence of the Commons' Right of Free Speech, for both of which he was temporarily committed to the Tower. Rumours of what would please or displease the Queen, or messages from the Queen, like that prohibiting the House to interfere in matters of religion, in those days reduced the rights of the House to a nullity. Wentworth's chief question was "Whether this Council be not a place for any member of the same here assembled, freely and without control of any person or danger of laws, by bill or speech to utter any of the griefs of this Commonwealth whatsoever, touching the service of God, the safety of the prince and this noble realm." Yet so servile was the House of that period, that on both occasions it disclaimed and condemned its advocate—on the first occasion actually not allowing him to finish his speech. Yet, fortunately, both his speeches live, well reported in the Parliamentary Debates.

To pass from politics to poetry : little as Archbishop Whitgift's proceedings in the High Commission endear his name to posterity, I am inclined to think he may be forgiven for cleansing Stationers' Hall by fire, in 1599, of certain works purporting to be poetical ; such works, namely, as Marlowe's "Elegies of Ovid," which appeared in company with Davies's "Epigrammes," Marston's "Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image," Hall's "Satires," and Cutwode's "Caltha Poetarum ; or, The Bumble Bee." The latter is a fantastic poem of 187 stanzas about a bee and a marigold, and deserved the fire rather for its dulness than for the reasons which justified the cleansing process applied to the others, the youthful productions of men who were destined to attain celebrity in very different directions of life.

Marlowe, like Shakespeare, from an actor became a writer of plays ; but though Ben Jonson extolled his "mighty muse," I doubt whether his "Edward II.," "Dr. Faustus," or "Jew of Malta" are now widely popular. Anthony Wood has left a very disagreeable picture of Marlowe's character, which one would fain hope is over-drawn ; but the dramatist's early death in a low quarrel prevented him from ever redeeming his early offences, as a kinder fortune permitted to his companions in the Stationers' bonfire.

Marston came to be more distinguished for his "Satires" than for his plays, his "Scourge of Villainie" being his chief title to fame. Of his "Pigmalion" all that can be said is, that it is not quite so bad as Marlowe's "Elegies." Warton justly says, with pompous euphemism :

"his stream of poetry, if sometimes bright and unpolluted, almost always betrays a muddy bottom." But this muddy bottom is discernible, not in Marston alone, it may be perceived no less in Hall's "Virgidemiarum," or Satires, of which Warton did all he could to revive the popularity. Hall was Marston's rival at Cambridge, but Hall claims to be the first English satirist. He took Juvenal for his model, but the Latin of Juvenal seems to me far less obscure than the English of Hall. I quote two lines to show what this Cambridge student thought of the great Elizabethan period in which he lived. Referring to some remote golden age, he says :

Then men were men ; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.

But strange are the evolutions of men. The author of the burnt satires rose from dignity to dignity in the Church. He became successively Bishop of Exeter and Bishop of Norwich, and to this day his devotional works are read by thousands who have never heard of his satires. He was sent as a deputy to the famous Synod of Dort, and was faithful to his Church and king through the Civil War. For this in his old age he suffered sequestration and imprisonment, and he lived to see his cathedral turned into a barrack, and his palace into an ale-house, dying shortly before the Restoration, in 1656, at the age of 82. Baile thought him worthy of a place in his Dictionary, but he is still worthier of a place in our memories as one of those great English Bishops who, like Burnet, Butler, or Tillotson, never put their Church before their humanity, but showed (what needed showing) that the Christianity of the clergy was not of necessity synonymous with the absolute negation of charity.

Davies, too, Marlowe's early friend, rose to fame, both as a poet and a statesman. But he began badly. He was disbarred from the Middle Temple for breaking a club over the head of another law student in the very dining-hall. After that he became member for Corfe Castle, and then successively Solicitor General and Attorney General for Ireland. He was knighted in 1607. One of the best books on that unhappy country is his "Discovery of the true causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued, nor brought under obedience of the Crown of England until the beginning of Her Majesty's happy reign" (1611), dedicated to James I. His chief poems are his "Nosce Teipsum" and "The Orchestra." In 1614 he was elected for Newcastle-under-Lyme, and he died in 1626, aged only 57. Yet in that time he had travelled a long way from the days of his early literary companionship with Christopher Marlowe.

The church at the end of the sixteenth century assuredly aimed

high. At the time the above books were burnt, it was decreed that no satires or epigrams should be printed in the future ; and that no plays should be printed without the inspection and permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London ! But even that is nothing compared with that later attempt to subject the Press to the Church which called forth Milton's "Areopagitica" ; there indeed soon came to be very little to choose between the Inquisition of the High Commission and the more notorious Inquisition of Rome.

Near to the burnt works of the previous writers must be placed those of that prolific writer of the same period, Samuel Rowlands. The severity of his satire, and the obviousness of the allusions, caused two of his works to be burnt, first publicly, and then in the hall kitchen of the Stationers' Company, in October 1600. These were : "The Letting Humour's Blood in the Headvein," and "A Merry Meeting, or 'tis Merry when Knaves meet" ; both of which subsequently reappeared under the titles respectively of "Humour's Ordinarie, where a man may be verie merrie and exceeding well used for his sixpence," and the "Knaue of Clubs." Either work would now cost much more than sixpence, and probably fail to make the reader very merry, or even merry at all. One of the epigrams, however, of the first work may be quoted as of more than ephemeral truth and interest :

Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend,
He may begin his work to-day,
But God knows when he'll end.

Little appears to be known of Rowlands, but, like Bishop Hall, he could turn his pen to various purposes with great facility ; for the prayers which he is thought to have composed, and which are published with the rest of his works in the admirable edition of 1870, are of as high an order of merit as the religious works of his more famous contemporary.

The only wonder is that the Archbishop did not enforce the burning of much more of the literature of the Elizabethan period, whilst he was engaged on such a crusade. He may well, however, have shrunk appalled from the magnitude of the task, and have thought it better to touch the margin than do nothing at all. And, after all, in those days a poet was lucky if they only burnt his poems, and not himself as well. In 1619 John Williams, barrister, was actually hanged, drawn, and quartered, for two poems which were not even printed, but which exist in manuscript at Cambridge to this day.

These were "Balaam's Ass" and the "Speculum Regale." Williams was indiscreet enough to predict the King's death in 1621, and to send the poems secretly to his Majesty in a box. The odd thing is that he thought himself justly punished for his foolish freak, so very peculiar were men's notions of justice in those far-off barbarous days.

J. A. FARRER.

*THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.*¹

THE numerous readers who are interested either in plants themselves, or in the curious lore with which poetry and fancy have from the earliest ages of the world's history invested them, will accord a ready welcome to the dainty and attractive little volume in which Mr. Thiselton Dyer has diligently collected from an infinite variety of sources, and woven together with considerable skill, a heterogeneous mass of strange old-world myths, legends, popular beliefs and sayings relating to the vegetable kingdom. The author has evidently spared no pains in exploring the many fertile fields of superstition ; and the outcome of his labours is a book at once both instructive and entertaining.

In the brief prefatory note to the work, attention is drawn to the fact that of late years a great impetus has been given to the study of plant-lore both in this country and on the Continent. The colossal work of Count A. De Gubernatis, entitled "*La Mythologie des Plantes*," still incomplete, and the first volume of which appeared at Paris so far back as 1878 ; the "*Plant-lore Legends and Lyrics*" of Mr. Richard Folkard ; and the Rev. Hilderic Friend's treasury of floral learning—"Flowers and Flower-lore"—are all indicative of the amount of material which has already been quarried from this particular mine of research. There is every reason to believe that vast stores of material still remain buried in the outlying nooks and corners of the world, and it is quite rational to suppose that ere long we shall hear of the formation of a "*Plant-lore Society*," for the express purpose of collecting together and preserving such relics of plant-lore as exist in our own and other countries at the present time.

The opening chapter of the work before us is devoted to a very interesting account of the plants which have been regarded by various nations of the world with mysterious awe and veneration, on account of their supposed personality. Thus we are told that the dwellers in

¹ *The Folk-Lore of Plants.* By the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer. London Chatto & Windus, 1889.

the island of Sumatra pays special honour to certain trees supposed to embody the wood spirits. The inhabitants of the Society islands hold a similar tone with regard to plants. Among the Westphalian peasantry it is customary to inform the nearest oak-tree of any death which has taken place in a family; while the Wallachians believe that flowers are possessed of souls; and that the water-lily which blossoms at the gates of Paradise will judge the rest, and strictly inquire what they have done with their colours.

Folk-lore teems with stories of spirit-haunted trees. In many parts of Europe it is an article of the popular belief that the alder will bleed, weep, and even give utterance to a piercing cry of anguish when struck by the woodman's axe. An old legend current in Sweden relates how upon one occasion, as a woodcutter was preparing to raise his axe for the purpose of felling a juniper tree in a wood, a voice broke from the earth, crying: "Friend, hew me not!" But the woodman paid no heed to the warning, and struck a heavy blow, whereupon blood flowed out from the roots of the tree. The Siamese people are careful to offer libations to trees before hewing them down; and the Cingalese, who place implicit faith in a kindred sympathy existing between plants and the human race, say that the cocoa-plant will wither away when beyond the reach of the human voice, and that the vervain and borage will only thrive near the abodes of men. The Manichees held that after Christ had sacrificed Himself for mankind His Spirit lived on in the vegetable kingdom. This, in all probability, accounts for an old popular Venetian tradition which states that the leaves of trees quiver with horror on the annual recurrence of Good Friday. The Kabyle women again speak gently to the hawthorn, and pray that their husbands may be transformed into asses, in order that they may be used as beasts of burden.

In Chapter II., Mr. Dyer reviews some of the primitive notions respecting plants, and he dwells at some length upon that strange idea having reference to the descent of the human race from a tree, which he thinks, unquestionably, owed its origin to the myth of Yggdrasil, the Tree of the Universe. No little uncertainty exists among comparative mythologists as to the identity of this tree. Some incline to the belief that it was the ash; others have conceived it to be identical with the "Robur Jovis," or sacred oak of Geismar, destroyed by Boniface, and the Irmensul of the Saxons. According to the Edda, all mankind are descended from the ash and the elm, into which was breathed the power of life by Odin and his two brothers, Hoenis and Lodr, when journeying over the earth. The

notion of tree descent is, of course, one of very great antiquity. Both Homer and Virgil have referred to it in their writings; as also have Juvenal, Hesiod, and Euripides.

The plant-worship, which holds so prominent a place in the history of the primitive races of mankind, would appear to have sprung from a perception of the beauty and utility of trees. Survivals of this still linger on in many parts of Europe. The peasants in Bohemia will sally forth into their gardens before sunrise on Good Friday, and, falling upon their knees before a tree, will exclaim: "I pray, O green tree, that God may make thee good." At night time they will run to and fro about their gardens, crying: "Bud, O trees, bud, or I will flog you." In our own country the Devonshire farmers and their men will, to this day, go out into their orchards after supper on the evening of Twelfth-day, carrying with them a large milk-pail of cider, with roasted apples pressed into it. All present hold in their hands an earthenware cup filled with liquor, and, taking up their stand beneath those apple-trees which have borne the most fruit, address them in these words:

Health to thee, good apple tree,
Well to bear pocket fulls, hat fulls,
Peck fulls, bushel bag fulls!

simultaneously dashing the contents of their cups over the trees. The observance of this ceremony, which is locally known as "wassailing," is enjoined by Thomas Tusser in his work entitled, "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," wherein he bids the husbandman

Wassail the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear;
For more or less fruit they will bring,
As you do them wassailing.

In most countries, certain plants are to be found associated with witches and their craft. Shakespeare causes one of his witches to discourse of root of "hemlock digg'd i' the dark"; likewise also of "slips of yew sliver'd in the moon's eclipse." Vervain was in olden times known as "the enchanter's plant"; rue, again, was regarded as an antidote against their spells and machinations. Their partiality for certain trees is well known. According to Grimm, the trysting place of the Neapolitan witches was a walnut-tree near Benevento. In walnut and elder trees they are also said to be in the habit of lurking at nightfall. Witches, too, had their favourite flowers. Among these the fox-glove was known as the "witches' bells"; the harebell as the "witches' thimbles." Tradition asserted that on

moonlight nights they might be seen flying through the air, mounted on the stems of the ragwort, reeds, or bulrushes. Throughout Germany it is believed that witches career through the midnight skies on hay. Many plants were pressed into the service of charms and spells for the detection of witches and evil spirits, when wandering about on their nefarious errands, particularly the St. John's wort, still largely worn by the German peasantry as a kind of amulet on St. John's Eve. It was an old belief that all baptized persons, whose eyes had been steeped in the green juice of the inner bark of the elder tree, would be enabled to detect witches anywhere. The same property, according to German folk-lore, is possessed by the wild radish, ivy, and saxifrage on Walpurgis night. Among other plants which have had the reputation of averting the crafts and subtleties of witchcraft, the juniper, holly, mistletoe, little pimpernel, herb paris, cyclamen, angelica, herb betony, rowan-tree, bracken, and twigs of the ash, may be mentioned. In the Rhine district the water-lily is regarded as antagonistic to sorcery. Lavender is believed in Tuscany to possess the power of averting the evil eye. Olive branches are said to keep the witches from the cottage doors in the rural districts of Italy, and the Russian peasantry will lay aspen upon the grave of a witch to prevent her spirit from walking abroad, or exercising any evil influence over her neighbours.

The devil, as Mr. Dyer tells us, is largely associated with both the names and legends of plants. Thus an old folk-tale relates that the thorns of the eglantine point downwards, for the reason that, when his Satanic Majesty was thrust out of heaven, he endeavoured to regain his lost position by constructing a ladder composed of its thorns. We are told that parsley seed will come up only partially, according as the devil takes his tithes of it. The Bohemians believe the belladonna to be a favourite plant of the Evil One, who is perpetually watching over it. There is but one mode of drawing him away from it, and that is by letting loose a black hen on Walpurgis night, after which he will run. It is the belief of the Russians that the sowthistle belongs to the devil: and the country folk in Swabia say that if fern seed be brought by him between the hours of eleven and twelve on the night of the Nativity, it will enable the bearer to perform as much work as twenty ordinary men. In the southern counties of England it is supposed that the devil places his cloven foot upon the blackberries on Michaelmas Day, and ill-luck is certain to befall anyone who attempts to gather them for the rest of the year. We find a whole host of plants having reputed personal associations with the enemy of the human race. In Wales

the stitchwort, and in Germany the henbane, both go by the name of the "devil's eye." One of the orchid tribe is known among the Germans as "Satan's hand"; the plantain is "the devil's head" in some places; certain kinds of ground-moss are called "devil's claws." The house-leek, we are further told, is sometimes designated "devil's beard"; the clematis is frequently termed "devil's thread"; toad-flax serves him for ribbon; indigo is his favourite dye; and the scandix does duty as his darning needles. In some localities the brilliant red blossom of the tritoma goes by the name of the "devil's poker." Ground-ivy has been frequently called the "devil's candlestick"; mandrake supplies him with candles; the puff-balls of the lycoperdon furnish him with a snuff-box; the Irish peasantry call the nettle "devil's apron," and the convolvulus "devil's garter." It appears that it is customary in certain parts of Germany for mothers, when they wish to deter their children from eating mulberries, to say to them that the devil requires them for the purpose of blacking his boots.

Mr. Dyer does not fail to recognise the claims of fairy-lore, to which he devotes a special chapter. He reminds us that in Wales the delicate white flowers of the wood-sorrel are commonly known as "fairy bells," from an old tradition that the "good people" were summoned by its chimes to their moonlight revels. Their raiment was woven of fairy flax, and during the prevalence of tempestuous weather they were supposed to seek shelter beneath the fragile blossoms of the wood anemone. It was also believed that the fairy tribe lulled their tiny offspring to rest in cradles constructed of tulips. One flower, Mr. Dyer tells us, which is still held in great esteem by them, is the common stitchwort, which the peasants of Devonshire have very great hesitation in plucking from the hedges, lest, haply, they should be led astray by pixies. The four-leaved clover is, we learn, regarded in fairy-lore as a magic talisman by reason of its enabling the wearer to detect the whereabouts of the denizens of the elfin world. There is a belief, widely prevalent in Denmark, to the effect that if a mortal takes up his stand beneath an elder bush at the hour of twelve on Midsummer Eve, he will be privileged to see the king of fairy land and his train of attendants pass by in solemn procession.

The use of plants as love-charms furnishes Mr. Dyer with material for a very interesting chapter. Among the flowers employed in love divination we find the poppy, the bachelor's buttons, the primrose, and in Germany the star flower and the dandelion. The Danish peasantry lay the St. John's wort betwixt the beams under

the roof when they desire to divine their lovers ; and the young Sicilian women are in the habit of throwing apples out of window into the street, which, should they be picked up by women, augur unfavourably for their chances of matrimony during the year. In Thuringia the leaves of the rose are largely employed by young maidens when divining their future. The mandrake is still worn by the French people as a love-charm, and the Bohemian maidens believe that if they can by any means contrive to secrete a sprig of clover into one of the shoes of their lover ere he prepares to set out on his travels, his fidelity will be secured.

There is a notion current yet among the uncivilised races of the world that certain plants possess the property of revealing the hidden secrets of dreamland. In an interesting passage which Mr. Dyer quotes from the masterly work of Mr. (now Doctor) Tylor, entitled "Primitive Culture," we are told that it was once the practice of the Californian Indians to administer narcotic potions to their children, in order that they might gain from their ensuing visions information respecting their foes ; and he adds subsequently that the Indians of Darien would concoct a similar potion from the seeds of the *datura sanguinea*, so that when it was administered to young children they would relapse into a state of delirium, in which they revealed the whereabouts of hidden treasure. In a similar manner the North American Indians believed that to intoxicate themselves with tobacco would produce supernatural ecstasies. It is somewhat singular that traces of beliefs very much akin to these should be found to prevail in European countries to-day. The people of Russia, it seems, have their dream-herb—*son trava* it is called in the vernacular, which blooms during the month of April, and bears a flower of an azure hue. Mr. Dyer tells us that lovers place it beneath their pillows before retiring to rest, in order to induce dreams—the fulfilment of which generally takes place. The Swedes say that if a youth or a maiden takes care to lay nine kinds of flowers beneath his head on Midsummer Night he will be sure to dream of his or her sweetheart. To see in one's dreams the palm-tree, the olive, the lily, the thistle, or the thorn, is a favourable portent ; but to catch sight of withered roses, walnuts, hemp, cypress, or dandelion portends evil or misfortune. The oak, in dreams, prognosticates long life ; so does the apricot, the apple, the grape, and the fig. The elder, onions, acorns, or plums presage ill health and sickness. To pluck ears of corn should apprise one that he has secret enemies. To dream of the juniper tree bodes evil ; to dream of plucking its berries, especially in winter time, is indicative of prosperity. To

dream of green fresh grass is most auspicious, but to dream of withered and faded grass signifies the near approach of misfortune and sickness.

A great deal of curious weather-lore surrounds many of our common plants and herbs, and Mr. Dyer assures us that the dwellers in rural districts, both at home and abroad, give implicit credence to very much of it. The strewing of branches of the ash-tree over the fields on the first day of Lent is believed by the Swedish peasantry to benefit the crops sown therein as much as three days of showers and three days of sun. Rainy weather on Easter Sunday augurs badly for the hay, though favourably for the harvest. If the bramble is seen to bloom early in June, the farmers may look forward to an early harvest. "Spring has not arrived," say the peasantry in the northern counties of England, "till you can set your foot on twelve daisies." "It's always cold when the blackthorn comes into flower" is a proverb familiar in the mouths of the country folk in Surrey. The hanging of withered leaves upon the boughs of trees in October presages a frosty winter and a heavy fall of snow. An abundance of haws betokens a hard winter, and a profusion of blossom on the broom indicates a fruitful year of corn. In the western counties of England it is believed that, as soon as the mulberry trees burst into leaf, the frost ceases. There is apparently no end to the items of weather plant lore, and, as Mr. Dyer observes, there is scarcely a county of England in which they are not to be found; many of them being nothing more nor less than modifications of one and the same belief.

From weather plants, Mr. Dyer passes to plant proverbs, of which he has collected a goodly store. "It is as long in coming as Cotswold barley" is, we learn, a proverb current in Gloucestershire. When the Wiltshire peasant wishes to convey the idea of durability to a person with whom he is speaking, he will observe :

An eldern stake and a blackthorn ether (*i. e.*, hedge)
Will make a hedge to last for ever;

in allusion to a notion current in that county—elder stakes last longer in the ground than iron bars of the same size. Among Devonshire folk it is not unusual to hear the phrase, "She has given him turnips," when a young woman has jilted her lover. In the Midland counties, there is a very common saying to the effect that "if there are no kegs or seeds in the ash trees, there will be no king within the twelvemonth." When a person's labours are productive of results far other than those anticipated, he will be told, "You set

saffron and there came up wolfsbane." Many English country-folk will be found to incline to the belief that "A parsley field will bring a man to his saddle and a woman to her grave," as well as to the notion that "where parsley's grown in the garden there will be death before the year's out." Devonshire people hold it to be extremely unlucky to transplant parsley, and the Hampshire peasantry are loth to give it away lest ill-luck overtake them. It is a popular saying in Northamptonshire, that when gorse "is out of bloom, kissing is out of season," and the Warwickshire gardeners say that if you

Plant your sage and rue together,
The sage will grow in any weather.

The two valuable and interesting essays from the pen of Miss Agnes Lambert, on the "Ceremonial Use of Flowers," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, in 1878 and 1880, have furnished Mr. Dyer with much useful matter for his chapter on "Plants and their Ceremonial Use." Reference is made to the floral festivals of ancient Rome—festivals which were held in honour of the advent of spring, survivals of which are to be found in our own May Day celebrations, and the well-flowerings observed at Tissington in Derbyshire on the Ascension Day. The ancient world conducted its floral ceremonies on a gigantic scale. Mr. Dyer tells us that the Singhalese chronicles make mention of the Ruanwellé dagoba (measuring 270 feet in height) being festooned with floral garlands from its pedestal to pinnacle, until it presented the appearance of a single bouquet. On the same authority, we are informed that during the fifteenth century a certain potentate presented at the shrine of the tooth, 6,480,320 sweet-scented flowers; and two centuries previously, one of the regulations of the temple at Dambedenia directed that there should be presented thereon "every day an offering of 100,000 blossoms, and each day a different kind of flower." It is interesting to note what an important part the floral world has played, and does still, in the various rites and ceremonies attendant upon marriages and funerals. In many parts of Germany it is customary to present a wreath of the mystic plant vervain to a newly-married bride, and an almond to both bride and bridegroom at the wedding breakfast. In our own country it was once the practice to present a bride with a bouquet composed, as we learn from Herrick, of such homely flowers as the rose, the pansy, the ladysmock, and the gentle-blush.

To enter into anything approaching full details of the funeral use of flowers in ancient and modern times would require, as Mr. Dyer observes, a good-sized volume instead of a single chapter, so great

and varied is the wealth of fact and fancy in which this particular branch of flower-lore abounds. Few things strike the student of the literature of ancient Greece and Rome more forcibly than the frequent allusions which the great writers of antiquity make to the use of flowers in the propitiation of their deities and in the various funeral rites and ceremonies of the ancient world. Those who are familiar with the writings of Æschylus will remember how the "father of tragedy," in his play of "The Persians," depicts the terror-stricken Atossa as endeavouring to calm her gloomy forebodings by propitiating the gods, at the tomb of Darius—*ἄνθη πλεκτὰ παμφόρου γαίας τέκνα*—with "twined wreaths of flowers, the children of all-bearing earth," to quote Dean Plumptre's beautiful rendering of the passage. So, too, in the "Epistles of Alciphron," we find Petola complaining that she knows her lover is a mourner, because he sends her "garlands and roses as if to deck a premature grave." It is clear that floral wreaths and chaplets were very extensively used among the Romans on the funeral obsequies. It is the dying Antonius who observes :

Manibus est imis rosa grata, et grata sepulchris,
Et rosa flos florum ;

and it is Ovid who, during his sojourn in a strange land, begs his spouse to celebrate his obsequies after death, and to offer "chaplets wet with tears" at his tomb. The polyanthus, myrtle, and amaranth were the chief flowers strewn by the Greeks over tombs ; asphodel and mallow being usually planted around them. Many nations of the world at the present time adhere to the ancient practice of strewing flowers over the resting places of the dead, and of placing them in coffins. The French are in the habit of depositing roses and orange blossoms in the coffins of the young ; and in certain districts of Italy it is customary to besprinkle the graves of all who die in childhood or early youth with the periwinkle. For a similar purpose the Chinese plant roses and anemones ; and the natives of the Malay Peninsula employ basil, the Mexicans the Indian carnation, and the devotees of Buddha tamarisk. Amongst ourselves several plants have been used. The poet Gay enumerates sprigs of rosemary, daisy, butter'd flower and endive blue ; Samuel Pepys speaks of sage, and Coles before him of "cypresse garlands and bays," and Shakespeare alludes *inter alia* to the yew.

Mr. Dyer finds space for a variety of nice points connected with the origin and history of plant names. The number of countries which have contributed their quota to the nomenclature of English plants is legion. Beginning with France we have the *dent de lion*—lion's tooth—whence we derive our dandelion. The flower-de-luce,

again, which Mr. Dyer thinks was a name applied to the iris, comes to us through the French *fleur de Louis*—tradition asserting that this plant was worn as a device by King Louis VII. of France. Buckwheat is derived from the Dutch word *bockweit*; and adder's tongue from a word in the same language, *adderstong*. In like manner the name tulip is traceable to the word *thonlyban* in the Persian language—signifying a turban. So, too, our English word lilac is nothing more than an Anglicised form of another word in the Persian tongue, viz., *lilag*. A large number of plants owe their names to those by whom they were first discovered and introduced into other climes. The fuchsia stands indebted for its name to Leonard Fuchs, an eminent German botanist; and the dahlia was so named in honour of a Swedish botanist named Dahl. A long list of plant names might be formed which bear what may be termed animal and bird prefixes—as for example horse-beans, horse-chestnuts, dog violets, and dog roses; cats' faces a name applied to the plant known to botanical students as the *viola tricolor*; cats' eyes, *veronica chamaedrys*; cats' tails, and catkins. The goose-grass is known to the country people in Northamptonshire as pig tail, and in Yorkshire a name given to the fruit of the *cratægus oxyacantha* is bull horns. Many plant names have been suggested by the feathered race, particularly goose tongue, cuckoo buds (mentioned by Shakespeare), cuckoo flowers, stork's bill and crane's bill. One of the popular names of the arum is "parson in the pulpit," and a Devonshire term for the sweet *scabriosis* is "mournful widow." The campion is not infrequently called "plum pudding," and in the neighbourhood of Torquay it is not unusual to hear fir-cones spoken of as "oysters."

The chapter on "Plant Language," although it does not by any means exhaust the subject, is especially worthy of notice. Among the plants enumerated we find the amaranth, which, from the abiding nature of its blossoms, was regarded by the ancients as an emblem of immortality, and which, in later days the poetic fancy of Milton imagined as

A flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence,
To heaven removed.

The green ivy is symbolic in floral language of love and constancy; the cypress is indicative of mourning; the laurel denotes fame, while the myrtle and the rose have ever been regarded as "the flowers of love"; the olive is emblematic of peace; the palm is the symbol of victory; the poppy in legendary lore is generally held to

be expressive of lethargy and oblivion ; the aspen, by reason of the tremulous action of its leaves, is held by some to be expressive of fear, by others, of scandal, from an old popular saying to the effect that its tears were distilled from the tongues of the weaker sex ; evening primroses indicate silent affection ; rosemary signifies remembrance ; vervain is a symbol of enchantment ; lilies of the valley typify purity ; violets denote fidelity ; and the flowers of the periwinkle should awaken early recollections.

Bound up with the calendar and the round of fast and festival in the ecclesiastical year, we find a vast amount of plant-lore. Thus, among the natives of Italy the dead nettle is dedicated to St. Vincent ; while among our Welsh neighbours the leek is associated with St. David's Day. The shamrock is everywhere sported by the Irish people on the anniversary of St. Patrick's Day. The garden daffodil, the purple pasque, and the white broom are specially dedicated to Eastertide. It is customary for the Swiss mountaineers to hang wreaths of edelweisse and amaranth over the doors and windows of houses yearly on Ascension Day. The townsfolk of Hanover make a point of gathering the lily of the valley on Whit-Monday, and in Russia it is usual at the close of the Whitsuntide season for young women to cast floral wreaths into the waters of the Neva in remembrance of absent friends. The pansy was held in honour of Trinity Sunday. The costmary was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and the sunflower has been nick-named "St. Bartholomew's Star." The passion-flower is an ecclesiastical emblem of Holy Cross Day. A species of the wood-sorrel has been dedicated to St. Cecilia, whose festival is annually observed on November 22.

Considerable interest attaches to that section of Mr. Dyer's book which is devoted to plants conspicuous for their sacred character. According to an old and widespread legend current in Hindustan, Brahma "came forth from the verdant stem" of the lotus—a plant revered by the inhabitants of ancient Egypt, and yet held in the highest veneration among the natives of Asiatic countries. The natives of Java profess great regard for the pæpul-tree. So do the Buddhists of Thibet, to whom it is known as the bridge of safety, across which mortals wend their way into the unseen world. Among the Persians and the Jews, the pomegranate was held in the deepest reverence from an old tradition which imagined it to have been the identical forbidden fruit of which our first parents partook in the terrestrial Paradise. The association of the Virgin Mary with plants is much more extensive than might at first be imagined. To begin with, all white flowers were considered "typical of her purity and

holiness," and thus came to be consecrated to her festivals. In course of time the lily and the rose became especially associated with her Ladyship. The latter received special recognition from S. Dominic, who, with direct reference to the Virgin, instituted a devotion of the rosary. There is a very interesting legend, too current in Oxfordshire connecting her name with the spotted persicaria, which says that she was in the habit of preparing ointment from its leaves, and that upon one occasion she searched for it in vain. When her need for it had passed away, adds the legend, she found it, and straightway condemned it. On its leaves, say the rustics, may yet be seen the imprint of her finger. In Buckinghamshire, the white lily is dedicated to the Virgin under the name of the "Lady lily"; and in certain parts of Prussia the holy grass is held sacred to her. One of the names which the French people have given to the fox-glove is *doigts de la Vierge*. Very numerous are the flowers which have been connected with "Our Lady's" vesture. The cuckoo-flowers, which in early spring time "do paint the meadows with delight," are popularly known as "Our Lady's smocks." A common name for the maiden-hair fern is "Virgin's hair," and a species of orchids has received the popular appellation of "Our Lady's hands." The little pink does duty as "Lady's cushion"; the campanula serves her as a "looking-glass"; and the cowslip is often called "Our Lady's bunch of keys." "Lady's candlestick" was a name once given to a species of primula; "Lady's thimble" to the harebell.

Some curious plant stories are related in various countries anent the flight of the Holy Family into the land of Egypt. Thus it is said that the "rose of Jericho" sprang up to mark out the route they took. Bavarian tradition asserts that one of the trees, beneath whose spreading shade they sought shelter, was a hazel. Other traditions say that both the pine and the juniper concealed them from the vigilance of Herod's soldiery. On the contrary, the aspen alone of all the trees of the forest refused to droop low its branches in reverential adoration as the Holy Family took their way; while the broom and the chick-pea rustled and crackled, and the flax bristled up. The introduction of Christianity into Europe exercised a considerable influence upon plant-lore, some of the most interesting and beautiful of its stories being connected with the Cross and Passion of the Redeemer. The Swedes believe that the rod with which He was scourged was cut from the dwarf birch-tree. That is the reason, say they, of the stunted appearance it presents. Other legends say that it was composed of a branch of weeping-willow. Numerous plants put forth

their claims to the honour, or rather dishonour, of having formed the Saviour's thorn crown. Among these we find the bramble, the whitethorn, the boxthorn, the wild hyssop; in Germany, the holly; and in Oriental climes, the *nabk*, a species of blackthorn. The spotted persicaria, the arum, the purple orchis, and the red anemone are each traditionally said to have been stained with the blood which started from the Saviour's brow as He hung upon the accursed tree. Plant-lore serves to show in a remarkable degree how deep an interest the Cross of the Redeemer has ever possessed for mankind. The very name of the tree which furnished the wood from which it was constructed has always been a matter of conjecture. Some, in common with Sir John Mandeville, believe it to have been fashioned of the wood obtained from four trees, viz., the cedar, the cypress, the palm, and the olive. Others, again, have conceived that it was the aspen, whose leaves have ever since been in a state of perpetual tremor. Grecian legendary lore assigns the unenviable distinction to the holm oak. According to a very ancient popular tradition, all the trees of the forest met together in solemn conclave shortly after the Jews had resolved upon crucifying the Son of God, and resolutely determined that they would refuse to lend their wood for the construction of His Cross. To this decision, it is said, all the trees rigidly adhered save the holm oak, which, while its companions crumbled away into atoms as often as the woodmen attempted to hew them down for the Cross, quietly permitted itself to be pressed into their service, and thenceforward a curse rested upon it. In like manner, the tree upon which the traitorous disciple hanged himself is enveloped in obscurity. Popular tradition has fixed upon the elder, though Gerarde, in his "Herball," identifies it with the wild carob, and Sicilian tradition with the tamarisk.

Most people who have lived in the rural districts of England know very well how fond—"amazin'" fond—the rustic population are of dosing themselves with medicines, especially those medicines prepared from plants and herbs by the "wise woman," of which one at least is to be found in almost every country village. And it is really astonishing to note the implicit confidence which the peasantry place in the healing properties of certain plants. Visit any village in Cornwall, and you will be told that club moss, if properly gathered, holds good against all diseases of the eye. Inquire of the Lincolnshire plough-boy, and he will tell you that the best cure for a pair of eyes affected by rheumatism is a poultice composed of rotten apples. Nothing, according to Derbyshire and Midland folk-lore, will so effectually exterminate warts as the juice of the dandelion. To cure themselves of ague

the German peasants will walk round and round an oak-tree saying meanwhile :

Good evening, thou good one old ;
I bring thee warm and the cold.

To rid himself of the toothache a Danish peasant will put an elder twig into his mouth and then stick it into a wall, saying : "Depart thou evil spirit !" The natives of Finland endeavour to effect a cure of ague by scraping the green mould off the walls of a church and then swallowing it. A favourite mode of treating rheumatism in Lincolnshire is to carry about a potato or a horse-chestnut on some part of the person. Among the French people amulets formed of mistletoe are largely worn as antidotes against sickness. Suffolk people possess the notion that, to cure ague, the sufferer should eat sage leaves for nine successive mornings fasting. In Thuringia it is believed that if a person eats sage three days after he has had a tooth extracted, he will henceforth enjoy freedom from toothache. A Cornish remedy for a scald or for diseases of an inflammatory nature, is nine leaves of the bramble moistened in spring water, and a Westphalian specific for gout is apple juice mixed with saffron. Innumerable plants are, and have been, used in the treatment of hydrophobia. Angelica, madworts, beet-root, digitalis, and rose leaves are some of them. A rose-leaf poultice is a Grecian remedy. From the days of Pliny until now almonds have been held efficacious in the cure of inebriety. Cabbage juice mixed with honey was an old remedy for hoarseness. Our ancestors resorted largely to arum water during the ravages of the plague ; and Old Gerarde waxes eloquent over "the distilled water of broom flowers," which he informs us Bluff King Hal was in the habit of drinking against "surfeits and diseases."

Perhaps one of the most interesting sections of plant-lore is that which deals with their legendary history. When and how these legendary histories, which are found under various forms in all countries, originated, few or none can tell. Migration professes to account for many of them, but not all. Doubtless we shall never be able to solve satisfactorily the problem of their ubiquity, and we must therefore rest content with accepting them as relics of the belief of by-gone ages.

The Russians have a very curious legend which says that the rush and the thistle are the abodes of the Evil One. They say that soon after the creation the Almighty was one day met by Satan who begged that he might be rewarded for his share in creating the world by a gift of oats and buckwheat. The request was granted, whereat the joy of the Evil One was so great that he danced. "Why do'st

thou dance?" inquired a wolf who was passing by. Struck with amazement at human accents proceeding out of the mouth of an animal, Satan quite forgot for the moment what it was that he had received, so he replied that he was dancing because he had just been presented with the rush and the thistle!

Still more curious is the old Japanese legend which professes to account for the origin of the tea-plant. Somewhere about the year 519 A.D., a certain Buddhist priest of great sanctity paid a visit to the celestial empire, and in order to devote himself entirely to the service of God, he solemnly vowed upon one occasion that he would not go to sleep for the remainder of his earthly life, but spend his time in perpetual meditation. Years rolled by, until at last one sultry day, nature asserted herself, and the poor devotee of Buddha fell fast asleep. So great was his remorse when he awoke that, in order to preclude the possibility of a repetition of slumber, he there and then cut off both his eyelashes and flung them on the ground. Passing by the spot next day, great was his astonishment at beholding each eyelash metamorphosed into a shrub and exhibiting "the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes, and possessing the gift of hindering sleep. From these two shrubs, concludes the legend, sprang the tea-plant.

Curious, too, is the story which connects "the winter thorn which blooms at Christmas, mindful of Our Lord," with St. Joseph of Arimathea. Attended by eleven missionaries St. Joseph visited this country in order to convert it to Christianity, and, while preaching to our heathen forefathers at Glastonbury on Christmas Day, he is said to have thrust his staff into the ground in confirmation of his Divine mission. Immediately it took root and grew up, annually bursting into blossom on the feast of the Nativity. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Puritans demolished the parent tree, but descendants from slips which had been cut from it are stated to be yet in existence, and yet maintain the peculiarity of putting forth their blooms in the depths of winter.

Several remarkably pretty legends are related in connection with the rose—"the flower of flowers" as Moore has termed it. Of these that which ascribes its origin to St. Elizabeth of Hungary is, perhaps, one of the less known. Elizabeth, spouse of Louis of Thuringen, enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most saintly women of the age in which she lived. At a time when her country was being devastated by a terrible pestilence she constituted herself the guardian angel of her poor subjects—nursing them through dangerous illnesses, and often depriving herself of food and clothing in order that their

wants might be supplied. Fearing that her constant personal visits to the sick would expose his consort to contagion, Louis requested her to discontinue them. This, however, Elizabeth could not conscientiously bring herself to do, and she therefore continued her ministrations. One day while out on an errand of mercy, carrying a quantity of provisions in her apron, she met her husband, and, not caring to incur his displeasure, she kept her apron tightly closed until Louis forced it open—when lo ! instead of food numbers of fragrant scented roses fell to the ground, which Louis imagined she had been gathering for the purpose of adorning her apartments.

Gladly would we dwell at greater length upon the varied contents of Mr. Dyer's pleasing and fascinating work, but lack of space forbids. Enough, however, we think, has been said to induce all those who are capable of reading

A lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower,

to consult for themselves this, the latest, and, in many respects, the most interesting, contribution to the literature of plant-lore.

WILLIAM SYDNEY.

OUR ARCHIVES.

WITHIN the latter half of this century the history of England is being gradually re-written. The period of the Norman Conquest has been presented to us in an entirely new light by Dr. E. A. Freeman. Mrs. Green has recently given us the reign of Henry the Second. The late Mr. William Longman wrote a careful and accurate biography of our third Edward. The reign of Richard the Third has engaged the attention of Mr. James Gairdner, editor of the "State Papers of Henry the Eighth." The History of Mr. Froude is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. The reigns of James the First and of his son are being dealt with by Mr. Rawson Gardiner. The labours of Lord Macaulay have filled up the interval bringing down our history to the death of William the Third. The continuation of the nation's story by the late Earl Stanhope is, if not a pleasure to peruse, most valuable as a work of reference. Only the reigns of the Georges have yet to be written. One of the chief reasons which has led to this special and critical examination of the different periods in our history is undoubtedly due to the facilities afforded to men of letters by the late Lord Romilly when Master of the Rolls and considerably continued by his successors, in consulting without fee or restriction the original authorities among our public muniments. When men were permitted access to the very documents themselves which recorded the acts and events about to be described by the historian, it was evident that the reign of references at second hand was at an end. What writer, who had really the interests of historical truth at heart, would content himself, as he proceeded with his narrative, with the loose statements of mediæval partisans; with chronicles—such as that of Croyland—which have been proved to be forgeries; with the works of hasty and ignorant compilers, full of inaccuracies which generation after generation had faithfully reproduced, when he could examine for himself original grants and charters upon the Close and Patent Rolls, the curious and interesting judicial proceedings on the Plea Rolls, which throw such light upon the social history of our country; the quaint financial matters in the

Pipe Rolls, the merits and abuses of the religious houses in the Augmentation Records, or the very letters themselves from kings and statesmen among our splendid collection of State Papers? No need henceforth for the historian to drink from turbid tributary streams, when the waters from the fountain head, fresh and pure, freely offered themselves. To perceive how the graceful privilege, accorded by successive Masters of the Rolls, has been fully availed of, we have but to compare the fashion in which history was written in the past with the new departure upon which it has recently entered. Instead of the dry record of dates and deeds and measures, which was formerly the fashion, we have now history presented to us with a breadth of philosophy, an amplitude of detail and a vivifying effect, which only recourse to contemporary authorities could stimulate and produce.

The story of the custody of our archives, until within quite recent years, is a strange illustration of gross neglect and barren interference. Something was always about to be done, and yet nothing was ever actually done. Antiquaries agitated, members spouted, committees sat, but though the mountain appeared always in travail not even the most ridiculous of mice came forth. Let us proceed to substantiate this assertion. During the first few reigns after the establishment of the Norman Conquest, our legal records, as they began gradually to accumulate, were kept in the palace of the Sovereign; but, as soon as the law courts became stationary, instead of following the king from place to place, all documents remained in the possession of their respective courts, and treasurers were specially appointed to receive them. Thus the records of the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas were originally entrusted to the custody of the Treasurer of the Exchequer, but as their rolls increased in size and importance it became necessary to have them housed in safer and more extensive quarters. Accordingly, they were removed to the palace of Westminster, to the old Chapter House and to the cloister of the Abbey of Westminster; eventually these places of deposit merged into the Chapter House, Poet's Corner, Westminster, which for many years was known as the Chapter House repository. Upon the separation of the Court of Chancery from the Court of Exchequer, at the close, it is said, of the reign of Richard the First, the wardrobe in the Tower of London was used as the special store-house of the Chancery Records, thus laying the foundation of the Record Office in the Tower. It was the custom of the Masters of the Rolls, between the reigns of Edward the Second and Edward the Fourth, to keep all Chancery Records in their dwelling-house, and only to send to the Tower such rolls and bundles as had accumulated; but, after the

reign of our fourth Edward, the Chancery Records were lodged in what is now known as the Chapel of the Rolls, but which was then the *Domus Conversorum Judæorum*, or House for Converted Jews and Infidels, which had been annexed to the office of the Master of the Rolls in the reign of Edward the Third. Afterwards, an office was attached to this chapel, and thus arose the Record Office known as the Rolls' Chapel office.

For centuries these three places of deposit—the Chapter House, the Tower of London, and the Rolls—constituted the chief though not the only repositories for our public records. There they were hidden rather than lodged, and scant heed taken for their preservation. Occasionally a royal order was issued to investigate into the condition of our archives, but wars or rumours of wars arose, then interest in the matter died out and the inquiry was shelved. We read of Edward the Second in 1320 directing a writ of privy seal to the Treasurer and Barons of the Exchequer “to employ proper persons to superintend, methodise, and digest all the rolls and other writings then remaining in the Treasuries of the Exchequer and in the Tower of London”; his Majesty declaring that the archives had not been disposed of in such manner as they ought to have been for the public service. But the opposition of Lancaster and the great barons to the favourite of the hour soon caused all anxiety as to the welfare of rolls and parchments to drop out of consideration, and little attention was paid to the mandate. Again, during the reigns of Edward the Third, our second Richard, and Henry the Sixth, various commands were given at different times to bring certain records belonging to the Courts of Chancery and Common Pleas, then stored up in private houses, to be incorporated with the collection in the Tower. These removals were, however, very carelessly effected, for, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, many documents were discovered in an old house in the Tower, their existence being totally unknown until search was made for a convenient place to deposit gunpowder. So long had they remained propped up against the walls that much of the parchment was eaten away by the lime. Shortly after the accession of great and glorious Queen Bess it appeared as if compensation was at last to be obtained for past neglect. Her Majesty, being informed of the confused and perilous state of the records of parliament and chancery, gave orders for rooms to be prepared in the Tower to receive them, as “it was not meet that the records of her chancery, which were accounted as a principal member of the treasure belonging to herself and to her crown and realm, should remain in private houses and places.” This command, however, fared no better than its predecessors;

it was never executed and the records continued to remain in the Rolls Chapel. On the defeat of the Scots in their own country by Cromwell, the records of Scotland were seized and sent to the Tower, where they remained till the Restoration, at which date they were sent back again to Scotland by sea, but the ship was unfortunately wrecked and all the documents lost. At the accession of the Merry Monarch, William Prynne, now converted into a good royalist, was appointed keeper of the records in the Tower, and forthwith resolutely began to undertake his new duties.

"No sooner," he writes to the king, "received I your royal patent for the custody of your ancient records in your Tower of London, even in the midst of my parliamentary and disbanding services then monopolising all my time, but I designed, endeavoured the rescue of the greatest part of them from that desolation, corruption, confusion, in which (through the negligence, nescience, or slothfulness of their former keepers) they had for many years by past layen buried together in one confused chaos under corroding, putrefying cobwebs, dust, filth, in the dark corner of Cæsar's Chapel in the White Tower as mere useless reliques not worthy to be calendared or brought down thence into the office among other records of use. In order thereunto I employed some soldiers and women to remove and cleanse them from their filthiness, who, soon growing weary of this noisome work, left them almost as foul, dusty, and nasty as they found them. Whereupon, immediately after the parliament's adjournment, I and my clerk spent many whole days in cleansing and sorting them into distinct confused heaps, in order to their future reducement into method; the old clerks of the office being unwilling to touch them for fear of fouling their fingers, spoiling their cloathes, endangering their eyesight and healths by their cankerous dust and evil scent. In raking up this dung-heap (according to my expectation) I found many rare, ancient, precious pearls and golden records. But," he sighs, "all which will require Briareus, his hundred hands, Argus, his hundred eyes, and Nestor's centuries of years to marshal them into distinct files, and make exact alphabetical tables of the several things, names, places comprised in them, wherein most treasuries of records are very defective." Whatever was the nature of Prynne's labours the result was not particularly satisfactory, for in the next reign we find a complaint laid at the foot of the throne that the records were still in "great disorder and confusion."

It would be wearisome to enter into details with regard to the measures promised, then abandoned, as to the better custody of our archives. Suffice it to say that, though throughout the eighteenth

century committees sat "to consider the method of keeping records in offices," it was not until the year 1800 that a complete and satisfactory investigation of our national muniments was entered into. Of the Record Report of 1800 it is impossible to speak in too high terms, since it is the most important volume on the archives of this country that has ever appeared, and the foundation of all similar labours. Reform, until a final scheme is adopted, is always tentative in its efforts. One of the results of the drawing up of this Report was the institution of commissioners, being "distinguished privy councillors and officers of state," with a competent staff to "methodise, regulate, and digest the records"; but after some thirty years' experience, the conclusion was arrived at by a select committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider the matter, that Record Commissions were not the best means that could be devised for the supervision of our archives. Accordingly, after much correspondence, the Public Records Act was passed in 1837, which placed the records in the custody and under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls for the time being, and directed the Treasury forthwith to provide a suitable building. Fulfilment however does not always follow upon suggestion. The Treasury was of opinion that as the records had been so long in obtaining desirable quarters there was no particular hurry in the matter, and that our archives might as well wait a little longer. Years passed, and still the plan for a "suitable building" had never been placed in the hands of either the architect or the contractor. It was, however, not a question about which the country was keenly anxious—vermin then among the stores in the dock-yards interested her far more. It was true that the then superintendent of the London Fire Brigade had reported that our archives at that date were under risks to which "no merchant of ordinary prudence would subject his books of account," but still the public was supremely indifferent. Nothing creates apathy like ignorance. Not one Englishman out of a thousand then knew that his country possessed stores of public records (to quote the words of Bishop Nicolson) "justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort." And so until the suitable building was to be provided everybody seemed quite content that the archives should remain as they were.

Yet their condition was critical. In the Tower of London were housed the early Chancery Records—the priceless Close Rolls, Patent Rolls, Parliamentary Rolls, Charter Rolls, and the rest—with the Admiralty Records. One portion was stored in the Wakefield Tower "contiguous to a steam-engine in daily operation"; another

portion was packed up in the cramped keep called the White Tower; whilst the Admiralty documents crowded from floor to roof Cæsar's Chapel. In the basement of the White Tower were deposited tons of gunpowder sufficient to destroy all Tower Hill, and change even the course of the Thames had an explosion occurred. The insurance of such a building with such stores "would not be taken by any insurance office for less than 5*s.* per cent., the ordinary risk being only 1*s.* 6*d.* per cent." The records of the Queen's Remembrancer were piled up in sheds in the King's Mews, Charing Cross. The result of such accommodation was a foregone conclusion. "There were numerous fragments," writes the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon these documents, "which had only just escaped entire consumption by vermin, and many were in the last stage of putrefaction. Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; others, particularly those in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together that they could not be uncoiled. Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats were found embedded, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed throughout the mass; and besides furnishing a charnel house for the dead, during the first removal of these national records a dog was employed in hunting the live rats which were thus disturbed from their nests." When it became necessary to pull down these sheds for the erection of that triumph of London architecture, the National Gallery, these records were removed—*dii immortales!*—to the stables of Carlton House, a huge barn which "could be burnt down in twenty minutes if it caught fire." Into this "suitable building" were pitched our splendid collection of Fines, the great Rolls of the Pipe, now the favourite idol of the antiquary, the ledger books of the national expenditure, unrivalled even for their very physical magnificence and complete as a series since the days of Henry II. and other documents of an almost equally valuable nature. In the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, behind which were a brew-house and wash-house reported as "dangerous and endangering the safety of the Chapter House by fire," were preserved, among other national muniments, the venerable Domesday Book, the most priceless record perhaps in the world, the treaty of the Cloth of Gold, illuminated with the portrait of Francis I., and adorned by the gold seal chased by Benvenuto Cellini himself, the very chirograph between Henry I. and Robert Earl of Flanders, the most ancient of our diplomatic documents, the privilege of Pope Adrian to Henry II. to conquer Ireland, and the treaties with Robert Bruce. Other records were in Chancery Lane—some in the Rolls House, some in a shed

in the Rolls garden, and some in the pews and behind the Communion Table in the Rolls Chapel, "a place heated by hot-air flues." The documents known as the King's Silver Books found quarters in the Temple and were greatly damaged by fire in 1838. Again, various Court Rolls of manors were kept in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and many perished in the fire which broke out there in 1849.

But at last it was resolved that this scandalous state of things should not continue. A suitable building had been recommended, and Lord Langdale, who as Master of the Rolls was now invested with the custody of the public records, determined that the suggestion should be carried out. His lordship wrote to Lord John Russell, then Home Secretary; he proposed the erection of one general repository as the store-house for the records; he instanced the excellent state of the Scotch Records as a proof of the advantage of having the archives of a country placed under one custody and in one central building; he was fearful of fire, and begged that the matter should be settled at once. The Treasury demurred. It did not want to spend the money, and was full of excuses; first it recommended the attics of the new Houses of Parliament, and, when that magnificent offer was rejected, the Victoria Tower. The Master of the Rolls was, however, not to be turned from his purpose. He would have a suitable building and nothing else, and so bid farewell for ever to sheds and stables, roofs and cellars. To make a long story short, Lord Langdale carried the day. In 1851 the first stone of the present general Record Repository was laid in the grounds of the Rolls Estate; eight years later the building was completed and the public records removed from their ignominious dens to their new quarters. Here carefully classed and reported upon by trained archivists, cleansed and repaired by skilled workmen, protected from fire and the ravages of vermin by all the appliances that slate and iron can suggest, our national archives have at last obtained a well ordered and practically arranged asylum—the admiration of the intelligent foreigner, a favourite haunt of men of letters, and the shrine of the antiquary.

One of the first questions asked by the utilitarian who has been made aware of the existence of our national collection is, After all, what is the use of these miles and miles of parchment? The answer that can be returned is that, save to him whose one object in life is the lofty and inspiring aim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, there are few to whom our archives cannot appeal. For the statesman, the politician and the judge, anxious as to precedents to illumine the future by the light of the past, there are the Close Rolls, which run from John to the present day, and which

record entries touching the privileges of peers and commoners, the measures employed for the raising of armies and the equipment of fleets, the taxation of the land, the summoning of parliament—in fact, all that concerns the naval and military, the civil and ecclesiastical, the legal and diplomatic affairs of the kingdom; the Patent Rolls, which also run from John to the present time, and which illustrate every subject connected with the history and government of our country; the Rolls of Parliament, beginning with Edward I., and which record the various transactions that took place from the opening to the close of each parliament; the Pipe Rolls which run from Henry II. to the present day, and which touch upon everything which in former times, went to swell the revenues of the crown; the Coronation Rolls, the Fine Rolls, the Judgment Rolls, and numerous other classes of documents replete with information not to be found elsewhere. For the lawyer and the claimant to property there are the extensive series of documents of the courts of Chancery, Exchequer and King's Bench, all of which are now classified and arranged, and as easily to be obtained as a book out of a library. For the clergyman interested in ecclesiastical matters, there are the Charter Rolls which run from John to Henry VIII., and which consist of privileges to religious houses, the *Cartæ Antiquæ*, which contain the foundation charters of abbeys, the valuable collection of Ministers' Accounts of the issues and profits of monastic lands in the hands of the crown, the Visitations of Religious Houses, the Wolsey Books, the Taxation Rolls and the rest of the unique and interesting parchments of the Augmentation Office. The soldier interested in the history of his regiment, or the sailor hunting up facts as to the navy of the past, can delve to his heart's content amid the hidden treasures of the War Office and Admiralty records. For the professional genealogist and the country gentleman amusing himself with ferreting out his pedigree, there are, in addition to the rolls already mentioned, that mine of wealth upon the subject, the Inquisitions Post Mortem, taken on the death of every tenant of the crown, and the valuable collection of Feet of Fines. For the foreigner there are the series of Gascon, French and Norman Rolls, which contain special information relating to transactions in France whilst the English held part of that country. The antiquary pure and simple can, if his days be long enough, examine every ancient document in the place, and he may rest assured that nothing upon which he touches but will adorn the subject in which he is for the moment interested—the Oblata Rolls, full of entries of gifts to the sovereign from every great man who wished for the royal protection or toadied for the royal favour; the Originalia Rolls, which throw such

light upon the manners and customs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ; the collection in the Exchequer which records the history of Knights' service ; the documents of obsolete courts such as the Star Chamber, the Court of Requests, the Court of Chivalry and the like, which would require the immortality of a Tithonus for any one man even to copy out the endorsements. But it is of course to the historian or man of letters, absorbed in one period or by one special subject, that the papers and parchments preserved in this splendid store-house more directly appeal. Here the extent of his range is practically unlimited—provided he can decipher the old hand-writings and is acquainted with Norman-French and a Latin which would have given Cicero the jaundice. No matter what be the reign or his proposed treatment of the subject, everything here the historian studies will bring grist to the mill and the produce turned out be of so fresh and special a character as to appear a new revelation. Thanks to the consideration of the late Lord Romilly and his successors, the man of letters can sit in the spacious, well-lighted room, especially devoted to literary research, and call for roll after roll, at his own sweet will, peruse it, copy from it, spend years over it, without being put to the cost of a single farthing. All fees for the examination of records, provided the purpose be literary, have been abolished. Nor are parchment documents alone freely placed at the reader's disposal. The magnificent collection of State Papers, now gradually being edited by the officials of the department, and which date from the reign of Henry VIII., are also at the students' service, a permission which has been, and still is, fully availed of.

The history of the custody of the State Papers is but a repetition of that already related of the public records. At first no special place appears to have been assigned for the preservation of these papers ; they were looked upon as the property of the Secretary of State for the time being, who did very much what he liked with them, often taking them to his private house on his resignation of the seals, and destroying the more compromising—hence the private collections found and reported upon by the Historical Commission. "It will be readily conceived," says the writer of the preface to the State Papers, "how rapidly the mass of correspondence must have accumulated in the office of the Secretary of State after the revival of letters in the sixteenth century ; yet no provision was for some time made for its being received into any certain depository. Each succeeding Secretary had it in his own custody ; the apartments provided for him were extremely confined, and the future destination of his official papers depended in great measure upon accident, upon

the care or negligence of the individual, or his clerks, and, above all, upon the good or evil fate which awaited the Secretary when he resigned the seal." As a matter of fact it was not until the year 1578 that the State Paper Office, or, as it was originally called, the "Office of Her Majesty's Papers and Records for Business of State and Council," became established. The accommodation accorded to the documents was, however, of a varying and limited character. During the reign of Elizabeth the papers were simply thrown pell-mell into chests, but under James I. they were arranged into some form of order, and the larder of the Privy Seal at first assigned for their reception. A few years later the tower over the gateway of Whitehall Palace, consisting of "two rooms, three closets, and three turrets," was fitted up as a repository for the State Papers. On the outbreak of the fire of 1619, which destroyed much of the palace, the tower fortunately escaped the flames. "But though Wilson, the first Keeper of the State Papers, boasted that the archives under his care had not on this occasion sustained so much hurt as the loss of a blank paper, Raymond, his successor, complained that they were thrown into great disorder by having been hastily and confusedly cast into blankets, the better to preserve them from the fire." For many years these precious letters of our sovereigns and statesmen were treated with the grossest neglect, ill arranged, subject to constant embezzlement, and liable to all the evils of deficient accommodation. At last the conscience of the authorities seemed pricked. Early in the eighteenth century a committee was appointed by the House of Lords to inquire into the method of keeping records and public papers. It was then discovered that since 1670 but few papers had been returned to the State Paper Department; that even those which had been returned were very imperfect; that the space allotted to the documents was insufficient, and that the keeping of the papers in bundles was inconvenient. As the result of this investigation the committee recommended that the office should be enlarged, the papers sorted and indexed, and that instead of being tied up in bundles they should be bound in volumes. Application was now made to Sir Christopher Wren, and it was determined that the upper floor of the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings should be arranged as a State Paper office. Here the papers remained, suffering greatly "from vermin and wet," until 1750, when, owing to building operations, they were transferred to an old house in Scotland Yard, "where they remained and suffered still further injury from wet till 1819," when again, owing to building improvements, they migrated to another old house in Great George Street,

Westminster. Finally, in 1828 a plan was approved of, and a vote passed, for the erection of a new fire-proof building in St. James's Park for the reception of the State Papers. The building was completed in 1833, and shortly afterwards the documents were lodged within its admirably-arranged compartments. Last scene of all in this eventful history, a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1848 recommended that the State Paper Office should be amalgamated with the Record Office. Accordingly, on the death of Mr. Hobhouse, the last keeper, in 1854, the State Papers were removed from their sunny quarters in the Park, so temptingly near the clubs for lunch, and transferred to the gloomy precincts of Fetter Lane. As a curious coincidence the last junior clerk appointed to the State Paper Office was a lineal descendant of the first keeper of the Papers appointed by Queen Elizabeth.

It can easily be imagined that the State Papers, like their companions in misfortune, the Public Records, have suffered no slight injury from their frequent removals and the neglect to which they were formerly exposed. Keeper after keeper appears to have done his best to preserve and arrange the documents in his custody, but the difficulties he had to contend with were incessant. According to the oath taken by the "Clerk, Keeper, and Registrar of His Majesty's Papers," it was his duty to preserve all the documents intrusted to his charge from harm and damage; "not to suffer any to be purloined, embezzled, or defaced; to keep secret such things therein contained as shall be fit for His Majesty's service; and to do his best to recover such papers as may have been detained or embezzled by private persons." Still, in spite of the clauses of this oath—what with the refusal of Secretaries of State to return their official papers on resignation of the seals, the despatch of documents to different ambassadors, and the lending of volumes which were never returned—the list of lost, stolen, and strayed from our national collection is somewhat a heavy one. Glance at the casualties. During the reign of Henry VIII. many of the king's papers were embezzled by Lords St. Albans and Cherbury, in whose custody they were placed. In the reign of Elizabeth most of the private business papers of the queen, especially her letters on matters of secret importance, came into the hands of the Earl of Leicester, and finally into the possession of his secretary and his descendants; and we are told, "though they were ultimately recovered, a great part had perished by time and the distraction of the wars, &c.; being left in England during the rebellion, many had been abused to the meanest purposes." In the reign of James I., when Sir Thomas Lake was

deprived of his office of Secretary of State, it was found that many most important papers were wanting. In spite of all the complaints and appeals of the then Keeper of the State Papers, Mr. Secretary Winwood refused to part with the documents in his possession. Several books of Ireland were sent to Lord Carew, which he failed to return ; and the same fate befell the State Papers sent to Lord Middlesex, Sir Robert Cotton, and others. During the Civil War the papers of the king, from the time he was in the north until the surrender of Oxford, were designedly burnt ; " whilst a fair cabinet of the king's, full of papers of a very secret nature, which had been left by the king upon his retirement to the Scots, amongst which were thought to be all the queen's letters to the king and ' things of very mysterious nature ' was also destroyed." At the time of the Commonwealth Bradshaw, in his capacity of President of the Council, managed to obtain possession of " divers books, treaties, papers, and records of State," several of which, in spite of all the efforts of Charles II., were not regained. Indeed, so carelessly did ministers watch their documents, that a treaty completed with Holland in 1654 was bought at an auction, and the original treaty with Portugal in the same year was picked up from a stall in the street ; happily, both these State Papers were restored to the office. At the Restoration " all the papers of State during the time of the Usurpation remained in Thurloe's hands, and Sir Samuel Morland advised a great minister to have them seized, being then privately buried in four great deal chests ; but, ' for reasons left to be judged,' that minister delayed to order it, and Thurloe had time to burn them ' that would have hanged a great many,' and ' he certainly did burn them, except some principal ones culled out by himself.'" During the reign of Charles II. various papers were sent out of the country to the Hague and Sweden for the convenience of the ambassadors, many of which were never returned. We read that the last warrant issued for the seizure of stolen documents from the State Paper Office was in 1755, when it was discovered that one Nathan Carrington, a king's messenger, had made himself master of " twenty-two bags of ancient writings and records belonging to His Majesty, concealed in the house of the late John Austis, garter-king-at-arms, at Mortlake in Surrey." Thanks, however, to the zeal and diligence of Sir Robert Cotton in the reign of James I. and of Sir Joseph Williamson in the reign of Charles II., many of the scattered papers have been found. The collections of Sir Robert Cotton are preserved in the British Museum, whilst those of Sir Joseph Williamson have been returned to their old quarters in the State Paper Office.

It is curious to compare the strictness which formerly existed as to the inspection of these State documents with the freedom now accorded. At the present day any respectable person can turn from the busy hum of Fleet Street into the cloistered quiet of the Record Office and ask for and peruse any State Paper of the past, no matter how important is the information it contains or how valuable be the signature attached to it. Yet within the memory of men now but little over middle-age a very different state of things existed. In former times the State Papers were invariably looked upon, as we have said, by the different Secretaries of State as their own peculiar property, hence their contents were regarded as strictly private and confidential. The keeper was bound by oath "to let no man see anything in the office of His Majesty's papers without a warrant from the king," excepting always "what is wanted by the Secretaries of State, Privy Councillors, and other officers of His Majesty Government; in all matters required by ambassadors he is to receive a warrant from the Lord Chamberlain; in all things where secrecy is necessary he must have the king's warrant." The keeper was also "tied by a strict oath, and by His Majesty's commands, to deliver nothing out of the office unless to the lords and others of His Majesty's Council." Throughout the whole history of the State Paper Office the keeper never had power to grant on his own authority permission to consult the State Papers; such permission could only be accorded by the Secretary of State to whose department the papers belonged—a rule still in force for the examination of papers after a certain date. In fact, so jealously was this library of MSS. guarded in the olden days that it was impossible for any but the most favoured to have access to the documents. Among the privileged ones we find that in 1760 Evelyn was lent several volumes of documents which related to Holland, and that in the same year certain officers of the East India Company were allowed to consult the books and journals relating to the trade with China, Japan, and India. In 1679 Dr. Gilbert Burnet was permitted by warrant, "from time to time to have the sight and use of such papers and books as he shall think may give him information and help in finishing his history of the Reformation of the Church of England"; and in the same year Prince Rupert made a personal request to the king in favour of Roger Le Strange, who was writing a history of the civil wars of England, and desired to search the Paper Office. The request was granted. In the reign of Queen Anne, Collier was permitted to inspect the documents for his "English Ecclesiastical History"; Strype at a later period, Chalmers and Bruce and various other writers of note were also allowed to con-

sult the papers by special permission. As a proof of the severity with which these documents were guarded, we read that, as late as 1775, Lord North, then prime minister, begged "the king's approval to have free access to all correspondence in the Paper Office"; and that as late as 1780 it was necessary for the Ordnance Office to have the Secretary of State's permission "to search the Paper Office for any documents that regard their department." Thanks to the consideration of the late Lord Romilly all such restrictions, as we have already said, have been removed, and there is now no more difficulty in obtaining access to the despatches of Cardinal Wolsey, the letters of Mary Queen of Scots, the Gunpowder Plot papers, and the rest of the documents relating to our past history than there is in entering the library of the British Museum and writing out a ticket for a book. For this graceful emancipation from former restrictions men of letters owe a debt of gratitude to the late Master of the Rolls and his successors in office, which should never be forgotten.

It is pleasant in these days of Civil Service inquiry, when every department of the State is more or less accused of being over-paid and under-worked, to see for ourselves how sound and scholarly is the work annually turned out by the Record Office. Nor, as the briefest reference to the Estimates proves, can the department be said to be over-paid. Why the War Office clerks who add up the boots and shoes supplied to Tommy Atkins, or the Admiralty clerks who copy out the instructions of "My Lords," should receive a higher scale of remuneration than the officials of the Record establishment, where the daily work makes constant calls upon varied and recondite scholarship, is one of those anomalies which a heavily-taxed nation can neither understand nor appreciate. The greater portion of the work of the Record Office is annually published, so the country can see for herself how and at what pace her servants proceed with their labours. Of the "Reports of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records," with their valuable appendices, forty-nine have already appeared. They constitute a mine of wealth which is practically inexhaustible. The historian, the antiquary, or the journalist casting about for material to write a new and interesting article, will never find the time spent in consulting these pages, teeming with novel and varied information, wasted and profitless. The table of contents is indeed miscellaneous. Here are to be found extracts and translations from the most important classes of rolls—inventories of deeds and diplomatic documents, which conjure up the history of the past in the most vivid form; calendars of papal bulls and royal letters; catalogues of perhaps the most interesting historical collection the

country possesses, the Miscellanea of the Chapter House ; calendars of royal charters ; of the Tower papers relating to State prisoners ; of the Durham records, and the records of the Duchy of Lancaster ; of the Shaftesbury papers ; transcripts from documents bearing upon English history to be found among foreign archives ; extracts from the French and Norman rolls, touching the conquest of France in the fifteenth century—indeed, where are we to stop when once we have begun to enumerate the treasures unfolded ? Suffice it to say that enclosed within these Reports is material enough to fill a library, and to exhaust the activity of the most prolific of writers.

Yet more important and more interesting than the information here disclosed is that supplied by the various Calendars of State Papers now in course of progress, edited by the officials of the department, and which have so stimulated the labours of our modern historians. As this is perhaps the most valuable work performed by the Record Office—certainly the work to which the public most frequently refer—let us briefly touch upon what has been done, and is being done, in revealing the history of the past by the light of its contemporary evidence. And first a Calendar is a volume containing abstracts of documents arranged in chronological order, so as to facilitate research, and save the trouble of consulting the original manuscripts. As every reader of the period knows, the letters and papers, foreign and domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII. have been calendared by the late Mr. Brewer and now by Mr. Gairdner, from 1509 to 1536, in eleven volumes, and the work is still proceeding. “Whatever authentic original material exists in England, relative to the religious, political, parliamentary or social history of the country during the reign of Henry VIII., whether despatches of ambassadors or proceedings of the army, navy, treasury or ordnance, or records of parliament, appointments of officers, grants from the crown, &c., will be found calendared in these volumes.” In spite of Mr. Froude’s history, the issue of these Calendars will necessitate the history of the period to be again re-written. Twelve volumes of Calendars deal with events between the years 1547 and 1625. “These calendars render accessible to investigation a large and important mass of historical materials: The Northern Rebellion of 1566-67 ; the plot of the Catholic fugitives in the Low Countries ; numerous designs against Queen Elizabeth and in favour of a Catholic succession ; the Gunpowder Plot ; the rise and fall of Somerset ; the Overbury Murder ; the disgrace of Sir Edward Coke ; the rise of the Duke of Buckingham, &c., and numerous other subjects few of which have been previously known.” The interesting and exciting interval between 1625 and 1643 is presented

to us in eighteen volumes, which furnish "notices of a large number of original documents of great value to all inquirers relative to the history of the period to which these Calendars refer, many hitherto unknown"—a statement which every reader of Mr. Rawson Gardiner's histories will fully endorse. Nineteen volumes carry on the good work between 1649 and 1667, dealing with papers which contain "a mass of new information." Three volumes give us the Home Office Papers of our third George. Special periods have also received special attention. Two volumes of Calendars treat of Scotland between 1509 and 1603; "in the second volume are papers relating to Mary Queen of Scots during her detention in England." Fourteen volumes are specially devoted to that now sickening subject, the history of Ireland. The early Colonial papers relating to America, the East and West Indies, China and Japan, occupy six volumes. Foreign State Papers, treating exclusively of the relations of England with the Continent, from 1547 to 1577, fill thirteen volumes. As a complement to the State Papers of Henry VIII., the letters and despatches relating to the negotiations between England and Spain preserved in the archives at Simancas have been calendared in nine goodly tomes, which contain "new information relating to the private life of Queen Katherine of England and to the projected marriage of Henry VII. with Queen Juana, widow of King Philip of Castile, and mother of the Emperor Charles V." After the same fashion seven volumes give us the letters and manuscripts relating to English affairs preserved in the archives of Venice. These researches "have brought to light a number of valuable documents relating to various periods of English history; these contributions to historical literature are of the most interesting and important character." Other volumes dealing with different periods have also appeared or are about to appear, but enough has been said to show how ample and important are the materials which exist for the carrying out to a satisfactory conclusion of the new phase upon which the writing of the history of England has now entered.

Nor are the State Papers the only documents offered by the Record Office to the historian. What the Calendars are for the various periods subsequent to the fifteenth century, the series of "Ancient Chronicles and Memorials of the United Kingdom," published by the same department and under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, are for the middle ages. "In selecting these works it was considered right, in the first instance, to give preference to those of which the manuscripts were unique, or the materials of which would help to fill up blanks in English history for which no

satisfactory and authentic information hitherto existed in any accessible form." Nearly one hundred of these volumes, consisting of chronicles of abbeys written by devoted and erudite monks, memorials of the lives of our earlier kings compiled by bards and historiographers, political ballads, theological disquisitions, the valuable series of Year Books, and the like, which run from the days of Edward the Confessor to the reign of Henry VII., have already appeared, and more have yet to follow. A brief survey of the list reveals to us how satisfactorily the "blanks in English history" are being filled up. From what source could we obtain fuller information as to the institutions of the City of London in the twelfth century than from the *Liber Albus*? How vivid is the light thrown upon the social condition of England from the accession of Edward III. to the reign of Henry VIII. by the Political Poems and Songs collected during that interval! Study the memorials of Edward the Confessor, of Richard the First, of Henry the Fifth and of Henry the Seventh, and how minute and unique is the information conveyed! What better account have we of the views and position of the Lollards than in the pages of the "Repressor or Over-much Blaming of the Clergy"! How illustrative of the social and ecclesiastical condition of the country in the thirteenth century are the "Letters of Bishop Grosseteste"! What a flood of light is shed upon the history of science and superstition by the "Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft of Early England"; being a collection of documents illustrating the history of science in this country before the Norman Conquest"! The curious and interesting incidents recorded in the valuable collection of monastic annals of this Rolls' series—the chronicles of Abingdon, of St. Augustine, of Evesham, of St. Alban, of Malmesbury, and the rest—are to be met with only upon the parchments engrossed by these monkish scribes. Hear also what is said as to the "Year Books" of our early Edwards now being issued. "The 'Year Books' are the earliest of our law reports. They contain matter not only of practical utility to lawyers in the present day, but also illustrative of almost every branch of history, while for certain philological purposes they hold a position absolutely unique. The history of the constitution and of the law, of procedure and of practice, the jurisdiction of the various courts, and their relation to one another, as well as to the sovereign and council, cannot be known without the aid of the 'Year Books.'" In fine, what with the labours of scholars editing chronicles, chartularies, registers and letter-books of our ancient abbeys, Icelandic Sagas touching the settlement of the Northmen in the British Isles, the Norman-French ballads and the rest of the

parchments and papers hidden away in libraries or muniment rooms, or in lofts and cellars which this series has brought to light—the student and writer of history cannot complain of lack of material to work upon. It is not therefore surprising with these four rich mines to prospect—the Reports of the Deputy-Keepers, the Public Records, the State Papers and the Chronicles, to say nothing of the valuable reports of the Historical Commissioners—that English History is being re-written, and that recent revelations have proved that much which we looked upon in the days of our youth as false is true and much that we considered true is false.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

THE ISLES OF ARAN.

I.

"ARAN OF THE FIRBOLGS."

THE Isles of Aran in Galway Bay are not so well known as they deserve to be, considering their fine position fronting the Atlantic, and the many objects of interest—prehistoric, mediæval, and contemporary—which they contain. Of the tourists who go to Connemara for their summer's holiday, few ever set foot in Aran, and even those few, with rare exceptions, go and return by steamer on the same day, having had only a brief scramble on the principal island. The visit which I recently paid to these islands, accompanied by a friend, was much too brief indeed, but it was not quite so hurried as the ordinary excursion in "The Citie of the Tribes." We broke our journey across Ireland at Athlone, for the purpose of making a pilgrimage to Clonmacnois by way of the Shannon. This ancient monastery, founded by St. Kieran in the middle of the sixth century, was for many years the most famous religious community, and most distinguished school of art and letters in Ireland, and down to a late period a last resting-place beneath its sod was much sought after by both chieftain and ecclesiastic. Here are to be seen at the present day examples of several of the ecclesiastical remains for which Ireland is so famous. There are two round towers: one, popularly called O'Rorke's, standing free, the other attached to and apparently contemporaneous with St. Finan's Church; two magnificent sculptured crosses; the ruins of some seven churches or oratories; and a vast number of sepulchral slabs, inscribed with crosses of Celtic design and legends in Irish. I shall not pause to describe these interesting remains; I merely mention them as a hint to tourists bound for the West of Ireland. By starting from Dublin in the first train in the morning the traveller will have plenty of time for visiting this famous spot by water from Athlone, and yet be able to get on to Galway the same evening at a reasonable hour.

Our first morning at Galway was wet and blustering with a

driving westerly wind, which precluded all possibility of going to Aran that day. We sat in the window of our room in Mack's Hotel and watched the passers-by, who went about their business just as if the weather was perfectly normal. The women, mostly barefooted, merely drew their coloured shawls a little closer round their heads and trudged about through the puddles with their baskets or their babies on their backs. The men, who were always well provided with boots, sauntered on as busy or as idle as usual, but never thinking of taking shelter. At last, encouraged by a lull in the storm, we put on our macintoshes and went out ourselves. We passed down the main street and stopped for a moment to look at "Lynch's Castle"—now a chandler's shop—with its richly decorated windows, its carved coats-of-arms, and, at the top, the quaintly sculptured corbels for a no longer existing balustrade—all relics of a time when Galway contained many prosperous merchants in close intercourse with Spain. Next we went round the old church of St. Nicholas to see the window marked by a skull and cross-bones, where, in spite of the entreaties of the townspeople, the stern father, James Lynch Fitzstephen, then Mayor of Galway, is said to have hung with his own hand his guilty son. The Lynchs were one of the thirteen chief families or "tribes" of Galway, whose names are preserved in the following couplet :

Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, Dean, Darcy, Lynch,
Joyes, Kirwan, Martin, Morris, Skerret, French.

These tribes would appear to have been all of Anglo-Norman or Welsh descent, and, however Irish some of them may have ultimately become, they appear to have been very exclusive in days gone by. One of the by-laws of the corporation under date 1518 enacts : "If any man should bring an Irishman to brage or boste upon the tounne to forfeit 12*d.* That no man shall oste or receive into their houses any of the Burks, McWilliams, the Kellies, nor no cepte elles on pain of £5, that nether O ne Mac shall strutte ne swaggere thro' the streets of Galway ;" and over one of the gates of the town was formerly to be seen the curious inscription :

From the ferocious O'Flaherties, good Lord deliver us.

At the Claddagh, as the little fishing village just outside the town is called, we soon found a man, Patrick Hurney, who undertook to bring us to Aran on the morrow, if it should prove a fair-sailing day. His hooker was small but strongly built. She was partially decked at the prow, but elsewhere open. Her hold was paved with big stones as ballast, and there was just room enough at her stern for us

two and the skipper. Having made our arrangements for the voyage we returned to the hotel for the night. When I looked out of the window next morning at seven o'clock, the first person I saw was our skipper. He assured me that it was a good day for Aran; that the wind had shifted to the south-east, and that we should run across the twenty-nine miles in about four hours. This was good news indeed. We made our preparations with all haste, and by 8.30 o'clock we were sailing out of the harbour, round the lighthouse, and into the bay. It was a beautiful fresh morning, and with all sails set we danced gaily over the waves. We had four hands on board, and Hurney, who held the tiller, entertained us with his conversation. He was a short, burly man, with aquiline nose and keen, deep-set eyes, and though not of the yarn-spinning type he was well informed and communicative. We questioned him about his compatriots of the Claddagh, who have always been sharply distinguished from the townsfolk in appearance, in dress, and in habits, but it seems that most of their peculiar customs have fallen into desuetude. Formerly they had a sort of Home Rule of their own under an elective king whose word was law, and who practically filled the dual post of Lord High Admiral and Chief Magistrate. He gave the word when the fishing boats were to put to sea, and he decided all disputes. But now this autocracy obtains no longer. "Every man in Claddagh is his own king," as our skipper graphically put it. They still marry almost exclusively amongst themselves, but the fiction of an elopement, a survival from the days of marriage by capture, appears to have died out, while the more practical custom of giving a fishing-boat as a wedding present from the community to the bride no longer exists. There was plenty of money in Claddagh in the good old days when they used to be so generous, but now they no longer have a monopoly of fishing, and their great grievance is the presence of "thim trawlers" in the bay.

It was near two o'clock when we rounded the little pier at Kilronan, and landed on Inishmore, as the north Isle of Aran is distinctively called. As a glance at the map will show, the three islands, Inishmore, Inishmaan, and Inisheer, form a vast natural breakwater, running from N.W. to S.E. across the mouth of Galway Bay. They are formed of nearly horizontal layers of limestone, which rise gradually towards the south-west, and expose a vertical face of 100 to 300 feet to the waves of the Atlantic. There is very little soil on the islands, and large plateaux of this limestone are absolutely bare. As Roderic O'Flaherty, writing two hundred years ago, says: "The soile is almost paved over with stones, so as in some

places nothing is to be seen but large stones with wide openings between them where cattle break their legs." The smooth limestone is indeed cracked and fissured into rectangular blocks in the most extraordinary way, and peering out of these cracks and fissures are many beautiful wild flowers, and the tender fronds of the maiden-hair fern. Such pasture as there is, however, is said to be very sweet, and Aran mutton is highly prized. Potatoes form the principal crop, though we also saw a little rye, barley, and oats. Strange as it may sound to the tourist in the West of Ireland, what is most wanting in the climate is more rain. There is so little soil that a short drought burns up everything. The sea-mists sweep over Aran without wetting it much, and only part with their moisture when they meet the mountains of Connemara.

After a hasty lunch at the "Atlantic Hotel," as the very humble inn at Kilronan is magniloquently called, we set out on foot to explore the island. The antiquities for which Aran is famous are mainly of two kinds. There is first the prehistoric Pagan forts, and secondly, the early Christian churches and monastic cells. The most remarkable of the former, for strength and position, is the Dun Ængus; and to it we first directed our steps. We followed the road as far as Kilmurvy, and then struck across a narrow neck of the island to the seaward cliffs. Here, though the sky was "sweet as a psalm," the Atlantic swell dashed itself against an amphitheatre of precipitous rocks, in some places shooting upwards like a magnificent fountain, high as the cliffs themselves and higher; in others rebounding with a crash far back into the foaming deep. How terrific this scene must be when the ocean is tossed with a storm, when even on a calm day the effect of the heaving mass of water is so tremendous! This unceasing buffeting of the billows has undermined the rocky breakwater, which in some places overhangs fearfully, and from time to time, in the course of ages, huge masses drop off. Westwards from where we stood the ground rises gradually, and crowning a bold promontory, 300 feet above the level of the sea, the grey walls of the Dun Ængus are outlined against the sky.

The level layers of limestone-rock on the face of the cliff beneath the fort are fissured vertically into huge rectangular blocks, and look themselves like some Titanic masonry, so that the work of nature leads up to and forms a fitting basement for that of man. Standing at the brink of the precipice, and looking upwards towards the Dun Ængus, the scene that meets the eye is weird and grand in the extreme; and as one watches the mighty ocean vainly shattering itself with an angry roar against the foundations, as it were, of this

primæval structure, it seems as if the sea-god of bardic story was striving to storm the stupendous fortress of some unearthly race of giant builders. Mounting upwards by the cliff's edge, we pass the outermost rampart of the *Dun*, and find ourselves amid a perfect labyrinth of long stones, many of them still standing on end, originally intended, to all appearance, to disorganise the rush of an attacking force. Picking our steps through this primitive *chevaux de frise*, we advance under a low square-headed doorway through the second rampart, and, still tending upwards, we find ourselves confronting the massive wall—about 18 feet high and 12 feet thick—of the innermost keep. Again stooping under the horizontal lintel of the entrance-passage, we emerge in the central stronghold, and stand shut out from the world within the lonely grey walls. They are of horse-shoe shape, the side next the cliff being alone unguarded, because here there was no need of guard. Far as the eye can see there is nothing but the vast expanse of ocean, except towards the south-east, where the county Clare is defended from the inroads of the Atlantic by the lofty cliffs of Moher. There is absolutely nothing to remind us of the century in which we live, or to stay the imagination from peopling this stronghold with its primitive defenders. No sound even meets the ear,

Save where some sea-bird poised in his rude motion,
Challenges the stillness with a shriek.

Besides the *Dun Ængus* we also explored in the course of our visit three other stone forts. One of these, the *Dubh Cathair* or Black Fort, is situated somewhat similarly to the *Dun Ængus* on a bold promontory of Inishmore, nearly south of Kilonan. Another, the *Dun Conchobair* or Fort of Conor, crowns the highest point of Inishmaan, while the third, the *Mothar Dun*, is somewhat strangely built on a slope at the eastern side of the same island. We also saw in the distance the Oghill Fort on the highest point of Inishmore and the *Dun Oonacht* not far from St. Breacan's church to be presently described. I do not propose to give a minute account of these forts. Those who are curious on the point will find all the details of measurement and plan set out, accompanied by photographs, in Lord Dunraven's magnificent work, "Notes on Irish Architecture," ably edited by Miss Margaret Stokes. The following general description must here suffice. All these forts are composed of undressed blocks of stone skilfully built up without mortar to the height of from 15 to 20 feet, and with a thickness at base of from 12 to 20 feet. They are in general either circular or oval in shape, except where

they are placed at the edge of a cliff, in which case the wall is carried only along the land side. There are frequently two or even three ramparts, the outer ones being less massive than the wall of the fort itself. In the space enclosed by this innermost wall are sometimes to be seen the remains of circular or curved structures, called *cloghauns*, which are supposed to have formed the dwelling houses of the inhabitants of the fort. The doorways where perfect are square-headed with a large lintel stone, and in the thickness of the walls are frequently to be found small bee-hive roofed chambers and passages. Nowhere is there any sign of mortar or cement, and nowhere is an arch to be found. A platform or banquette, approached by steps let, as it were, into the inner face of the wall, generally runs round the interior of the central rampart about five feet from the top, with sometimes a second platform lower down. These inner platforms are, in fact, the summits of independent walls set against each other and adjoining the outer wall. The late Sir Samuel Ferguson notices and explains this feature as follows: "Instead of building the rampart in bulk and starting with a fresh face of masonry above each ledge, the Fir-Volg builders have in every case built their rampart from the foundation in as many concentric independent walls as they designed to have banquettes, so that if an enemy should succeed in breaking the external envelope he would find immediately behind it a new face of masonry instead of the easily disturbed loose interior of a dry stone wall." Whether this explanation be correct or not the fact is as stated. Each of these concentric walls has a double face of its own and is filled up with a core of dry rubble. All the walls have been recently repaired under the superintendence of the Board of Works, so that they no longer present the ruinous appearance to be seen in Lord Dunraven's photographs. Lovers of antiquities will regret that such a restoration was deemed necessary. It is still, however, easy to distinguish the work of the restorer from that which has survived in its original form. Not only does the former betray itself by its fresh appearance, contrasting strongly with the weather-worn and lichen-coated face of the primæval structure, but it is much less skilfully built. The modern builder, even in *Aran*, has not time to select the most suitable stones for the facing, nor patience to fit them carefully together.

Having examined these extraordinary forts, we are naturally led to ask what manner of men it was that built them. Two distinct legends preserved in the bardic writings of Ireland connect them with the Firbolg race, a people dominant in Ireland at the time of the advent of the Tuatha De Danaan, and long before the sons of

Miledh ever set foot in the island. According to the Book of Lecan, and other ancient authorities, the Firbolgs were utterly overthrown by the Tuatha De Danaan at the great Battle of Moytura long before the Christian era. The plain of Moytura, near Cong, in Galway, is still dotted with the stone circles, cairns, and pillar-stones erected over the slain in that battle. The Firbolgs who escaped this defeat retired to the islands of Aran, Isla, Rathlin, and the Hebrides, and to other places of safety where they could best secure themselves from their oppressors. Another legend more definitely relates that about the time of the birth of Christ those of the Firbolgs that still lingered on the western shores and islands of Scotland were finally expelled from that country by the Picts. Under the leadership of Ængus Hua Mor, they again sought refuge in Ireland, where they rented lands in Meath from King Cairbri Niafer. But the rent was too high, and there were no sub-commissioners in those days, so the hunted tribes once more migrated westward and settled in Connaught under Queen Meave. Persecuted and harassed still further by the Knights of the Red Branch, they built these stupendous fortresses in Aran, and other places on the Atlantic seaboard for the protection of themselves and their cattle. This was the Migration of the sons of Hua Mor and this was the origin of these fortresses in Aran, some of which, as the Dun Ængus, the Dun Conor, and the fort of Muirbhech Mil still preserve the names of the Firbolg leaders.

The remarkable physical characteristics of the present population of the Aran Islands have tempted some ethnologists to ascribe these peculiarities to the Firbolg origin of the islands. Dr. Beddoe in his recently published book on the races of Britain described the Araners as follows: "They have their own very strongly marked type, in some respects an exaggeration of the ordinary Gaelic one, the face being remarkably long, the chin very long and narrow but not angular, the nose long, straight, and pointed, the brows straight or rising obliquely outwards, the eyes light with very few exceptions, the hair of various colours, but usually dark brown." "We might be disposed," he adds, "trusting to Irish traditions respecting the islands, to accept these people as representatives of the Firbolg, had not Cromwell, that upsetter of all things Hibernian, left in Aranmore a small English garrison, who subsequently apostatised to Catholicism, intermarried with the natives, and so vitiated the Firbolgian pedigree."

However this may be, it seems to have been pretty clearly established that these stone forts date from pre-Christian times, though they may have been used as habitations for some time after the

introduction of Christianity. In some instances it appears that on the conversion of the chieftain of the district they were devoted to Christian uses, but they must not be confounded with the *cashels* or dry stone walls which were usually built around the early monastic establishments. It is not difficult to distinguish them. The latter, though of similar masonry, consist of a single wall of much smaller dimensions, without the *chevaux de frise* and outer circumvallations, enclosing an area with a diameter which varies little from the 140 feet said to have been prescribed by St. Patrick. Professor George Stokes states that the exact counterpart of these Irish ecclesiastical *cashels* may be seen at the present day in Central Syria, whence many of the features of Irish monasticism have been derived, and the ancient Coptic Church of Egypt appears to have adopted an essentially similar plan for enclosing its conventual establishments. Nothing like the great military fortresses of Aran, however, has been found anywhere outside the western counties of Ireland, and, whatever truth there may be in the legends which connect them with the prehistoric Firbolgs, their situation and appearance bear out the theory that they were the last strongholds of a hunted race, and they may well have witnessed the death struggle of an exterminated people.

II.

“ARAN OF THE SAINTS.”

If the Pagan Forts which crown the cliffs of Aran were the last strongholds of a vanquished race, the early Christian settlements which have given the little isle the title of Ara Naomh, or Ara Sanctorum, were the outposts of a movement which has transformed the modern world. “Great is that island,” says an ancient writer, speaking of Aran, “and a land of saints, for no one knows the number of saints buried there but God alone.”

The two principal settlements were those of St. Enda or Eany, who came early in the 6th century, and from whom the village of Killeany is named, and of St. Breacan by some identified with the St. Breacan of Ardraccan, for many centuries the seat of the Bishops of Meath, who arrived somewhat later, and who is associated with the place called the “Seven Churches,” near the northern end of the island, about two miles from Kilmurvy.

It was to this latter place we directed our footsteps on leaving Dun Ængus. There are now the remains of only two churches on

this spot ; and, in spite of the name, it is doubtful whether there were ever any more. Archbishop Quæläus, in the year 1645, in giving a list of the seventeen churches and oratories then existing on Aran Mor, mentions only the two still standing, viz., *Tempul Brecaïn* and *Tempul a Phoill*. The former, though an early church, is not of the most primitive type. It is 52 feet long, which is larger than the early churches usually were, and we miss the square-headed doorway in the west gable. It consists of nave and chancel, and is entered by a pointed doorway in the south wall. There is a round chancel-arch and a deeply splayed pointed east window, both beautifully built. These features, however, may well be later additions, and in the Cyclopean masonry of the walls and in a small triangular-headed window in the nave we may have the remains of the original structure. There are some remarkable tombstones to be seen in connection with this church. A small oblong enclosure has always been reputed to be the tomb of St. Brecaïn. Dr. Petrie states that about the beginning of the present century this grave was opened for the interment in it of a distinguished Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, who made a dying request to be buried there. About six feet below the surface a tombstone was discovered, presenting a primitive Celtic cross inscribed in a circle with the legend "Sċi Brecaïn" distributed among the four sectors. Underneath this slab, within the tomb itself, were found a number of small water-worn stones, one of which bears an Irish inscription : "Or Ar Bran N-Ailither"—"Pray for Bran (qu. Brecaïn) the pilgrim." Another curious tombstone within the churchyard is inscribed with an ancient cross of the Latin type, and the legend "VII Romani." There appears to be no doubt about the correctness of this reading, and it affords a striking proof of the fame of this early monastic settlement. In this connection we may recall the fact that the Litany of Ængus the Culdee, written in 799, invokes a large number of foreign saints buried in Ireland. In the long night which succeeded the dissolution of the Roman Empire, when Europe was, as it were, convulsed in the throes of bringing forth new nations, many a foreign ecclesiastic, sick of the welter and wickedness around him, may well have been induced by the fair fame for learning and piety of the Irish monastic settlements to seek a refuge on the shores of Ireland, as yet undisturbed by the storm of Northern invaders. And to what more safe and holy retreat could they go than to Aran ? That even in this remote corner of Ireland art of no mean sort once flourished, we have abundant evidence in the number of beautifully-sculptured crosses, fragments of which—for, alas ! none of them are perfect—lie flat on the smooth limestone flags.

On our return from the Seven Churches we were hospitably way-laid by Mrs. Johnston, who lives at Kilmurvy. She and her ancestors, the O'Flaherties, have lived on the island for five generations, and she seldom leaves it even for a day. Petrie's letters, published in the Memoir of him written by the late Dr. Stokes, had left a series of pleasant pictures in my mind of the relations of Mr. O'Flaherty, Mrs. Johnston's grandfather, to the natives of the island, and it was interesting to see that his representative of to-day retains the family devotion to the spot. In the grounds close to the house is the church of St. Colman Mac Duagh, a primitive structure composed of nave and chancel, in all 34 feet long. This church is believed to have been founded early in the 7th century. Some of the masonry of which the nave is constructed fully deserves the epithet "Cyclopean," several of the stones being between 9 and 10 feet long. The small nave is entered at the west through a square-headed door-way with inclining jambs, the lintel being composed of a large block of granite. It is connected with the still smaller chancel—probably a later addition—by a round arch. There is a very primitive triangular-headed light in the nave, while the chancel is lit by a narrow deeply-splayed window over the altar stone, somewhat similar to that at the Tempul Breacain. Another primitive feature may be observed in the pilasters on the face of the west wall. These are short prolongations of the side walls, and serve as buttresses. This church was originally built inside a great stone fortress similar in character to the Dun Ængus and other Pagan forts already described. It was traditionally known as the fortress of Muirbhech Mil, one of the Firbolg leaders, and his name is preserved in Kilmurvy. When Petrie visited Aran in the year 1821 nearly half of this fortress remained, and the wall was in some parts 20 feet in height and 13 feet thick at the summit. About four years earlier Mr. O'Flaherty discovered near the church nine or ten subterranean cells of an oblong, quadrangular form, connected with each other by a passage, and in the cells a number of ornamented bronze pins. As the early Christian cells are generally distinguished from the Pagan houses by being rectangular on the inside instead of round, these were probably the cells of the Monks of St. Colman Mac Duagh. Unfortunately they are not, I believe, now to be seen. The church, however, is one of the most interesting in Aran, and no wonder Mrs. Johnston takes a pride in showing it to her visitors. To the imaginative spirit such a relic of the past beside one's doorstep is a treasure not to be purchased by silver or gold.

It was late in the evening when we drove back to Kilronan,
VOL. CCLXVII. NO. 1903.

accompanied by Father O'Donohoe, the excellent parish priest, to whose efforts in obtaining assistance from England and elsewhere many of the Araners owe their existence throughout the winter and spring of 1886. The good people of the islands do not appear to have been demoralised by this dependence on the bounty of others, as has happened in some parts of Ireland. No doubt they are not all saints now-a-days, but though extremely poor, they are not mendicants. During our three days on the island we met with only one beggar, and he was "an innocent." One element in their poverty is the absence of fuel. There are no bogs on the islands, and hardly any trees, so that turf has to be brought from "the continent" as they call the mainland. In rough weather, too, they cannot go a-fishing in their currachs or canvas boats; and, except at Kilonan, they had until recently no piers to protect larger craft. An improvement, however, was being made in this respect. A pier was in process of building at Inishmaan, and stone slips were being constructed at Kilmurvy and Killeany. One characteristic of the island which struck us as we drove along, I must not omit to mention. By the roadside in some places stand piles of stones built up as memorials to the dead. Sometimes these cenotaphs are regular square columns with inscribed slabs asking for a prayer for the souls of the departed. More frequently they are mere humble heaps of loose stones with a long one sticking out at top. In Aran, customs which have died out elsewhere linger on, and this is one of them. It is probably a survival from Pagan times, and these rude heaps of stones are the connecting link between Pagan cairn and memorial cross.

Next day we embarked in a currach and rowed across the Sound to Inishmaan. Like the British coracle, the currach was originally made of cowhide stretched over a framework of wattles, but now tarred canvas has been substituted for the cowhide, and a number of thin laths, placed about an inch apart and running lengthwise across light ribs of ash, represent the more primitive wicker framework. It is wonderfully buoyant, and, when skilfully handled, can live in a very rough sea. Our crew consisted of three men, each of whom wielded a pair of narrow-bladed sculls. There was just room for two passengers in the stern and one lying in the bottom of the boat at the prow. Though the sea was almost waveless we had to keep very still, for the currach is keelless, and be careful not to put our heavy boots through the open lattice-work. The natives, indeed, had a great advantage over us in the matter of boots, not only when getting into their currachs, but also when walking over the smooth and slippery limestone rocks. They all wear "pampooties" or

moccasins made of raw cowhide with the hair outside, stitched together at toe and heel and tied on with a thong across the instep. They form admirable boating shoes, and make their wearers very nimble and sure footed on the crags. I ordered a pair before leaving the islands, but when they were brought to me the raw skin looked so moist and flabby that I confess I had not the courage to put my feet into them.

The principal object of interest on Inishmaan is the *Dun Conchobhair*, or Fort of Conor, already mentioned. It is splendidly situated on the highest point of the island, about 250 feet above sea-level. It is in form a long oval, and consists of a double or, in some places, triple compacted wall, 20 feet high and about 18 feet wide at base. Lateral steps lead up to an inner platform and thence on to the summit of the wall. The whole has been recently restored by the Government, and it is no longer the ruin described in Lord Dunraven's work.

On a fine day, such as we had the good fortune to enjoy, there is a magnificent view from the top of the wall. Close at hand lie the three islands splashed by the restless Atlantic; to the north across the bay rise the phantom forms of the Twelve Pins of Connemara, while to the south-east out of the purple haze shine the majestic cliffs of Moher.

Descending from the Fort we made our way through some villages and across the smooth limestone surfaces to the eastern side of the island, where on a rocky terrace near the sea stands a most remarkable little *diurtheach* or oratory called *Tempul Ceananach*. Nothing is known of this saint, and it has been suggested that perhaps the name was originally *Tempul na Cananach*, or the Canon's Church. Whatever its history may be, it has all the characteristics of the earliest oratories built after the use of mortar or rather grouting was known. Internally it measures only 13 feet in length, and 8 feet 6 inches in width. The walls and high-pitched gables are two feet thick and are built of massive stones rudely fitted together. From near the top of the east and west walls at the angles, there are projecting stones, something like gargoyles, which have been supposed to represent the handles by which the Ark of the Covenant was carried. The doorway is under the west gable, and has the usual horizontal lintel, but the jambs appear to be straight. The east window is very small and is formed at the top by two stones set at an angle. The situation of this primitive structure is weird and desolate in the extreme. A few flat gravestones surround it, but where the poor people get the "little gift of scanty dust" to cover their dead is a

marvel. All around the limestone terraces are as bare and smooth as when the glaciers left them, save for the fringe of bramble and fern struggling out of the numerous cracks. There is not a building in sight except the *Mothar Dun*, a Pagan fortress, similar to the rest, only smaller, and built on the hill slope and frowning down upon the Christian edifice. Across the narrow strait to the east is the third island, Inisheer. It contains the ruins of a Pagan fortress, two early churches, and a 14th century castle built by the O'Briens, but we had not time to visit it.

On our way back to where we had drawn up our currach out of the reach of the tide one of the boatmen, who had accompanied us as a guide, said in a sly way :

"They make excellent stuff on Inishmaan."

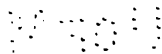
"What! Poteen?" I asked.

"Aye, raal good poteen."

"I should like to get some to bring back with me as a curiosity," I said; "where can I buy it?"

"Och shure, they'd charge yer honnour too much. But they'd let me have it for 1s. 6d. the pint or 2s. the quart. That's the way it is."

This seemed to be a curiously gradated tariff. However, I gave the man a half-crown and told him to buy me a quart. He darted off over the rocks like a chamois and was soon out of sight. We reached the shore before he re-appeared, and spent the interval watching some workmen moving a large block of stone for the new pier they were building. At last he appeared and made a sign which the other boatmen understood, for they quickly joined him, and all retired behind a sand-dune out of sight. I went after them, and it was well I did, for I found that they had already half finished the bottle of poteen. They graciously asked me to join in the revelry. I tasted the liquor. It was fiery and unpleasant to my palate. They seemed inclined to finish the bottle then and there, but I interfered and said: "No more, lads, until we reach the other side in safety." Accordingly one of them secreted the bottle under his waistcoat, being afraid of the overseer of the building operations. We then launched our currach. Two of the men lifted it up and placed it upside down on their heads. They then marched with it right into the water, and, at a given signal, tossed it skilfully over. It fell right side up with a smack on the water. We then got in as best we could, and the men pulled it along the sandy bottom until it was well afloat. Then they stepped in one by one, squeezing the water out of their pampooties as they did so. They now rowed away with a will. Indeed, to judge by their shouts and by the spurts they put on, the poteen



was beginning to affect their heads. . We were for some time rather anxious lest they should upset the delicate craft, but we got over in safety. I did not, however, carry any of that poteen back with me for my friends to taste.

In the afternoon we walked across Inishmore to the *Dubh Cathair*, or Black Fort, which is thought, from the rudeness of its structure, to be the oldest of the Pagan forts. It consists of a curved wall, about 20 feet high and 15 feet wide, cutting off a narrow neck of land which juts out into the sea, and exposes precipitous sides to the waves. Outside this fort there is a *chevaux de frise* of standing stones similar to that at Dun Ængus, and within are the foundations of several *cloghauns*, or bee-hive houses, which, with the walls of the fort, have been recently restored. Immediately beside the fort the waves in the course of ages have eaten into the rock so as to form a huge amphitheatre of overhanging walls. As we peered over the walls of this cirque myriads of white sea-birds sat side by side along its horizontal ledges, illuminating, as it were, the dark cavernous recesses, while below the pure green heaving ocean hurled itself again and again with a sullen roar against the stony bulwark, only to be tossed back after each attack, a shattered waste of marbled foam.

On our return we saw something of the ecclesiastical remains of Killeany. To this spot it was that St. Enda or Eany retired early in the 6th century, "having resigned," it is said, "his heirship of a kingdom, and of the great wealth of his patrimony, for God"; and here he established the first Christian settlement in Aran. It was as an anchorite, rather than as a missionary, he came. Dr. Stokes and other writers have pointed out that the early Celtic monastery differed both in outward form and in constitution from the ordinary European monastery of the Middle Ages. The latter may be described as a society united together under one common roof, and devoting itself to agriculture, study, teaching, and preaching. The type of the Celtic monastery, on the other hand, is to be found, according to Dr. Stokes, not among the Latins, but among the Greeks and Orientals. The anchorite system was an essential part of it. The buildings consisted of a number of bee-hive shaped cells, surrounded by a *cashel*, and grouped round one or more churches. Here the monks endeavoured to realise their idea of a spiritual life, practising all kinds of austerities. Some of them, too, in search of still greater isolation, would retire to a cell in some "desert" or solitary place, and, like St. Simcon Stylites, spend their lives "battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer." The picture is not altogether a pleasing one, but it had a nobler side. As early as the 6th century

these monasteries sent forth missionaries, such as Columkille and Columbanus, to Scotland, to England, and to many parts of Europe ; and in after ages they became centres of art and architecture, of learning and skill, to the excellence of which many a lofty tower, sculptured cross, enshrined vellum, and illuminated missal, are witnesses that cannot lie.

At one time, according to Colgan, there were no fewer than seven churches at Killeany. Some of them were destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers to repair the fortress of Arkine, a castle built in Elizabeth's time, and now there remain only two : the Teglach Enda, and on a height above the village the little oratory of St. Benen. The east gable of the former, and the lower half of the north wall, retain the original Cyclopean masonry. The latter is a very diminutive structure, measuring internally only 10 feet 9 inches in length, and 7 feet in width. It is something like Cill Ceanannach, but the masonry is much less rude. The gables are very high-pitched, being originally about 17 feet in height. The church is curiously placed nearly north and south, perhaps because, owing to its position on the summit of the hill, the door would otherwise be exposed to the prevailing westerly winds. The square-headed doorway in the north gable is very narrow, and its jambs incline considerably. There is a small round-headed window in the east wall, and this is the only one in the building. These two churches, the remains of some bee-hive houses, and the stump of a round tower, are all that remains of the once famous monastery of St. Enda.

Next morning we had to leave. The weather, which had been calm and clear, was now misty and blustering. The wind, however, though too strong for pleasure, blew from the south-west, and in less than four hours we ran before it with shortened sail to the little harbour at Claddagh, where the whole village turned out to welcome our safe return.

I have not attempted to describe or even to mention all the memorials of the past to be found in the Isles of Aran, but enough has perhaps been mentioned to induce the tourist to whom the study of primitive modes of life has charms—whether it be of barbarous prehistoric times, of the early Christian period, or of to-day—to pay a visit to the islands. He will find there examples of many forms of early structure—Pagan fort and dwelling, Christian oratory and monumental grave, still surrounded by a population in some respects hardly less primitive than that which originally stood behind the mighty rampart or worshipped before the lowly temple.

GODDARD H. ORPEN.

TABLE TALK.

IBSEN UPON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

IBSEN'S "Et Dukkehejm" has been produced practically in its integrity upon the English stage. The termination at which the sentimental Germans rose in revolt was preserved, and was received with acclamations. Much was due, no doubt, to the acting of Miss Janet Achurch as the heroine; a performance so remarkable as to render it a subject of regret that the actress is leaving England for Australia. The play itself, however, took a firm grip upon the public, which was stirred to its depths. There is a flutter in the critical dovescotes or eyries. It is pointed out that Ibsen's characters are unsympathetic, and the psychology impossible. All the which notwithstanding, the play is a success, and future works of the same author are likely to be seen. I am no Ibsenite, and have, indeed, very slight knowledge of the works of the writer. I remember, however, what the watchers of the literary or artistic sky say "when a new planet swims into their ken." I think of Shelley, and Keats, and Wagner, and Mr. Swinburne: and I wait.

MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.

IN presence of the modern practice, I will not call it affectation, of writing in imitation of Villon and other poets of the Renaissance, the word ballad stands a chance of losing its significance or being misunderstood. In saying, then, that Mr. Swinburne's new volume of "Poems and Ballads" reveals in that great and fervent poet, so far as the multitude is concerned, a new and an admirable gift of ballad writing, it must be understood that the old English ballads, such as the "Battle of Otterbourne," or the "Nut Brown Maid," are in question. As a Northumbrian by birth Mr. Swinburne has a natural appreciation of the North Country ballads. His power to write these has long been known to his friends. I have myself, I am proud to think, copied and kept in manuscript for a score of years, some of the short ballads that are now first printed. Neither the mastery, wonderful as this is, over old forms of composition, nor the weird power of the language and imagery, will astonish those who have traced Mr. Swinburne's career, full of apparent miracles, and who have, perhaps, grudged nothing so much as an apparent delight

natural in so marvellous an executant, in the triumph over difficulty. At any rate, in imagination, in pathos, in subtlety, freshness, and beauty, the latest volume stands beside Mr. Swinburne's earliest books. Ballads and not *ballades à la Villon* are, as we have said, the poems constituting the later portion of the volume. There is however some suggestion of Villon. In "A Reiver's Neck Verse," a short and singularly powerful poem, with its refrain—

And a twine of tow for me, my dear,
A twine of tow for me,

the admirers of the French poet will be strongly reminded of an unquotable and irreverent poem which he wrote in anticipation, or, at least, in advance, of that of Mr. Swinburne's hero.

POET AND PROPHET.

I WELL remember, when the angry outburst attended the publication of Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," that one of the poems selected for strongest condemnation was "The Leper." I maintained then, and shall always maintain, that the poem which represented the triumph of mind over matter, of affection over loathing, was spiritual and not animal, and I remember with some pride bringing over to my view a man then only known as a writer, but now understood to be a great statesman and leader of liberal movements. "You do not know how revolting is the disease," said a scientific friend. "The more revolting, the greater, the nobler the triumph," I replied. Since those days the world has forgotten, after its wont, the protest and accepted the poem. If critics reflected how constantly their judgments are overruled and dismissed in the great court of appeal of the ages, they would, one would think, be less dogmatic in delivering judgment.

In the case of "The Leper" the poet is justified by history. The heroic death of Damien, what is it but the fulfilment of prophecy? It is not for love of a fair woman, it is in the service of humanity and the accomplishment of a noble vow. It is therein, perhaps, the nobler, as the more self-denying. Noble or not, it is the triumph over horror and pestilence which Mr. Swinburne prophetically recorded. Love is in both cases the moving power, and in both cases the lesson is heroic. I am at least glad on this page to give a permanent record of heroism and humanity, at the mention of which future ages will thrill. To accept the death of the leper for the sake of benefiting morally, socially, and religiously those from whom other men recoil, is to establish a position as one of humanity's martyrs. We have a right to be proud of this priest. Rome is well served.

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THE
UNSOPHISTICATED TRAVELLERS.

BY LYNN C. D'OYLE.

WE were all deeply interested in him. He was quite young, and so very handsome ; and there clung about him the most captivating shadow imaginable—the shadow of despair. I had watched him as we went lumbering onwards through the night, from my corner in the old stage, where I was feigning to be buried in uneasy slumber. He sat beside the window and looked out for an hour at a time, watching the far-off stars with a face of rebellious hopelessness.

As I stole a glance at the two other occupants of the stage I saw that they too were awake, and were each one mentally constructing a romance of which our fellow-traveller was the hero. Yes, he interested us all deeply ; in short, we saw that he was a man with a history, and one that weighed heavily upon his mind. But, for all that, we were none of us, I think, naturally of a romance-making bent of mind ; though our position was perhaps sufficiently precarious to develop whatever powers of imagination we were possessed of.

I had suddenly received a call to proceed immediately, on Government business, into the interior of the Indian Territory. Associated in the matter, and travelling with me, was one of the best criminal lawyers of the South—Owen by name. We had neither of us seen much of the world west of the Mississippi before, and to me at any rate the region was vast and unexplored, peopled only by Indians and men of rough adventurous spirit. Starting out with these ideas, there were many surprises in store for us.

Owen, though not an over-genial companion, being more given to practical detail than to enjoyment, gave us from time to time his gratui-

tous counsel. As, for instance, when we were being shunted down the incline to the ferry at Memphis, Owen got off the train, saying to me: "If I were you I would get off and watch this performance."

Then he added as we alighted on the track: "You see, if there should happen to be an error of judgment, and those cars were to go over into the river—if we were inside them where should *we* be?"

For the train was divided, and run in two separate halves on to the boat, one portion upon each side of the centre, upon a track and rails which fitted against the land track, and so was taken bodily across the river—no inconsiderable distance.

Arrived at the other side, we steamed away again, through a swampy and unhealthy-looking country, to Little Rock. West of there the country became rough and mountainous and poor. We were ferried over the Arkansas River in the same way as we had been across the Mississippi at Memphis, and arrived at last at Fort James. This was the terminus of the railway, and we were now to proceed further about one hundred and twenty miles, by stage to Cheynoke, a town of some little importance in the interior of the Territory.

We had a fellow-traveller, with whom we had already struck up a friendship—a Mr. Horley of Philadelphia. He was travelling for health's sake: to get as far away from business and all business connection as possible. He was going to visit a brother-in-law, a stock man in New Mexico, and thus he travelled several days with us; we should part with him only at Cheynoke, our destination. He was a hearty, genial man, though many years my senior; but there was one drawback to his conversation: he stuttered painfully when animated. This impediment he seemed to feel deeply, and was careful to inform me that it had only come upon him lately from overwork, and that he hoped soon to shake it off.

When we left Fort James, in the stage, after a halt of two days, we were four: our little party had been augmented by the presence of the pensive fellow-traveller of whom mention has already been made. We noticed at once that something seemed to lie heavily upon this young man's chest. It was not anything that he ate, for at the several places at which we stopped for meals we saw that his fifty cents were always almost clear profit to the proprietor. All efforts to draw him into our simple convivial conversation proved fruitless. We openly condemned the roads, and were not unduly enthusiastic over our beans and bacon at the several small hostelries; but these matters did not even attract his attention.

Never shall I forget that stage ride ! All kinds of rumours had been current when we left Fort James about a rising in the interior of the Territory ; it was, in fact, the commencement of the Creek Rebellion, and Cheynokee was reported to be the centre of the disturbance. The stage driver informed us that there had been a fight in the town itself before he began his return journey, in which the Creeks killed several of the Wight Horse (a band chiefly composed of half-bloods, part Indian and part nigger, probably originated by a few runaway slaves—a cross which has very few points to recommend it, but which, under more favourable circumstances, might have been the foundation of a tribe). We were in some measure reassured by the statement, from the same authority, that this rebellion had nothing to do with the whites.

We passed through a fine country, with timber and prairie nearly evenly distributed, apparently well watered ; and with a wealth of verdure in the open country that I had never before seen equalled. But the road was a rough one, and our Jehu drove his four little mules furiously, day and night, stopping only at the stage offices for meals and a change of teams. Little chance was there, indeed, for sleep at night, or for rest either, as we rumbled on, lumbering along in darkness ; the wheels now dropping on one side into an abnormal rut, then rising on the other with a bump and a smash over a fallen branch of timber ; now jogging up a steep incline, then galloping down at full speed on the other side.

And in the middle of the night, as we were half dozing in various cramped and uncomfortable attitudes, and I had been sleepily observing the somewhat strange demeanour of the young man, our fellow-passenger Mr. Horley was roused by an extraordinary jolt of the vehicle into muttering rather discontentedly that leg and elbow room was at a considerable discount. Whereupon the young man opened the window, and, catching the handrail, drew himself up on to the top of the coach to ride with the driver, as we supposed. But later on towards morning we discovered him sitting in solitude at the back, upon the top of a Saratoga trunk in the luggage-cage.

“An extraordinary fellow that !” remarked the lawyer as he closed the window.

“He seems rather sensitive,” said Mr. Horley ; “I hope he didn’t think I meant to insinuate anything when I was grumbling about the lack of room. I wonder what’s wrong with him. He looks sane enough, and a pleasant young fellow too, as a rule, I should fancy.”

“Some stupid love affair, I expect,” I put in (I was younger then), for I had only recently got over just such a fit of despondency myself.

"What can I open conversation with him about?" asked Mr. Horley with some anxiety. "I must apologise to him for that thoughtless remark of mine, and get him to come inside again." He let down the window and put his head out, but a fit of stuttering came upon him; he closed the window and subsided in an attitude of self-disgust.

But at this juncture our attention was diverted to another matter—our present rather precarious position; for, being now only a few miles east of Cheynokee, we met another stage returning to the Fort; and after many anxious inquiries concerning the "rebellion," we were informed that about three thousand Creeks were up in arms about Cheynokee (much of this freely given information we afterwards discovered was entirely superfluous), and that several small bands were parading the town.

"How big a place is this Cheynokee?" asked Mr. Horley.

"About four thousand."

"Is there such a thing as a good hotel?"

"First-class."

"Then I know one thing," said the old gentleman, turning to us; "Indians or no Indians, I intend to have a good square dinner there, and we'll crack a parting bottle together. I wish we could do something to cheer up that other fellow. Couldn't we persuade him to join us? A convivial drink would do him a world of good."

Then we fell once more to discussing what ailed that pale-faced and sad-eyed young man; and before we reached Cheynokee we had waxed quite hot over our discussion.

As we approached the town there was every outward appearance of a considerable disturbance. Indians in all kinds of dress, from an old officer's cloak down to nothing, on all kinds of ponies down to Shanks', and armed with every kind of arm—from a toothpick to a repeater—paraded the streets, up one and down another, trying to make themselves look as important as possible—with doubtful success.

One chief approached the coach with some show of dignity, but having been violently sworn at by the driver in a language which he (*the Indian*) apparently was not master of, he retired, with the same equanimity, to the head of his band and led them towards the open country; with a discordant yell, they then made a sally and went through various antics calculated to inspire us with a certain amount of awe of the bravery of the red man; a show of valour which they could just then very well afford to display, for, as the country

lay open before them for miles, there was no question of any enemy being at hand, and no fear of their being cut off in a retreat.

The hotel certainly was a very decent one. Mr. Horley had three quarters of an hour before him before resuming his journey westward ; this, with the help of a well-worked-up appetite, he was bent upon spending to advantage.

We all three went into the dining-room (having first partaken of a cocktail together, as a sort of preliminary appetiser); though, as Owen and I had here arrived at our destination, we did not intend to eat just then ; for we two had agreed to wait until the regular dinner later on. The old gentleman, however, ordered dinner for himself (and he well knew how to order one), together with sundry wines for our mutual consumption ; and in the meanwhile we sat down and passed our genuine regrets at having to part company so soon, and wondered whether we should ever meet again. Owen chanced to express a hope that Mr. Horley would get into no trouble with the Indians as he journeyed west ; and suddenly, somehow or other, the notion struck me that the troubles of our woe-begone fellow-passenger might in some way be connected with the Indian outbreak.

I had just unfolded this notion to the others, when the door of the room opened and the young fellow himself entered. He came forward in the old absent-minded way ; he wore the same hopeless and perplexed expression, and bore himself as one worn out by mental distress.

"Will you join us, sir?" asked the kind-hearted Philadelphian, offering his hand, which the other took mechanically. "I—I—I—I'm afraid——," and entered upon a long-meditated but stammering apology for the unintentional offence which he feared he had given in the stage.

It was a few seconds before the young man caught Mr. Horley's meaning ; then his face brightened and a faint smile began to spread itself—it was at best but a sickly one, and was at once nipped in the bud.

"It mattered little to me," he said in a sad but pleasant voice, "whether I rode inside or out. I hope that you, sir, were able to sleep ; for my part, I can neither eat nor rest—my appetite is gone—I haven't slept for a week. I thought perhaps that a good jolting up would have roused me, but——"

"You certainly look a trifle pale," put in the old gentleman ; "have you seen a doc——"

"No—it isn't that. I am well enough in body, but in sore trouble."

"Money?"

"No. These sleepless nights, and the anxiety and worry, are wearing me to a skeleton. Sometimes, indeed, I seem to see some way by which all might yet end as I had wished ; but always on consideration it vanishes and I am again plunged into the very depths of despair."

"Perhaps I—perhaps these gentlemen, my friends—could help you if you would confide in us," said the old gentleman, whose kindly sympathy was now fully aroused.

"I'm afraid not," replied the other ; "but, if you like, I will tell you my story, and then you can judge for yourselves the hopeless position that I am in. It would perhaps ease my mind to tell it you. I might— And, in any case, it can do no harm—if only you will please bear in mind that this is a secret."

"Certainly," we all said in a breath.

Mr. Horley's dinner had just been placed before him, but he could not begin it till he held the secret of the poor young fellow's distress—thinking, perhaps, to be in some way able to help him.

The prospect of being able to pour the story of his woes into other ears had had a distinctly brightening effect upon our fellow-passenger, and, as he looked now, he was decidedly handsome.

"It was a year ago," he began, with a slight wave of the hand, and with more spirit than we had given him credit for, "that I first met Phyllis—" ("Just what I thought !" I half-exclaimed with an inaudible chuckle.) "We loved at sight. Hers was the first spotless love of a beautiful, modest, and bewitching maiden ; mine, the one grand, transcendent passion of an adventurous life."

He paused. He had risen when first he commenced to address us, and the few words he had spoken, being accompanied with very expressive pantomime, had clearly shown us how deep the passion was of which he spoke. This man before us was a born orator. Now resuming his seat, and bending slightly forward, he went on in the same impressive tone :

"All went smoothly ; birds which I had never before taken any notice of seemed now to warble for my especial benefit ; and, for the first time, I saw with my own eyes that broad smile upon the sun which I had so often read about. But such ecstacy was not to last—alas ! only brief counterparts of heaven are allowed (perhaps wisely) to us poor mortals here. There came between us that barrier which bars out more than half the true loves on earth (one which, often enough, is hard for Love to climb, despite his little wings). I was but a poor struggling artist ; she, the only daughter of a rich merchant—and he was alive."

("Exactly!" murmured Owen, with his eyes on the ceiling.)

"After he forbade me the house I became a moral wreck. Alas! then I stooped to actions which no man could have hired me to do before. I poisoned the dog that guarded the back-yard, luring him to destruction with protestations of the greatest friendship. I bribed the cook and the night-watchman. On dark nights I used to steal around, like the veriest criminal, to the wall of that back-yard, with a pair of steps (made for the purpose). Ah, those sweet stolen glimpses of a better world!—And so one night we arranged to fly together to some unknown land."

("Exactly!" murmured Owen again, while Mr. Horley showed increasing sympathy.)

"Where should we fly to? Would it be safe to remain in the States? No. We discussed the matter, and decided (Phyllis was a good, sound, practical girl) to fly to one of the islands in the Pacific, there to start life anew. But it would not be safe to travel straight through to San Francisco; so, to throw her father off the scent, on the appointed night we 'skipped' and went by way of Fort James, intending to stage through the Indian Territory. All was then supposed to be quiet—it was just before the outbreak."

("Then I was right!" I thought to myself, with some little self-applause.)

"We reached the Fort safely; nor did anything happen to alarm us until we reached the Wight Horse country. But now Phyllis, looking back, saw, several miles behind on our trail, objects coming over the brow of the hill; then she clung closer to me, and pointed, saying in despair, 'We are pursued! My father!'

"But it was worse than that—it was Indians."

("Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Horley, evidently catching the same conjecture that was now a conviction with myself.)

"A band of about fifty were now in full view, riding wildly down the slope. Were they merely intent upon robbery? Or—oh horrors!—Phyllis? There were two other passengers, men; but what should we do against fifty Indians?"

"'Our one chance,' exclaimed the driver, 'lies there!' pointing forwards; 'it's fifteen mile, but I'm goin' the pile on that one chance.—Hang on by yer eyebrows!'

"Then he swore and lashed his mules. But, swear his hardest, we were losing ground. Not a mile of the ground before us had been covered before we could distinctly hear yells and whoops. 'Charley,' said Phyllis, looking, oh! so tenderly at me, 'if they kill us, let us die like this,' and she threw her arms about my neck;

her embrace thrilled me so that, in this awful moment, and before those other men by reason of whom we had hitherto been so discreet in our behaviour, I believe I thought it would be as good a way to die as any—and said so.”

Again the young man rose, and, as he continued by gestures, re-enacted before us the whole of that eventful chase to its awful climax ; Mr. Horley becoming more and more visibly excited—he had yet to pass through the Wight Horse country.

“Our fellow-passengers,” he went on, “now began to examine their arms ; both had their long Colts ; the tall dark man also possessed a Winchester (45), the magazine of which he proceeded to fill, and also put a cartridge in the barrel. The driver unstrapped his old converted long army musket, and looked to his pistols—not forgetting the while to bestow an occasional cut upon the leader-mules or an oath upon the wheelers, as required. I had only my Colt, which I found to be in perfect working order ; and, much to our general admiration, Phyllis blushing produced from the secrecy of her heaving bosom a small silver-mounted deringer—but unfortunately she had no cartridges for it.

“As we now drove wildly down the long incline to a small and thickly timbered creek, the red fiends were not half a mile behind. No one spoke. Phyllis’s dark eyes flashed as she saw how closely we were pursued, and the brave girl, with a long-drawn kiss, withdrew her embrace, leaving me to fight unfettered for our lives and her honour.

“As we dashed into the stream and our wheels sank in the sand there was a momentary check ; the mules tried to stop to drink, but by dint of jerking the lines, whip-cracking, and shouts of ‘Get up ! get up !—Pete ! you bald-headed son of Jerusalem !’ together with many profane and blasphemous exhortations from the driver, the little animals wriggled their tails (a sure sign of willingness in a mule), slowly drew us up the opposite bank, and again broke into a laborious gallop up the hill.

“With a sudden jerk the coach came to a standstill, just as the foremost of the Indians entered the stream, and the driver shouted, ‘Now pump it into ’em !’—(the distance was about two hundred yards)—‘shoot where they’re thickest.’

“The dark man with the Winchester shot five times ; the driver twice. The volley was received by our pursuers with a yell ; four of their number rolled into the stream ; and again we were flying forward as before.

“They were now within a hundred yards, and the dark man had all the time been firing with great effect—nearly every shot struck

either a rider or a horse, so closely were they packed together—when the driver again laid his team back on their haunches. In an instant he had jumped to the leaders and cut them free, and also slashed through one trace of the wheelers, shouting to us at the same time to jump off; then, under his directions as he jumped back to us, with a panting ‘All together!’ we turned the coach over—only just in time to receive the charge.

“There was a tremendous fusilade; I don’t know what happened, or how it happened, except that when the smoke cleared off several of the Indians lay stretched out on the ground before us, and that we were all uninjured; though several arrows were imbedded in the luggage and the woodwork of the coach.

“Now we quickly formed square—one on each corner, with Phyllis in the centre. It was this movement that saved us. My worst fears were realised—it *was* my lovely Phyllis they were after. This we saw, because, as we knelt there awaiting another attack, they did not fire upon us; but when the driver took one step from the square, with the intention of getting some of the luggage to form a barricade in front of us, he received an arrow through his outstretched arm.

“The Indians retired to hold a council of war, and we waited; the dark man filled up the magazine of his rifle, and we all looked to our pistols.

“Again they charged us, and this time, although we poured a heavy fire into them, they did not retaliate. But one of their number, making a flank movement, threw his fifty-foot rawhide. With unerring accuracy the noose passed over Phyllis’s head, and was in an instant drawn taut about her slender waist; but in that same instant a bullet from the old musket made the thrower bite the sand. I had just time to jerk the rope back before another red devil riding wildly by could pick up the end.

“For a time hostilities ceased. The day was drawing to a close.

“‘If you hadn’t let the leaders go,’ said the dark man, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and addressing the driver, ‘now would be our time for another run. What did you do it for, anyhow?’

“‘What did I do it for!’ returned the other. ‘Why, them mules ’ll go straight home, and that’s our chance—and it’s slim. At the station they’ll know what’s up. If I’d had time to tie a note on I’d have done it.’

“‘Well, what do you propose to do now?’

“‘That’s it,’ replied the driver; he raised his broad hat and

taking a dark curl, twisted it meditatively round his finger. 'And the lady? that's it agen. You don't know these red heathens. 'Tain't *us* they're after—though all *is* fish as gets in their seine—nor 'tain't that express-matter,' and he cast a look at Phyllis. 'Well,' he continued, 'that bein' so, them devils—excuse me, Miss—Mrs.—them bald-headed heathens will wait till night, and then sneak on us in the dark ; that's their style.'

"So night closed in upon us. A breeze had sprung up at sunset, as it generally does in these parts, and it was pitchy dark. The Indians had lighted a large fire of buffalo-'chips' at some distance from us, on the back-trail, and by its light we could discern a number of them eating something—one of their horses that we had killed, probably ; but, no doubt, outposts were stationed round us to prevent any chance of escape.

"In the darkness we had made the luggage into a barricade, and the driver had also been moving about by the mules (which, strange to say, were uninjured—probably because the Indians wished to capture them alive). Presently he called me to him and whispered :

"'Here's your last chance to save her ; take it, and God help you !'

"Then he made me understand that that last chance was for us (Phyllis and me) to take the mules and attempt by hard riding to escape.

"'Desperate cases must have a desperate cure,' he went on. 'There ain't many things in horse-flesh as can outrun 'em—is there, Pete, you bald-headed old cuss?' and he caressed the mules in turn. 'I've fixed this one the best I could for the lady : there's about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of express papers in that sack ; all I want you to do is to deliver them safe at the station—you understand?' He made me feel the heavy leather sack, strapped on to form a saddle. 'I've strapped it there with that Redskin's rawhide ; it'll be a kind o' remembrance to you of your ride with Jim.' I felt that his hand was stretched out, and took it. 'But that ain't all,' he added ; 'does she value her honour more than life?'

"'Ask her.'

"'No, no need of that—not much ! Then this is what she must do : change clothes with me. Yes, 'tis a queer thing to ask a lady to do, ain't it? but it's to fool *them*.' He pointed to the Indians round their fire, and added, 'And the less said and sooner done the better' (for I had begun to try to dissuade this noble fellow from his purpose, in which he would take upon himself the greater risk).

"It was not without considerable entreaty that Phyllis consented

to the arrangement, and especially to the change of clothes ; but for all that it was speedily effected. Then we whispered our solemn leave-takings. Very warmly did I shake Jim's honest hand. But when Phyllis took her leave of him, had it been light, I think we should have seen that his eye was wet as he whispered :

“ ‘May I kiss this hand ?’ Had he gone farther than that he would have got it without one little pang of jealousy crossing my heart (if that organ has any connection with jealousy, which is doubtful).

“ ‘No fear of gettin' separated,’ were Jim's last words ; ‘them mules 'll run together like a team, through thick and thin.’

“ And so we sped out into the darkness, to meet what fate had in store for us.

“ How we did escape I hardly know. For dear life we rode ! Jim had not overrated his team ; but, for all that, so closely were we pursued that several times we were obliged to double, and so we soon became hopelessly lost upon the plains.

“ At last our pursuers were outdistanced ; from time to time we checked our pace to listen, and I, dismounting, placed my ear to the ground. But now no sounds were audible ; and we were for the time being safe—but lost. Still we did not check our flight. All through that long night we urged our mules onward, hoping at every moment that we might discern some habitation through the darkness, yet dreading that we might only be running in a circle, and so might fall again into the clutches of our dreaded foes.

“ When morning broke, it found us on a large plain, without any sign of a trail ; our mules exhausted ; and no landmark, save that about a mile distant there stood a ‘butte’—one of those curious landmarks peculiar to the West, and which show the formation of the country to be of a comparatively recent period.

“ This butte rose abruptly from the plain, like an immense sugar-loaf, to a height of some three hundred feet ; up its side to about halfway scant grass grew, and to that point ascent was possible by climbing ; but there the soil ended, and ran into a kind of uneven sandstone with vertical edges ; and again, upon the top of the sandstone, and forming the summit of the butte, was a vast and curious slab of rock, connected only by a narrow stem, as if it had originally, by a prehistoric race, been carved to represent a gigantic mushroom.

“ I proposed that I should climb up this eminence as far as possible, and survey the plain in hope of spying out some habitation. Leaving Phyllis (now faint and weary—since there was no longer cause for immediate anxiety) at the bottom, and taking the rawhide

rope from what had served her as a saddle, I rapidly climbed to the point where the sandstone formation began.

“But as I carefully, but vainly, scanned from this height the vast extent of plains beneath me in the hope of descrying some place of refuge, I suddenly uttered an exclamation of horror. Far away, but hot on our trail, which they had picked up as only they (and such cattle) can, came the Indians! Then my head whirled and for the moment failed me. Had they, then, brutally massacred those other noble fellows?—perhaps they had carried Jim off in the darkness, only to discover that he was not their coveted prize. Poor Jim!

“But action does not desert a man in extremity. From where I was I called to Phyllis: before I lowered the rope she had already climbed halfway up the loose soil. Aided by the rope and the jagged surface of the sandstone, we clambered to the foot of the long stem of the overhanging rock.

“‘But they will get to us here,’ cried Phyllis; ‘we must gain that overhanging ledge above us or we are lost. What shall I do?—What shall we do?’”

“‘Impossible!’ I said, nevertheless looking about wildly for some means to accomplish the task.

“‘The rope!’ she said—as women will catch at any straw in an emergency, and generally the right one. The Redskins (there were about twenty of them—was this all that remained of their original number?) were drawing near to the foot of the butte.

“‘Luckily I am a good hand with a lariat. Throwing upwards, with a big loop, the fifth throw caught some projection at the top of the great slab above us. I felt that the rope held. Fastening the other end round Phyllis’s slender waist, and making a little noose for her dainty foot (for, lover-like, even in that moment, I could not help noticing such things), I climbed up hastily hand over hand; and then, as if endowed with a supernatural strength, drew her up also—a distance of about thirty feet. Just in time—several arrows whizzed by as I drew her over the ledge; and one, had she been attired in feminine costume, would have gone through her dress.’”

“Well done!” exclaimed Mr. Horley excitedly. “By Jove, a narrow shave!” but without noticing the interruption the young man continued:

“Now I saw how lucky was the chance by which my rope had happened just to catch the only projection upon the upper face of the slab; the surface of the rock was otherwise flat, and almost smooth: overhanging as it did, the yelling bloodthirsty crowd below could not shoot us. This they saw; about half their number descended

to the plain, but, as they were forced to go out some distance to see us, their arrows fell short.

“During this time I was shooting down upon the others with my pistol through a small crack in the outer edge of the rock, and with deadly effect, for I killed three and shot another through the top of the left shoulder. And presently the Indians who had gone out on the plain returned, finding their shooting of no effect.

“Then they tried another dodge. Shooting straight up into the air, they tried to drop their arrows upon us; but even for Indians this is hard practice; still, now and again an arrow fell with terrific force upon the rock.

“All this time I was dropping my fire upon them—and I had now killed ten, but I had shot away my last cartridge before I was aware of it! What could we do now? But in any case I could not any longer have used my pistol; for the devils had all this time been practising our range (as it were), and arrows began to drop heavily upon the rock in such numbers that it was only by the utmost attention, and by watching them turn in the air, that we contrived to dodge them.

“Thicker and thicker came the deadly shower—and one cruel barb just grazed my darling’s tender shoulder. With the sight of her blood a diabolical idea came upon me. I lowered the rope (the noose was still round the projection, and for double safety I sat upon it). As I had expected, no sooner had the end reached them than they commenced to swarm up it like monkeys, or rather fiends. As they swung out over the abyss, at a signal from Phyllis I cut the rope.

“When I, shivering, looked down, five more of their number lay mangled on the plain.

“Then the remainder, emboldened because I no longer fired upon them, regained the rope and making a fresh loop tried to ‘rope’ us. Fortune again favoured us. The rope caught upon the same projection as before, and, taught by experience, they did not attempt to come up it again; and their attention being again turned to dropping arrows upon us, I was soon able to pull it up; and now too, at last, the shower of arrows ceased.

“But they in their turn began a diabolical deed. There were but six of them left, but these six were the most fiendish. Seating themselves at even distances round that narrow stem which supported our stronghold, they commenced chipping away into it with their sharp-pointed flint clubs.

“Horror-stricken, for hours and hours I seemed to watch them. At first large pieces of the rock came away at each succession of

blows ; then, as they got farther in, and the rock became harder, their task became more laborious and their awful progress slow. Doggedly they worked on—I dared not tell Phyllis what was going on below us.

“ An exclamation of joy escaped me : they had at last given up the task. With a thankful heart I peered down upon their descending forms ; how I wished I had a few more rounds of ammunition, to give them a parting salute !

“ But, to my horror, when they reached the plain I saw that I was mistaken. One of our mules had died of sheer exhaustion, or he may have received a falling arrow : they were going to regale themselves and to gain fresh strength for their arduous and fiendish task. Then the pangs of hunger seized me also. I dared not tell Phyllis, in answer to her many anxious questions, the truth.

“ ‘ At least,’ I thought, ‘ the cooking will take up some little time ; perhaps in that interval succour may come to us.’ I prayed to Heaven for it. But no ! not even that hope was well-grounded ; for one of them, producing a long knife out of his mocassin, ripped up the carcass (would my carcass be the next?) ; then they all fell to, like vultures, upon the entrails of the dead beast—*raw*. Thus my hope was dashed to the ground, and there remained only in its place a more sickening horror of the brutality of these red men ; and I resolved that at the last—when that ledge of rock, our stronghold, tottered—I must with my own hands prevent my darling from any possibility of falling into their cruel hands—*alive*.

“ With hands and faces besmeared with blood they came back to their awful work. With renewed vigour they hammered away.

“ I lay there at full length peering over—was it an hour or a year? Phyllis did not speak—perhaps she had guessed the truth. The silence, save for the dull sound of hammering beneath, was both oppressive and impressive. In that time all the chief incidents in my life seemed to pass before me as a panorama. I had not lived so that I was prepared to take that leap. I wondered, with a calmness born of complete resignation, what kind of a sensation it would be to fall headlong down into that abyss ; and whether I should feel the end, or die as if in a delicious dream of flying.

“ With the same calmness I watched those fiends at work. Smaller and smaller grew the connection with the ‘butte’ that supported us.

“ As I lay there something seemed to press against my inner thigh—strangely enough, it was a cartridge in my trouser-pocket ; how it could have got there and been forgotten, I know not. I put

it in my revolver, and, leaning as far over as I dared, drew a bead upon the old buck directly below me. Then another thought came to me and stayed my finger just as it was about to press the trigger.

“As I drew myself back again (for I had been leaning dangerously over) *the rock beneath me trembled!*—I felt it commence to go—and Phyllis fainted. With a presence of mind born of the uttermost despair I rushed to the opposite side—and *balanced it.*”

“But all was over! Again the dread that my darling might by some miracle escape immediate death came upon me. In agony I looked down on her prostrate form—her fair head lay touching my feet. I stooped, and, placing the cold muzzle of the pistol to her forehead—waited.”

Beads of perspiration stood upon the young man’s forehead as he now stood crouching with his forefinger pointing beneath his feet—a study for our greatest tragedian. He paused for a second, as if completely unnerved and unable through the intensity of his feelings to proceed. I caught one glimpse of Mr. Horley’s face—it too was a study; but such studies as one may see produced upon the faces in the front row of a pit in a theatre where some stirring drama is being enacted. My heart went out in sympathy to this young man, as, still keeping the same attitude, but reeling slightly, he continued in wild excitement:

“Was it a decade?—probably it was but a few seconds—I cannot tell! Again the dull sound of hammering began beneath. . . one. . . . *two*—I took a firmer grip of the trigger and closed my eyes. . . . **THREE—THE ROCK TOTTERED!!**”

An exclamation broke from us in one breath.

“G-g-g-go on!” exclaimed Mr. Horley, now leaning forward and his face aglow with excitement.

“I *can’t!*” returned the young man, still standing; but the light had left his eyes and he stood expressionless—the old abject misery had again encompassed his soul.

“Poor fellow!” cried the kind-hearted old gentleman, clasping the stranger’s hand and turning to us: “Gentlemen, *we* can’t help him. I see in his face how it happened—that rock fell into the abyss carrying poor Phyllis with it, and her young life (just budding into womanhood) was crushed——”

“No, no!” cried the young man in agony, “not that!”

“Well, go on!” we all said in a breath.

“I *can’t!*” again exclaimed the young fellow—“that’s it!” That’s the cause of my despair! That’s why I can’t sleep. Alas, why did I tell it you? I am already driven to the borderland of

lunacy—there is no hope, no hope !” and with that he subsided, the very personification of abject misery.

We crowded round him, and, taking his hand in ours, asked what in Heaven's name we could do.

“Nothing, nothing,” he said simply ; then, a far-away smile lighting up his countenance, he added : “You see, I am writing that story for the *Underland Quarterly*. I have got so far as I told you, and now——”

“All aboard !” shouted the stage driver ; for, unnoticed by us, the coach had driven up and now stood waiting at the door, and the tone of the driver (who had waited some minutes already) was authoritative in the extreme.

Then as that kind-hearted old gentleman surveyed his untouched meal, a sense of forgotten hunger came upon him, and a light kindled in his eye in curious contrast with his attitude of sympathy ; he let the hand he held in his fall gently, but it was lucky indeed for that ill-fated young author that a glance has not the power to kill.

“All aboard !!” again shouted the driver.

Mr. Horley grabbed the bottle nearest to him, concealed it under his coat, and made for the door, muttering as he went : “Con-con-con-confer-fer-fer-fer-found !” (as the door slammed behind him)—“s-s-s-ser-ser-ser” (as he climbed up to ride with the driver)—“such a !!” (jerked out as the horses started violently forward, nearly leaving him behind).

For about a hundred yards we could see the good old man's mouth twitching convulsively ; then, as the coach jumped a raised crossing, we saw that another word had slipped its moorings ; and we fancied that the——

But as I (like our dyspeptic friend) am writing this for a magazine, perhaps enough has been recorded.

SUMMER MIGRANTS.

AS April passes up the budding way, and proceeds on into May, the delicate wood warblers return to their leafy haunts. And here in the "domain" we always first find them. The domain is a rounded, rocky wood; tangled briars and lichens hang from every slope, and in the holes and dark recesses dwell our semi-domesticated badgers. We used to sit up in the trees at night and watch them dig for roots, or eat the dried fruits which we had placed at the mouth of their burrow. Whilst the badgers sought for the small wild fruits of the bushes, the wood owls hooted and the herons screamed. Sometimes in the moonlight we could see the water-voles feeding, and the night-jars "churred" in the glades. Jays screeched in the darkness, and the lapwings, disturbed by the poachers, flew and screamed in the night. But when the light of summer mornings came the gay carpetings of the "domain" were revealed. And such a floral paradise never existed before. For years one who had loved them brought specimens of rare plants, until we had within our limited area almost the complete botany of the district. Creepers festooned the rocks, and wild thyme covered the slopes. Trailing periwinkle and bluebells hung over the nests of the ground birds, and the warblers all came thither in spring. In the "domain" they built their nests and reared their young; nor did they depart until they felt the migratory instinct strong within them. White throats came there and warblers of every kind. But the most plentiful of all were the Wood Wrens—the wood warblers. They came to us at the close of April or the beginning of May, the males arriving a week or ten days before the females, and immediately treating us to their apology of a song. The long-drawn "chee-chee-chee" generally came from some tall tree, and often from the branches of an oak. When the bird flew from one tree to another the flight was preceded by a quivering, tremulous motion of the wings. The form of the pretty wood-wren can never be mistaken, with its yellow-green back, green breast, and pure white under-plumage. Its dome-shaped nest is a marvellously beautiful structure, deep buried in summer wood

flowers. We have found the wild hyacinth, anemone, rock rose, and plummy grasses all airily waving above its nest, yet not a blade disturbed. The little green birds drop down from the boughs and enter by a small hole in the side. Difficult to find is this, if the parent birds do not betray its whereabouts. But so small is the hole that when we have known the precise locality of the nest visited we have missed it, the entrance being occupied by the head of the bird, its bright eyes looking timidly out upon us. Of very varied material is the nest—such as the spot in which it may happen to be affords—compactly constructed, and lined with delicate dead grasses and hair; feathers are never used. Five or six white eggs are laid, with reddish-purple spots. Whether or no the fact plays any part in the bird's economy we do not know, but certain it is that a few dead leaves are invariably found on the exterior of the nest. Where districts are well timbered and the woods old, this warbler loves best to breed, and there, probably, it finds food most abundant, for insect life abounds more in old wooded districts than where plantations of trees are younger. Age begets decay, and decay is productive of a whole host of insects. Hard-bodied beetles, the wood louse, and winged life simply swarm in such congenial spots. The wood and willow warblers, and the chiff-chaff differ from their congeners in not being fruit eaters. They live entirely upon insect life, and the benefit they confer on the garden during the earlier months of their stay in this country is almost incalculable. Every species of summer fly is taken, both at rest and on the wing, in the latter case the bird darting after its prey. Yet, although flies and aphides constitute the staple of its food, the bird is omnivorous in its range of insect diet, and this is taken both in the larval and matured state. This characteristic, then, of abstaining from fruit, and being solely an insect feeder, is common to the wood warbler and its *confrères*, the willow warbler and the chiff-chaff. The general colour of the plumage of these birds differs from that of the rest of the warblers. But the third and the best characteristic is in the nests of the three species, which are invariably dome-shaped. For a long time the wood warbler was confounded with the willow warbler, and in general it pretty much resembles it, the chief points of difference being (in the wood warbler) the bright yellow streak over the eye, the brighter green of the upper plumage, the yellowish breast, and the purely white abdominal parts. In the haunts of the birds these differences may not appear to be well marked, but when closely examined they are at once obvious, and so make it impossible to confound the two species.

The wood warbler was one of the birds which Kingsley "set" in

his "Charm of Birds." In the delightfully fresh "Prose Idylls," he asks, combating the words of the poet—

In nature there is nothing melancholy—

Is it true that

In nature there is nothing melancholy?

and bids us "mark that slender, graceful, yellow warbler, running along the high oak boughs like a perturbed spirit, seeking restlessly, anxiously, something which he seems never to find; and uttering every now and then a long, anxious cry, four or five times repeated, which would be a squeal were it not so sweet. Suddenly he flies away and flutters round the pendent tips of the beech sprays like a great yellow butterfly, picking the insects from the leaves; then flies back to a bare bough, and sings with heaving breast and quivering wings a short, shrill, feeble, tremulous song, and then returns to his old sadness, wandering and complaining all day long. Is there no melancholy in that cry? It sounds sad; why should it not be meant to be sad? We recognise joyful notes, angry notes, fearful notes. They are very similar, strangely enough, in all birds. They are very similar, more strangely still, to the cries of human beings, especially children, when influenced by the same passions. And when we hear a note which to us expresses sadness, why should not the bird be sad? Yon wood wren has had enough to make him sad, if only he recollects it; and if he can recollect his road from Morocco hither, he maybe recollects, likewise, what happened on the road—the long, weary journey up the Portuguese coast, and through the gap between the Pyrenees and the Jaysquivel, and up the Landes of Bordeaux and across Brittany, flitting by night and hiding and feeding as he could by day; and how his mates flew against the light-houses and were killed by hundreds, and how he essayed the British Channel and was blown back, shrivelled up by bitter blasts; and how he felt, nevertheless, that that 'wan water' he must cross, he knew not why; but something told him his mother had done it before him, and that he was flesh of her flesh, life of her life, and had inherited her 'instinct'—as we call hereditary memory, in order to avoid the trouble of finding out what it is, and how it comes. A duty was laid on him to go back to the place where he was bred, and he must do it, and now it is done; and he is weary, sad, and lonely; and, for aught we know, thinking already that when the leaves begin to turn yellow he must go back again, over the Channel, over the Landes, over the Pyrenees, to Morocco once more. Why should he not be sad? He is a very delicate bird, as both his shape

and his notes testify. He can hardly keep up his race here in England ; and is accordingly very uncommon, while his two cousins, the willow wren and the chiff-chaff, who, like him, build for some mysterious reason domed nests upon the ground, are stout, and wiry, and numerous, and thriving everywhere. And what he has gone through may be too much for the poor wood wren's nerves ; and he gives way ; while willow wren, blackcap, nightingale, who have gone by the same road and suffered the same dangers, have stoutness of heart enough to throw off the past, and give themselves up to present pleasure. Why not ? Who knows ? There is labour, danger, bereavement, death in nature ; and why should not some at least of the so-called dumb things know it, and grieve at it as well as we ? ”

In great contrast to the delicate, soft-billed wood birds, the warblers, are other of the summer migrants to this country. One of these is the Hobby. This beautiful little hawk, a “peregrine in miniature” it has been styled, comes in the wake of the migratory hosts in spring, and stays with us till late autumn. Fascinating it is to watch the hobby performing its wonderful aerial evolutions, or lark-hawking far up against the blue. It destroys numerous small birds, and in summer adroitly captures on the wing many of the large flying insects and beetles. Its two or three bright red eggs are laid in a nest in some high tree—a nest not always made by the hobbies themselves. Then another of our interesting summer visitants belongs to the family of butcher-birds, of which in England we have three—the Red-backed Shrike. These sprightly birds are bright in colouring, the male having a bright chestnut back, and it has also many pretty airs. The chief point of interest which attaches to the bird is that it hangs up the little carcasses of its prey in a regular shambles. Cockchafers, small birds, beetles, frogs, and butterflies are all transfixed on thorns as provision for the bird's wants. It comes and breeds with us, and on account of its curious habits we have called it murdering pie, and lesser butcher-bird.

The garden warbler usually comes to us during the first week in May, or about the time that the oak and elm are bursting into leaf. Again, in their coming, the males precede the females by a few days. Like the blackcap, the garden warbler is a restless bird, secretes itself in thickest retreats, and it is more frequently heard than seen. It sings oftener from the topmost branches of trees, but will cease at the slightest disturbance. The power and compass displayed in the song of the garden warbler are wonderful for the size of the musician ; there is about it a richness and mellowness of depth which continually reminds one of the nightingale even at its

best moments. After the spring immigration, these warblers disperse themselves to sheltered woods and copses, always drawing near to cultivation. In gardens, shrubberies, and woods, in the vicinity of towns, the birds usually abound. The garden warbler is somewhat local in its distribution, and a number of nests are sometimes found within a very limited area. The nesting sites are various—in bushes, scrubland, hedgerows of gardens and orchards, at the foot of low bushes among tangled grass, and secreted in the foliage of clambering wall plants—these are all at times chosen. It is in such spots as those enumerated that the garden warbler procures its food. This consists of a variety of insects, almost all of which are found upon the trees and bushes. But, in addition to spiders, caterpillars, and various insects, wild and garden fruits are laid under contribution, as are also numerous wild-berries. The nest, in which four or five greenish-white eggs, spotted with brown and yellow, are laid, is composed of many and varied materials. Tough, withered grasses are interwoven with wool and bents, the lining being loosely inserted, and consisting of fine fibres and hair. It is said that occasionally two or three broods are reared in a year.

During the past season, many pairs of garden warblers have come about our home where they have been during many seasons. One of them had its nest in clematis clambering to the wall; another in the stump of a decayed thorn, and the third among the thick undergrowth in a secluded corner of the garden. These birds, or others of the species, have returned to the same spots for years. The dates of their arrival for three years are April 29, May 4, and May 6. Each pair reared two broods during the season, and, although we have anxiously looked for the third, this we have never seen. In a short time after the young are hatched, and, as yet hardly fledged, the young ones flutter down one by one, and seem surprised to find that they can fly. And when once they have essayed the world they never return to the nest. The parent birds superintend their every movement, and an instinctive suspicion soon warns them against a host of prowling enemies. The young rarely stray far from the site of the nest and their parents, even when nesting operations for the second time are proceeding. By the time this second brood is hatched, the members of the first have grown more independent, and better able to supply their wants. From insects they feed on fruit, and wander further from home. Domestic cares over, the whole family seems to abandon the fast-failing insect food, and for a few weeks they revel in the pulpy fruits of matured summer. But the leaves turn yellow and sere; a few drop off. The days shrink

visibly, and the robins come from the woods. You brush the grass in the morning and hoar-frost glistens in the blades. By September many leaves have fallen, the wind sighs in the trees, and then you awake and find that the warblers are gone.

Whenever a beautiful or rare bird comes to our shores it is immediately done to death, and usually before it gets far inland. This is an ornithological fact long established ; and the beautiful blue bird, or blue-throated warbler, has proved no exception in the treatment which it has received. Only a very limited number of its species has visited us, and there seems but little likelihood of our ever adding the bluebreast to our British *avifauna*. And yet it is common in certain of the southern European countries. Interested in birds—among the brightest and fairest of God's creatures—Mr. Ruskin was drawn towards the bluebreast in connection with its congener the redbreast. He has not much to say about it, but that little he says well and comprehensively :—" You probably—some of you—never heard of the bluebreast ; very few, certainly, have seen one alive, and if alive certainly not wild in England. Here is a picture of it daintily done,¹ and you can see the pretty shield on its breast. Vain shield ! if ever the fair little thing is wretched enough to set foot on English ground. I find the last that was seen was shot at Margate, so long ago as 1843 ; and there seems to be no official record of any visit before that since Mr. Thomas Embleton shot one on Newcastle Town Moor in 1816. But this rarity of visit to us is strange ; other birds seem to have no such clear objection to being shot, and really seem to come to England expressly for the purpose. And yet this bluebird (one can't say 'blue robin ;' I think we shall have to call him 'bluet,' like the cornflower) stays in Sweden, where it sings so sweetly that it is called 'A hundred tongues.' That, then, is the utmost which the lords of land and masters of science do for us in their watch upon our feathered suppliants. One kills them ; the other writes classifying epitaphs."

This pretty blue-throated warbler is by no means a rare bird in many parts of Europe. From Southern Italy it extends to the extreme north of Sweden, and is found from Russia westwards to Spain. Like the redbreast and redstart, the bluebreast is an insect feeder, and is partial to worms, treating them somewhat in the same fashion as does our robin. Being partial to berries, in its northern haunts, it feeds on those of the dogwood tree, and is often ensnared, these small fruits being used as baits. Just as our robin is by no means considered a sacred bird on the Continent, neither is the bluebreast,

¹ Mr. Gould in his *Birds of Great Britain*.

large numbers of both being caught during the migratory season and eaten as delicacies. The haunt of this bird when in its natural habitat would seem to be low-lying tracts of marsh, where abound close scrub and dried grass. It is among this the bird builds, and of the same substance the nest is formed. The eggs are from four to six, of a uniform greenish blue, and somewhat resembling those of the Alpine accentor, though smaller in size. The bird resides among vegetation of the willow and alder type during the greater part of the year, and here it obtains the insect life peculiar to such tracts. The song is described as being low and pleasing, in performing which the bird sometimes ascends to a considerable height above the bushes, and in descending spreads its tail like a fan. The slightest noise causes it to cease, and drop down into the shelter of the scrub.

The whitethroat is still another of our summer visitants, and perhaps the commonest of all. This white-throated warbler comes in April or early May, and stays until the closing days of September—sometimes even until it is driven away by the bleak blasts of October. Frail things these warblers are for the most part, and conducting their migrations by no means as is generally supposed. When trees are bare and the wind howls through the dripping woods—when insect life assumes the larval stage and winged things are scarce—these are the signs that the birds must be gone. But instead, as is generally supposed, of rising on buoyant wing, and steering straight for coast line and sea, these delicate creatures creep from bush to bush, seeking the thickest shelter, and thus, by a slow and devious route, they reach the coasts, flitting along and crossing always at the narrowest part, or along the hidden line of some submerged and long-lost isthmus.

In spring, when the whitethroats arrive, they search out their haunts along the margins of woods, by lane hedgerows, by gardens, copses, and thickets. By-paths they love best—those old, seldom-trodden roads one finds in out-of-the-way country districts, where grass carpets the smooth surface, and where trailing plants and brambles have taken up their matted habitat. It is in such places—localities with abundance of cover—that the whitethroat finds its food. This consists of a large range of insects in their varying stages, together with aphides and small green caterpillars; of these it is extremely fond, and destroys great quantities. It is only during cold seasons, when insect food is not plentifully developed, that the bird falls back upon the numerous small fruits and berries upon which it sometimes feeds in autumn. But on account of the larvæ which the whitethroat destroys it is well worthy of being protected and encouraged, as the friend of the gardener and agricul-

tourist. Rapidly flying insects constituting its food, the movements of the bird are naturally quick, and its vigilance is as characteristic as its shyness. Always favouring the thickest retreats, it is rarely seen. But sometimes in the intervals of its look-out for food it may be observed to rise some yards above its dense retreat, and, fluttering in the air, give out its song and then suddenly descend. If there are jarring notes in the otherwise sweet song of the white-throat, on the whole the performance is remarkably pleasant. It is short and lively, must be heard closely to be appreciated, and a near view will reveal other interesting characteristics of the bird. Its attitude is like that of the nightingale, and if we human listeners do not sufficiently appreciate the song, it would seem that this does not prevent the bird itself from doing so, for during the time the song is proceeding various stirring emotions would seem to take possession of the bird. Sometimes its body is erect, then low-bending with quivering wings, and again with throat distended and crest erected, and giving out its loudest and sweetest notes. It is when these are low and subdued that the more jarring sounds are produced. The nest is usually placed on the ground, sometimes in trees and shrubs above it, though rarely far from it. But the undergrowth and tall grasses of wet woods are always selected when they can be found. The nest is slight, compact, and the materials of which it is composed are usually much interlaced. Blades of grass and various fine plants are plaited together, and the whole lined with moss and hair. Five eggs are laid, of an indescribable greenish-yellow white colour, spotted with dark, olive green. Two broods are invariably reared in a season.

The lesser whitethroat is a bird so generally resembling its larger congener, in both form and characteristics, as to have been long confounded with it. It is, however, by no means so common as the foregoing species, though differing widely from it in ascending higher above its bushy retreats, and straying further from these than the greater whitethroat. It comes to this country a week earlier, resembles it in general activity, but is far inferior in song. Its warble is short and pleasant, and the louder notes come harshly upon the ear when in close proximity to the singer. Occasionally it may be heard from lofty trees, but for the most part it inhabits such localities as were described as the habitat of the last-named species. Tall hedgerows, copses, gardens, and orchards attract the bird, though we cannot so readily defend it as the white-throated warbler, owing to its decided preference for the smaller garden fruits, and this when insect food abounds. Still, ephemera

and their larvæ constitute a greater part of its diet, and the number of small caterpillars which it destroys would compensate for an amount of fruit havoc which the bird is quite incapable of making. Wild elderberries are the fruit of which it seems most fond, and the various currants grown in gardens also slightly suffer in late spring. Babillard and babbling warbler are provincial—in some cases, specific—names which attach to it, these having been bestowed from the fact of a soft, gurgling whistle which it sometimes emits; but this is so low that to be heard the bird must be silently approached and not alarmed. Bechstein tells us that the “little miller” has some notes which sound like the clacking of a mill. This, it is usually thought, constitutes the bird’s whole song, because these notes are uttered loudly, whereas its others consist of soft weak strains, yet so variable and melodious that it surpasses all other warblers.

Although occasionally ascending rather high to build its nest, the usual situation is in some low bush near the ground, or among herbage, beneath brambles, or undergrowths affording an impenetrable cover to prowling creatures. Its nest is smaller and formed of more delicate materials than that of the greater whitethroat, though these are from plants of the same species. The four, five, or six eggs are smaller than those of its congener. These are white, with ash-coloured and yellowish-brown spots dispersed about the larger end.

The lesser whitethroat is more common in the southern than the northern parts of the country, yet there is no county in which it has not occurred. It is partial to certain localities, and this will account for its local attachment and distribution. A curious habit the young of the species has, which probably plays some important part in the bird’s economy; a few other species have it in a lesser degree. When disturbed, they immediately dart out of the nest, although not fully fledged, and screen themselves in the bushes.

Quite one of our most interesting summer visitants is the goat-sucker or nightjar. It is one of the last to arrive, coming in early June, and invariably making straight for its old haunts. It is a remarkable bird, being in some of its characteristics alone among British birds. It forms, in fact, a connecting link between the owls and the swallows, having the soft plumage and noiseless flight of the one, and the wide gape of the other. It never, unless disturbed, comes abroad during the day, but obtains its food at twilight and dusk. In the northern coppice districts it is a common bird in summer, and upon the scrubby “knots” breeds annually. There upon the grey limestone-covered fells it conforms marvellously to its environment, it being almost impossible to detect

the curiously mottled plumage as the bird basks on the grey stones not more still than itself. Here, too, it lays its eggs, often without the slightest semblance of a nest, and we have found them upon the bare rock. At evening the birds come out to feed, flitting noiselessly among the nutbush tops, at times startling one with a loud flapping of the wings, which performed among the foliage probably has the effect of putting up the large night-flying moths which form the principal part of its food. A particular interest attaches to the goatsucker, inasmuch as it is furnished with a peculiar claw, the use of which is guessed at, rather than known to naturalists. This claw is obtusely serrated on the inner edge, and from experiments made upon nightjars in captivity, we should say that its use is to free the long whiskers of the bird from the soft silvery dust which usually covers the bodies of the large night-flying moths. Certain it is that this substance gets upon the whiskers of the bird, and that the long hairs referred to are combed through the serrated claw. About the mouth and head the goatsucker is very swallow-like. It has a bullet-shaped head, large eyes, and a particularly wide gape. Like the swallows, too, it has a weak ineffective bill, and weak feet. This is explained, however, when it is stated that there is rarely need for the bird to be on the ground, except when resting or nesting, and that it takes most of its insect prey on the wing.

Much superstition attached to the goatsucker in times past, and does still attach in remote country districts. There is some suggestion of this in its very name, and one of its ancient attributes was that it sucked cows and goats; and, like most superstitious beliefs, there is some slight suggestion of foundation for this one. For nothing is more common than to see the bird in the dusk of the evening flitting under the bellies of cattle as they stand knee-deep in the thick summer grass. Of course the goatsucker is then hawking for insects, which always abound where there are cattle; and the huge bovine creatures make quite a friend of the bird, patiently allowing it to perform its kind offices on their behalf. This act, taken in conjunction with the suggestive wide mouth, has caused our hardly discriminating ancestors to dub the bird with a name which it never deserved. In fact, like most of our summer visitors, it confers much good upon the land by the large number of injurious insects which it destroys. At evening it makes a loud churring noise, from which it has its provincial names of dor hawk, eve-churr, and fern-owl.

Wherever in summer we find a still mountain tarn there are we certain to find a pair of summer snipe—sandpipers. They build

upon the pebbly marge or among the driftwood, laying on a roughly constructed nest four yellowish-white eggs, spotted with dark brown. These are restless birds, never still, always running along among the pebbles or flitting across the tarn in their tremulous flight, and giving out their whistle the while. These, too, are summer visitors to our shores, coming in May to breed and leaving again in September. Almost every secluded sheet of water has its pair, and as frequently as by mountain tarn, they may be found by the side of the river, only the bed must be a pebbly not a muddy one. Sandlark and willy-wicket are two names given by the country folk, and both are expressive enough. Our sandpiper is a loquacious bird, and in spring-time has a pleasing lively song, which is sometimes continued for some minutes.

The other day we came across a secluded mountain tarn in one of our lonely rambles. Even whilst a shoulder of the mountain hid it, we heard the cry of the summer snipe and knew that water was near. Upon a further approach a pair of grey ducks got up from the reeds where they were evidently breeding; they simply trailed their legs lazily across the water, throwing up a silvery streak in their course as they touched the surface. A grasshopper-warbler was singing among the thick tangled grass with its cricket-like strain, and a reed-wren sang among the sedges. The bald, black coats popped beneath the water as we invaded their haunts, then reappeared a few yards further on. The pleasant whistle of the plover was on the hills, and the peculiarly wild cry of the curlew came from the moors. Ever and anon a noiseless heron from the mosses came to a belt of pine, where was a heronry, and when it had disgorged to its young, languidly flapped, repeating its southward course. Moor-hens rustled among the lily-pads, and everywhere over the tarn were white water-lilies tossed in the light of the golden afternoon. The restless sandlarks ceaselessly flew and ran and whistled among the pebbles, now and then crossing from one side to the other. Once the red merlin hung in the blue above them, but this seemed only for pleasure, for soon he wheeled and sailed with all his grace and majesty of wing away to the grouse moor in search of surer and unfledged prey.

Another of our little summer visitors is the wryneck. The time of its coming can hardly be defined, as the first arrive about the beginning of April, whilst others extend on into June. Many of the birds come with the cuckoo, and one of its country names is that of cuckoo's mate. Like the cuckoo it is oftener heard than seen, and its solitary cry, by Yarrell not inappropriately likened to that of the

kestrel, may be heard daily whilst the little author is most difficult to get a view of. It lays its eggs in retired places, in holes of trees, often only on touchwood; these are six or seven in number, purely white and glossy. If you happen to come across the nest of the wryneck, the bird will suffer itself to be taken before it will desert its eggs. Then it is that it hisses, ruffles up the feathers of its plumage, and makes a show of being terrible indeed. It is from this habit of hissing, and also probably from the fact of its long tongue, that it has gained its name of snake-bird. Its specific name, however, of wryneck it has from a most curious habit of rolling its head about, which gives it at times a curiously deformed appearance, and its pencilled markings, running in lines, help to heighten the effect. The structure of the wryneck has much in common with the woodpeckers. It has long sharp claws and a stiffened tail, both of which enable it to climb the rugged barks of trees. Its long, horny-tipped tongue it thrusts out after the manner of the woodpecker, and, aided by a glutinous secretion, secures ants, their eggs, and numerous other insects. These it draws into its mouth so rapidly as to elude the eye in attempting to follow it. When the insects do not show themselves on the outside, it digs with its strong bill, and disinters them in large quantities. It is search of food of this kind that induces it to come much to the ground. In this connection we may mention even another provincial name—that of emmet-hunter. When in search of ground insects it jumps along, with tail elevated in a most peculiar manner, though on these occasions it is never found far from its retreat. It flies heavily, with an ungainly and undulatory flight, and usually alights at the bottom of some tree.

Wrynecks return to the same locality year by year, though they are by no means regular in their times of coming and going. We have found them in one wood for many succeeding seasons, and have taken the young, which make most interesting pets in captivity. They generally succumb, however, to the first severe weather of winter.

The cuckoo is quite a Bohemian among birds, and it is perhaps owing to its vagrant habits that there yet remain several points in its life-history which have still to be cleared up. The birds come to our shores with the warm winds of April, progressing by easy stages, and disperse themselves over the country. Wordsworth dispossessed the bird of a corporeal existence, and to him it was but a voice, a mystery. It is true that it seeks the cool greenery and summer seclusion of the woods, but it is neither solitary nor unsocial. Just at dawn we have seen as many as seventeen birds flying together, these

all crying and calling at the same time. It was once thought that the cuckoo paired, but it is now known that the species is polygamous. Those who know the bird in its haunts hear two distinct cries in addition to that which gives it its name. The more frequent of these constitutes a love-song, and may be represented by a succession of the initial syllables cuck—cuck—cuck, dying away into a prolonged oo—o—o—o. This cry is uttered when flying, and the more deliberate and finished "cuckoo" usually comes from the bird when perched on some rail or fence. As the meadows become covered with May-flowers the first call is more seldom heard, and then the woods resound only to the steady cry of "cuckoo," "cuckoo." The number of hens that constitutes a harem is not known, but from the number of bachelor birds the males must greatly predominate over the females. From dissection we are convinced that each female lays a series of eggs, these occurring in widely differing stages of maturity. It is as to the birds laying and nesting that comparatively little is known, and in connection with which several interesting questions arise. The older naturalists thought that the female cuckoo actually laid its eggs in the nests of other birds, and this may be so, but it is equally certain that the bird sometimes conveys eggs thither in its bill. They have been found, too, in nests where it would have been impossible for the bird to lay them; but the most convincing evidence on this head is furnished by the fact that cuckoos have not unfrequently been observed conveying their eggs to the nest of another species. Had this not been proved to actual demonstration, the truth might have been inferred from several facts known to naturalists. The egg of the cuckoo has been found in the nests of no less than sixty different birds, among these being those of the common wren, willow warbler, and titmouse; each of which is exceedingly small and, moreover, domed. This fact is incontestable, and the impossibility of the cuckoo's having actually laid the eggs in the nests will be at once seen. Among the sixty nests patronised were the unlikely ones of the butcher-bird, jay, and magpie; all either bird or egg destroyers. This may reflect upon the cuckoo's stupidity, and the bird exhibits a deplorable ignorance of the fitness of things when it deposits its egg in the nest of either the diminutive fire-crested wren or the more cumbersome one of the cushat. A fire-crest, almost the smallest of British birds, might conveniently be stowed away in the gape of a young cuckoo, and without the latter detecting that the morsel was much more than a normal supply.

The nests in which the egg of the cuckoo is most frequently

found are those of the meadow-pipit, hedge-sparrow, and reed-warbler. Now, the eggs of these birds vary in a very considerable degree, and the question arises whether the cuckoo has the power of assimilating the colour of its egg to those among which it is to be deposited. Some eminent German ornithologists claim that this is so, but facts observed in England hardly bear out the conclusion. Brown eggs have been found among the blue ones of the hedge-sparrow, redstart, wheatear, and grasschat; among the green and grey ones of several other birds; and among the purely white ones of the wood-pigeon and turtle-dove. The cuckoo's egg is brown, and it must be admitted that the great majority of the nests it patronises contain eggs which more or less nearly resemble its own. There is a general family likeness about the eggs laid by the same bird, not only in the same clutch but from year to year. We have noticed this particularly in the case of a female sparrowhawk, which laid remarkably beautiful eggs, and in some other birds. Admitting that the eggs of the cuckoo, as a species, vary more than those of other birds, yet it is probable that the same female invariably lays eggs of the same colour. This can only be surmised by analogy, though the one fact bearing on the question is where two cuckoo's eggs were found in the same nest, and which differed greatly in colour. More might have been learnt from the incident if it had been known for certain whether the eggs had been laid by the same or different birds. There is a general tendency for the habits of animals to become hereditary—as the migrations of birds—and it seems not unreasonable that a cuckoo which has once laid its egg in the nest of any particular species should continue to do so, and that the young cuckoo hatched in the same nest should also continue the practice in after years.

A possibility with regard to the cuckoo is that it is not so destitute of maternal instinct as is generally supposed, and that it occasionally hatches its own eggs. It is certain that a female has been seen with her breast destitute of feathers, and with young cuckoos following her and clamouring to be fed. Some other species of the genus nearly akin to our own bird are quite normal in their nesting habits, and it is here suggested that, under certain circumstances, our English cuckoo may be so likewise.

All the cries and calls of the cuckoo are love songs, and are closely connected with the "pairing" season. The birds begin to shout upon recruiting soon after their arrival, and this continues through May and until June. The couplet to the effect that the first cock of hay frights the cuckoo away holds good in the districts in

which it is used ; and it is equally true that in July it prepares to fly, and leaves in August..

Not the least interesting facts in the bird's economy are those which refer to its young. It is now abundantly proved by independent witnesses that the young cuckoo shoulders the rest of the fledglings out of the nest, and this before it is many days old. Numerous observers have found young pipits and larks dead, which only a few hours before were safe, and the process of ejection has been minutely described. Although the newly hatched usurper can hardly hold up its head, it incessantly strives to get beneath the nestlings, and ultimately tilts them overboard. This is probably a provision for the sustenance of the bird, as it is certainly capable of devouring the food of four or five smaller ones. The egg, too, is comparatively smaller than that of any other British bird—a necessity, when the size of the future foster-mother is taken into account. The once popular notion that the young cuckoo ultimately devoured its tiny parents is but a myth, and it is easy to understand how it originated. To see a hedge-sparrow thrust its head into the great yellow gape of a half-fledged cuckoo is more than sufficient to account for the superstition.

JOHN WATSON.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

IT must be confessed that there are few plays we would be less inclined to part with than this rather hackneyed and well-worn "Lady of Lyons." The casual sight of that familiar title on the red-brick corner wall in some country or manufacturing town, it may be weeks old—the old paper flapping flaglike—always touches a welcome note, and the characters—

<i>Claude Melnotte</i>	Mr. VAUX CLAMANT
<i>Pauline</i>	Miss CHARNELL

have a romantic sound ; though we divine beforehand the obstreperous quality of these two declaimers. In the story there is the charm of simple effects and primitive emotions, the story is worked out without violence or straining, and all through the ordinary sympathies are struck firmly. So artfully is the whole compounded that it is possible to play the two characters in half a dozen different ways, and clever actors have exerted themselves to gloss over the weak spot in Melnotte's character—the unworthy deception, which involves loss of respect. Pauline, however, is a really engaging, charming character, from the mixture of emotions ; if played, that is, in a tender, impulsive way, and not made a vehicle for elocutionary display.

It is remarkable how so many of our leading performers have all eagerly come at last to attempt these favourite characters. The interval between the days of the classical Macready and the "romantic" Irving is filled by a regular line of distinguished players. It must be admitted that there is a certain "high-flown" strain in particular passages, certainly "bombastic," and which are almost impossible to deliver without provoking a smile. Such is the well-known description of the palace with which the suitor attempts to dazzle the imagination of his mistress. To the ordinary player this is, of course, inexpressibly dear, and perhaps the most precious morsel of "fat" in the whole. Mr. Coghlan, who played the part with Mrs. Langtry, judiciously levelled down the strained tone into a more prosaic shape, with excellent effect. A rather ludicrous tradition seems to have

been jealously preserved by all performers of the character. When Claude returns from the wars and meets his mistress, it is obvious that the mere change of costume would not prevent instant recognition, which is, however, happily averted by the device of sheltering his face behind his cocked hat and spreading plumes.

The gracious, winsome part of Pauline has been essayed by all our most charming actresses, after being created by the once irresistible Miss Helen Faucit; and all, down to Miss Terry, Miss Anderson, and Mrs. Langtry, have increased their reputation by the performance.

For over fifty years it has held its ground, and is always performed. Nay, it has been said that there is not a theatrical night in the year where it is not being played at some theatre of the kingdom. The young beginner, just stepping on the boards, turns fondly to the effective "gardener's son," and is certain he could deliver the passage ending, "Dost like the picture?"—a burst often laughed at, but never failing to tell. Every character is good and actable, and, though we may have seen it fifty times, as most playgoers have, there is always a reserve of novelty and attraction left which is certain to interest.

In his preface to the play the author explains that he had founded it upon his imperfect recollection of a pretty little story called "The Bellows Mender." This is the exact truth, for the main or "root" idea is thus suggested, viz. that of a girl being deceived into a marriage with one of low degree to gratify the revenge of a rejected suitor, and being afterwards gained over to love her low-born admirer. The character of Pauline is totally different, the original being a rather energetic person who asserted her rights in a very vigorous fashion.

About the beginning of the century that republican lady, Miss Helen Maria Williams, who was a very industrious writer, published an entertaining account of travels, manners, and persons in France. In this book she represents herself as having met with an intelligent *Abbé*, who related to her a curious little tale. This has very much the air of a translation from the French. I give the substance of it, and it will be seen how little it has in common with "The Lady of Lyons." It is entitled "The History of Perourou, or the Bellows Mender," who relates the story himself in the first person. He had been brought up to his father's trade at Montélimart, near Lyons; but, being full of ambitious, "soaring" ideas, he set off for that city, where he hoped to find an opening for his desires. One night he encountered four young men in the streets, who, mysteri-

ously addressing him by his name, insisted on his coming and supping with them. They told him that they were engravers, and that one of the party had paid his addresses to the most lovely girl in the city, the daughter of a picture dealer, but had been disdainfully rejected by her. They opened to him their scheme, which was the one worked out in the play, that he should pass himself off as the wealthy Marquis of Rouperou, principal proprietor of mines in Dauphiny, and gain her affection and hand. With this view they regularly trained him, teaching him music, drawing, and even reading and writing, during a period of three months, which simplifies a difficulty found in the play, viz. the difficulty of the "gardener's son" assuming the manners and accomplishments of a nobleman without notice of a necessary interval to acquire them. Everything was carried out successfully : the beautiful Aurora was won. The ceremony took place. His friends and backers supplied magnificent presents, and attended the happy pair to the humble cottage, where they were received by the venerable father. The coachman was the rejected lover, who, throwing off his wig and the rest of his disguise, maliciously congratulated the young bride on her bellows-mender husband.

Aurora, after beguiling the husband with some fair words, contrived to make her escape, announcing that she would take refuge in a convent, "which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am an honourable enemy, and declare that you must hold yourself ready to appear before every tribunal in France till I have found one which shall do me justice." Her persecutors had restored the presents and a sum of money to the young man, and entreated him to take all care of his bride, and to be kind to her. After some vain search he converted all these valuables into money, and found himself in possession of some 10,000 crowns. The case in due course came before the tribunals, where a sort of sensational scene—truly French—took place. The discarded lover came forward and appealed to the fair plaintiff on behalf of the unborn child. The judges were moved ; and it was decided that the marriage should not be annulled, but that the lady should live in her convent secure from all molestation. The hero then began a speculation, made money, wore fine clothes—and became a personage of importance, though unrecognised. Aurora's father had fallen into difficulties, from which he had the pleasure of rescuing him. A friendly merchant then introduced him to the convent, where he found his wife with a beautiful infant on her knees. Tears and a reconciliation followed. A year later she invited him to a little fête at her house in Lyons. Here he found

his old friends, the engravers, including the sham coachman. At the close she brought him into a room, where a curtain being drawn revealed one representing the husband at Aurora's feet at Montélimart. She was repulsing him, "throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver." Underneath was written, "*Love conquers Pride.*" The second represented the scene of the fête, with portraits of the engravers, and underneath was written, "*Pride conquered by Love.*"

The story concludes in a rather prosaic, business-like way, by announcing that in due time "Aurora made me the father of three other children," and requested that the coachman-engraver should be godfather. "This estimable man is now the husband of a most charming woman, well known in Lyons for the care which she bestows on the education of her daughter."

The *Athenæum* admitted that it was a very effective melodrama, but no more. They fell foul of the claims set forth in the preface, from which the critic drew the conclusion "that his standard of stage composition is low indeed, and that little improvement is ever to be expected either from his sublimity of taste or his self-dissatisfaction. . . . 'Theatrical effect'—surely the common distiller of novels for the stage can attain this. Little more than a scene-painter, a pair of scissors, operating upon such a tale as the 'Iron Masque,' or the 'Cock Lane Ghost,' is often supposed to work such a miracle. . . . As a ready play, his work amazes us much more; even the language has little of his usual brilliancy—not a spark to a page. One solution is that Mr. Bulwer is out of his depth in the drama." It concludes with this sapient prophecy: "Works written sufficiently down to the public taste are sure of a short-lived fame, and of its substantial profits."

When Macready was groaning under his thralldom to Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, which ended in the well-known discreditable assault and scuffle, he was favoured by the assistance of no less than three practical dramatists who were anxious to furnish him with opportunities for displaying his talent. These were the cultured Talfourd, the clever Sheridan Knowles, and Mr. Bulwer. All these, by an extraordinary exception to the general run of fortune in such matters, were successful, not merely in this form of assistance, but actively enriched the stage with what are called regular "stock pieces." These were "Virginius" and "William Tell," and "The Lady of Lyons." Not only are these well-finished pieces of a high poetical type, but they are also well-constructed and effective dramas. Neither Macready nor the author of "The Lady of Lyons" seems to have entertained any very brilliant hopes of its

success, beyond the expectation that it might turn out to be a serviceable piece, that would serve its turn like so many others. The Theatre was not flourishing ; and the eminent tragedian himself was not "drawing."

With the new year came a little rally. The pantomime and an opera or two had done something. "King Lear" was got up, and also "Coriolanus." But at this depressing time a play was brought to him, written by his friend Bulwer, of which he could not have had very high expectations, and which yet was to prove the most extremely popular play of modern times. He took the hero's part, and was supported by the then attractive Miss Helen Faucit in the female character. This piece his friend had at first named "The Adventurer"; but when the actor saw this title written down he would not consent to it. The author came behind the scenes to talk to him of his melodrama, but so little important did he think it that he spoke of other subjects. The "Lear" just performed was "gigantic." The Ballo must be left "an open question, or he would not support Ministers." Then, turning to his new play, he professed himself quite satisfied with the arrangements. By this time a better name had been chosen, and this always interesting, ever attractive, and drawing piece became "THE LADY OF LYONS."

The night of the first performance was February 15, which the manager takes tranquilly enough : "Acted Claude Melnotte," he writes in his diary, "in Bulwer's play, pretty well. The audience felt it very much, and were carried away by it. The play in the acting was completely successful ; was called for ; and, leaving, Miss Faucit was well received."

The piece was produced without the name of the author being given, the excuse given being that he wished to have further experiment of its success ; though he left the matter to Macready's judgment. It was not until about a fortnight that it was known to be Bulwer's work. When Macready himself began his management the new piece was one of the first performed, and thus it entered on that long and steady course of regular prosperity and popularity which it has enjoyed ever since.

In conclusion, we may quote the modest, well-written preface with which our author introduces his play.

"An indistinct recollection of the very pretty little tale, called 'The Bellows Mender,' suggested the plot of this drama. The incidents, however, are greatly altered from those in the tale, and the characters are entirely recast.

"Having long had a wish to illustrate certain periods of French

history, so, in the selection of the date in which the scenes of this play are laid, I saw that the era of the Republic was that in which the incidents were rendered most probable, in which the probationary character of the hero could well be made sufficiently rapid for dramatic effect, and in which the character of the time itself was depicted by the agencies necessary to the conduct of the narrative. For during the early years of the first most brilliant successes of the French Republic, in the general ferment of society, and the brief equalisation of ranks, Claude's high-placed love, his ardent feelings, his unsettled principles (the struggle between which makes the passion of his drama), his ambition and his career, were phenomena that characterised the age, and in which the spirit of the nation went along with the extravagance of the individual.

"The play itself was composed with a twofold object. In the first place, sympathising with the enterprise of Mr. Macready, as manager of Covent Garden, and believing that many of the higher interests of the drama were involved in the success or failure of an enterprise equally hazardous and disinterested, I felt, if I might so presume to express myself, something of the Brotherhood of Art, and it was only for Mr. Macready to think it possible that I might serve him in order to induce me to make the attempt.

"Secondly, in that attempt I was mainly anxious to see whether or not, after the comparative failure on the stage of the 'Duchesse de la Vallière,' certain critics had duly declared that it was not in my power to attain the art of dramatic construction and theatrical effects. I felt, indeed, that it was on this that a writer, accustomed to the narrative class of composition, would have the most both to learn and to *un*learn. Accordingly it was to the development of the plot and the arrangement of the incidents that I directed my chief attention, and I sought to throw whatever belongs to poetry less into the diction and the 'felicity of words' than into the construction of the story, the creation of the characters, and the spirit of the prevailing sentiment. The authorship of the play was neither avowed nor suspected until the play had established itself in public favour. The announcement of my name was the signal for attacks, chiefly political, to which it is now needless to refer. When a work has outlived for some time the earlier hostilities of criticism, there comes a new race of critics, to which a writer may for the most part calmly trust for a fair consideration whether of the faults or of the merits of his performance."

A LOG-BOOK.

ONE of our popular novelists has made the sea, with its ever-changing moods, so well known to us, and has brought before us so vividly all matters concerning the daily incidents of a sailor's life, that we are perhaps prepared to take some interest even in such a prosaic record as a ship's log-book.

At all events but few landsmen have opportunities of reading these true stories of the sea, which, notwithstanding the meagre record they give, have yet a real living interest of their own, as they tell us from day to day about the wind and the sea, the progress of the voyage, and the occupations of the crew.

There is now beside me the log of the three-masted schooner "Sarah," which left Glasgow on Thursday, February 8, 1872, bound for Mayagues, in the island of Porto Rico. From thence she sailed to Ponce in the same island, then to New York, and finally to Bridgewater in England, where she arrived on July 31; the round trip therefore occupying about six months. The outward cargo consisted of boilers and machinery, for the use of the sugar planters, and bottled beer, probably for the same gentlemen.

One of the first entries in the log-book refers to the draught of the ship. This is a matter of the utmost importance, respecting which the officers of a ship must always be able to inform the pilot, so that he may conduct the vessel safely amongst the intricacies of a harbour. The "Sarah's" draught was ten feet six inches forward and eleven feet seven inches at the stern. On the day of sailing, the captain records: "First part calm and foggy, middle and latter parts of the day, fresh south-easterly breezes and fine. At 1 p.m. took steamer and proceeded down the river in charge of pilot; crew all on board; at 4.30 anchored at Greenock, in seven fathoms of water with port bower and thirty fathoms of chain. Crew employed in caulking down main-hatch and placing long-boat." For two days the vessel lay windbound in the Clyde, but at 3 p.m. on Sunday—the sailor's favourite day for setting forth upon a voyage—the anchor was weighed, all sail was set, and she passed out into the channel under an

easterly breeze with squalls. The weather, however, got worse. The next day the master writes : "Monday, the 12th February, begins with moderate south-easterly gale and thick, rainy weather. At 2 p.m. gale increasing, took in upper topsail, furled jib, reefed foresail, mainsail, and mizzen." But the gale continued, and at 4 o'clock in the evening the captain was glad to anchor in Belfast Bay, in five fathoms water, with fifty-five fathoms of chain. It is interesting to observe the minute attention to details in recording the exact length of chain-cable veered out to the anchor ; but few persons, when they see a ship at anchor in a roadstead, ever think that the cable which holds her is of an exact length known to the officers on board, and not just a lot of chain—a random quantity. On Thursday there seemed to be some prospect of getting away, so at 2 o'clock the crew hove short to fifteen fathoms of chain at water's edge preparatory to weighing anchor, but on Friday morning a strong southerly gale, with rain, set in, and they were forced to veer out cable again to forty-five fathoms. The gale continued for some days, during which time the various occupations of the crew are recorded in the log. On Tuesday, the 20th, the master writes : "Begins with fresh south-westerly breeze and fine ; people employed in setting-up fore rigging. At 3 p.m. weighed anchor and set all possible sail ; this day ends at 4 p.m. to commence sea log." The log, up to this time, had been a "harbour log," but now that the ship has fairly started on her voyage, the various spaces in the log-book, formed by ruled lines, are filled in daily with certain needful particulars. These particulars consist of the rate of sailing in knots at intervals of two hours throughout the day and night ; the course, that is, as we say on land, the direction—this is determined by compass ; the quarter in which the wind is ; leeway made, &c., and later, when the ship has left all land behind her, the daily latitude and longitude, barometrical readings, and other particulars.

The "Sarah" sailed down the Irish Sea in very bad weather, passing the lights on the Copeland Island, the Calf of Man, Wicklow Head, and Cardigan Bay light-ship. On Saturday, the 24th, the master enters in his log : "Light breeze and fine ; people variously employed ; at 3 p.m. tacked off shore about five miles ; at 6 o'clock South Bishop light bore S. by W. ten miles ; increasing breeze with threatening appearance ; took in all light sails ; at 10 hard gale with thick, rainy weather ; took in upper topsail, foresail, jib and mizzen, and reefed the mainsail ; midnight, hard gale and heavy sea, vessel shipping much water." On Sunday they were fourteen days out from the Clyde and had only got abreast of the Tuskar light. Here

the weather became worse, and the vessel is described as forereaching and shipping much water, under lower topsail, reefed mainsail, fore-topmast staysail and main staysail. It is a vivid picture, the small vessel under storm canvas, staggering along through the dark hours of a February night, in a south-west gale off the Tuskar, the decks all awash, showers of blinding spray falling constantly on the helmsman, the officers and crew seeking what shelter they could get in the lee of the bulwark, while their wet oilskins shine again as the faint gleams from the wintry sky fall upon them.

On the 27th of February, the "Sarah" had got quite clear of the land, and as the weather had improved the master writes: "This afternoon fitted studsail booms and sent them aloft, set starboard studsail." Now the long, lonely voyage across the Atlantic Ocean commences, and the records in the log chiefly relate to setting sails, and taking in sails, as the varying weather demanded; one day they fit a royal yard, on another they reduce the main gaff topsail by one cloth, or they make chafing gear. The only disaster recorded happened on March 6, when a heavy sea struck the starboard bow and knocked in a large portion of the bulwark. On March 11 the log says: "This morning being fine and water smooth took off the after hatch and found a great many of the beer casks to have worked loose and shifted; people employed securing them at once."

Very few ships were passed on the voyage. On March 27 the "Sarah" spoke a Spanish brig from Bilboa bound to Cuba, 39 days out; on the 29th a German brig from Cardiff bound to Jamaica, 32 days out; on April 3 they spoke the British barque "Woulton" from Japan, bound to New York; and on the 5th the English schooner "Express" from the Scilly Isles, bound to St. Thomas, 32 days out.

On April 9 the "Sarah" sighted Cape St. Juan in the Spanish West Indian Island of Porto Rico, and on the next day, having taken a pilot on board, the ship arrived at her destination, and anchored in the port of Mayagues, in three fathoms with port bower and fifteen fathoms of chain. The master adds: "And so ends this passage. People employed the remainder of the day unbending and stowing away sails, and getting cargo gear ready. Pumps attended to; barometer 30. This day contains thirty-six hours, and ends at midnight, to commence harbour log." The ordinary day at sea ended at noon.

The first part of the harbour work was spreading awnings over the deck, and fitting up shears for the discharge of the cargo, which was lowered into lighters that came alongside. First the beer was discharged—296 casks of bottled beer—and then an apparently endless

quantity of machinery, furnace bars, boilers, and kegs of fittings, the marks and numbers of which are all recorded most carefully.

The only article in the whole cargo not safely discharged is thus accounted for : " One small plate of iron, marked C, slipping through the slings, accidentally fell overboard, and was immediately buoyed on the spot." On the next day, Sunday, April 21, " a boat came alongside from the Spanish gun-boat ' Favoritta,' and put a good, large and safe buoy on the spot where the piece of iron fell overboard yesterday." Thus sailors help each other all the world over.

On April 24 the ship had discharged all her cargo for this port, and two days later, having taken some ballast on board, she left Mayagues for Ponce, in charge of a pilot. But even in this short voyage, round a part of the coast of Porto Rico, one of the sudden storms of the tropics overtook the vessel. On May 1, the log records : " At 6 p.m., hard squalls with torrents of rain, took in all light sails ; 8 p.m., thick weather, with much lightning and thunder, and threatening appearance : took in foresail, upper topsail, jib and mizzen, and double reefed the mainsail ; midnight, moderate gale, and thick, rainy weather ; carried away after-leach rope of mainsail—put a good stopper on it."

On Sunday, May 5, the " Sarah " anchored in the harbour of Ponce, and discharged the remainder of her cargo. The next proceeding was to load with sugar, and the log tells how many hogsheads and barrels were put on board each day, a stevedore being engaged to stow the sugar in the hold as fast as the crew sent it down to him. In the intervals of this work, the ship's people were employed in repairing sails, attending to the pumps, doing " small jobs," getting up the lighter spars, and bending sails.

On Sunday, June 2, the anchor was weighed, and the voyage to New York was begun. This part of the voyage seems to have been entirely without incident, beyond the ordinary routine of life at sea. The weather was fine. On the 14th they received on board a New York pilot, who brought them up the river ; and the next day the " Sarah " was moored alongside the wharf at Pierrepont stores. The attractions of New York city proved too much for some of the sailors, who " left the ship, taking their effects with them." No doubt their places were soon filled. On the 19th, the sugar was all out ; then the vessel was unmoored and towed into the Atlantic dock, to receive her cargo of wheat. On the 28th of June the " Sarah " left for home. Under this date the master writes : " Fine weather throughout ; crew employed getting vessel ready for sea. Six o'clock p.m., pilot came on board ; unmoored ship, and proceeded to Sandy

Hook in tow of steamer 'Atlas'; at 8 p.m. pilot left the ship. Sandy Hook lighthouse bearing north, four miles distant; ten o'clock, alongside Sandy Hook lightship, from which I take my departure." On the homeward voyage, the weather in the Atlantic was bad. Such entries as "hard gale," "decks full of water," appear several times; but the winds were favourable, and the passage was short, for on July 22nd the Fasnet lighthouse was sighted, and at midnight the "Sarah" hove to off Kinsale Head. The next day the pilot brought the ship into Queenstown harbour, when she anchored with both port and starboard anchors, "Spit lighthouse bearing west, distant one-eighth of a mile." Here the cargo of wheat was sampled at all the hatches, and was reported to be in good order. After a few days' delay, the captain received orders to take his ship to Bridge-water, where the voyage came to an end on the 31st of July.

Here the log ends, a meagre enough account of six months' voyaging to and fro in the Atlantic, and yet, in many respects, most precise and minute as to details. Had some of us written this account, we should very probably have introduced some fine word-painting about the gorgeous tropics, with their sunny skies and sapphire seas, coral strands and wondrous vegetation. The storms of mid-ocean would have afforded us another set of scenes; but to write about these affairs is not the business of the master of a merchant vessel.

W. H. PATTERSON.

SCEPTRE AND PEN.

THE roll of Royal Authors begins with King David, of whose compositions it may safely be averred that they have surpassed all others in longevity and world-wide acceptance, as they have surpassed all others of the same kind in psychological and spiritual revelation. In the Psalms David has written his own life history with an intensity and a truthfulness, a force of passion and wealth of language, which, to this day, command the sympathetic interest and appeal to the deepest feelings of mankind. All earnest souls, as Carlyle says, will ever discover in them the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled—sore baffled—driven as into entire wreck ; yet a struggle never ended, ever with tears, repentance, the unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Dean Stanley remarks that they have been the source of consolation and instruction beyond any other part of the Hebrew Scriptures. Their variety is so great that they respond to every mood, every need, of the human mind and heart ; we find in them something to strengthen us in the hour of weakness, to cheer us in the hour of depression, to stay our faith when it wavers, and to revive our hopes when they have fallen low. It is due to this universality of expression that they are the only devotional form which has been equally used throughout the whole Christian Church—Abyssinian, Greek, Latin, Puritan, Anglican.

It is well known, however, that the Psalter, as we have it, was not composed entirely by David. Taking it in its ancient traditional division into five books, we find that, in the opinion of the best scholars, Book i., Psalms i–xli., is exclusively Davidic ; Book ii., xlii–lxxii., partly Davidic and partly Levitic, the former comprising Psalms li–lxxi., and the latter Psalms xlii–l., Psalm lxxii. being entitled “the Psalm of Solomon.” In Book iii. the only Psalm which bears the name of David is Psalm lxxxvi. In Books iv. and v. seventeen Psalms are ascribed to David. There seems no good reason to doubt the authenticity of the superscriptions which indicate this diversity

of authorship ; in a majority of cases they are confirmed by internal evidence ; but whoever wishes to take up the subject critically may refer to Hengstenberg's *Commentary*, to Delitzsch's *Symbolæ*, or to Thrupp's *Introduction to the Psalms*.

To David's royal son, King Solomon, the Canon attributes the Book of Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and Ecclesiastes. In reference to the first-named, the *Mishlé Shôlômâh* of the Talmud, it is generally considered probable that the majority of the proverbs which it contains were really uttered or collected by Solomon. The last two chapters are, of course, not his. The others contain an admixture of the sayings of other men of wisdom. But Solomon was unquestionably the founder of this species of poetry ; many of the proverbs here collected may be traced back to him, while all are animated by his spirit. The oldest, and probably the Solomonic, are contained in chapters x-xxii. 16. To this original collection were added by the learned men of the court of Hezekiah those comprised in chapters xxv-xxiv. The intercalary section, xxii. 17-xxiv., and the opening chapters, i-ix., belong to a later date.

As for the Song of Solomon, or Canticles—"The Song of Songs"—down to the close of the last century its authorship was scarcely questioned except by a few of the Talmudic writers, who assigned it to the age of Hezekiah. Recent criticism has involved it in some doubt ; but, after all, there is no strong evidence against, and a good deal in favour of, the ancient tradition.

That wonderful book, Ecclesiastes, or *Kohelêth*, with its confessions of satiety and weariness, its self-reproach, and its sense of the vanity of human ambition, belongs, in the opinion of the best recent authorities, to a later date than the reign of Solomon. Its language would seem to refer it to the latest group of the books of the Old Testament, such as Ezra, Nehemiah, Daniel, and Esther, which were written subsequently to the Captivity.

As for the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon, which is included in the Apocrypha, we may assume, with tolerable confidence, that it was composed at Alexandria some time before the time of Philo, that is, between 120 B.C. and 180 B.C. This is the opinion of Heydenreich, Gfrörer, Baumeister, Ewald, Bruch, and Grimm.

Leaping over a few centuries, I note that Julius Cæsar, as the author of the famous Commentaries, stands far forward among the men of action who have also been great writers and thinkers. Whether we may rank him among *Royal* authors I shall not stop to inquire. The power he wielded as Dictator was greater than that which most

kings have enjoyed ; and sceptre and pen were in strong hands when grasped by the mighty Julius.

According to Suetonius, Augustus wrote several works in prose on different subjects, and read them to the limited and partial public composed of his courtiers and friends. Such are the "Answers to Brutus concerning Cato," which, in his old age, he attempted to read after his usual custom, but was compelled to hand over in conclusion to Tiberius. Such are the "Exhortations to Philosophy," and the "Memoirs of my Life," in thirteen books, which are brought down to the war with the Cantabrians. He attempted poetical composition also. Suetonius speaks of an effort entitled "Sicily," written in hexameters, and of a small collection of "Epigrams," which he usually "struck off" while taking his bath. He began with a good deal of ardour a tragedy on the story of Ajax, but, dissatisfied with the style, destroyed it. His friends asking him one day what had become of Ajax, he replied that Ajax had precipitated himself on a sponge—which article was used by the ancients for wiping out "the written word," and gave rise to several colloquialisms.

The same author informs us that Tiberius studied Greek and Latin literature with enthusiasm. Among the Roman authors he selected as his model Messala Corvinus, whose industrious old age he, while a young man, had greatly admired ; but he spoiled his style, like some plebeian writers, by his affectations and conceits. When he wrote *à l'improviste*, he succeeded much better than when he wrote painfully and anxiously by the light of the midnight oil. He was the author of a lyrical poem entitled "A Lament on the Death of Lucius Cæsar." He wrote also some Greek verses in imitation of Euphoriion, Rhianus, and Parthenius—authors whom he greatly admired, and whose works and portraits he placed in the public libraries among the most illustrious ancients.

Claudius—I am still dealing with the Roman Emperors—Claudius in his youth attempted to write history, encouraged by Livy and assisted by Sulpicius Flavius. Princes are always able to command an audience, and Claudius read his first book amidst universal applause. After his accession to the imperial throne, he became a tolerably voluminous author, and, with a benevolent desire to circulate his wisdom widely, always employed one of his readers to submit to the public his latest work. "Free Readings from the Emperor's Last New Book" was probably a very attractive announcement. His history began at the death of the great Dictator, but he afterwards passed on immediately to a much later date, namely, to the close of the Civil Wars, when he found that the continual objections of his mother and

grandfather—as persons intimately concerned—would prevent him from writing with truth and freedom respecting the intervening period. He left behind him two books of the first of these histories and fifty-one of the second. He also compiled eight books of Autobiography, which are deficient neither in spirit nor in elegance. And he was the author of a clever Apology for Cicero, in reply to the attacks of Asinius Gallus upon the great orator.

He invented three letters which he considered indispensable additions to the alphabet. Before he became Emperor, he had published a treatise on the subject; of course, after the sceptre passed into his hand, he had no difficulty in compelling the use of his invention; and these extra letters are to be found in most of the books, public acts, and inscriptions of the period. How the Roman children must have hated him! In the study of Greek literature he showed no less ardour, and on every occasion gave proof of the value which he set on the beautiful language of Hellas. Some foreigner speaking before him in Greek and Latin,—“I see with pleasure,” said Claudius, “that you know my two languages. I am attached to Greece by the tie of the same studies.” In the senate he almost always replied in Greek to the speeches of the ambassadors; and on his tribunal not unfrequently quoted from Homer. It was in this language he wrote his twenty books of the history of the Tyrrhenians and his eight books of those of the Carthaginians. In compliment to the imperial productions, the ancient museum at Alexandria was enlarged by another, called by the Emperor’s name, and it was decreed that every year, on prescribed days, there should be delivered by the members of these two museums alternately, a public lecture, in the one on the history of the Carthaginians, in the other on that of the Tyrrhenians.

Everybody knows that Nero frequently recited his verses in public, an infliction which made his hearers feel that there was something harder to bear than the imperial taxation! Persius, in his first satire, ridicules the imperial versifier, and quotes from a wretched poem of his, entitled “Bacchæ.” These are imitated by the anonymous author of the play of “Nero” (published in 1624):—

You æthral powers which the wide fortunes doom
Of empire-crowned seven-mountain-seated Rome,
Full blown, inspire me with Machlæan rage
That I may bellow out Rome’s prentisage;
As when the Mænades do fill their drums
And crooked horns with Mimallonean hums,
And Evion do ingeminate a round,
Which reparable Echo doth resound.

He also composed a poem entitled "The One-Eyed," against the prætor, Clodius Pollio.

Domitian, the fly-catching emperor, never opened a book of history or poetry ; but he compiled a little manual on the Management of the Hair, which he dedicated to one of his friends.

Hadrian, who is reported to have excelled as an astrologer, was so athirst for renown, that he placed in the hands of some of his freedmen, who were well educated, the history of his life, written by himself, with orders to publish it under their own names. He was likewise the author of some very obscure books, entitled "Katakriæ." His beautiful lines on the soul—paraphrased by Pope—are well known :—

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula ;
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos.

"It is more delightful," says Niebuhr, "to speak of Marcus Aurelius, than of any man in history, for if there be any sublime human virtue, it is his. He was certainly the noblest character of his time. I know no other man who combined such unaffected kindness, mildness, and humility, with such conscientiousness and severity towards himself." His "Meditations" entitle him to a place among the greatest of the philosophers of antiquity. We find in them a severity, a purity, a loftiness of thought, an unaffected piety, such as, before him, were utterly unknown in the Pagan world, and the teaching of the Stoics assumes in them a singularly graceful and attractive aspect. They form his private diary, or confessions ; are, in effect, a colloquy with his own heart, a searching examination of his own conscience. The reader unacquainted with Greek will gain a good idea of their admirable qualities from the excellent translation of Mr. Long. They were written amid the anxieties of the wars with the Quadi and the Marcomanni ; unfortunately only twelve books have come down to us. I subjoin two or three specimens of their tender and somewhat melancholy wisdom.

"Understand that every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself."

"Keep thyself simple, good, pure, serious, free from affectation, a friend of justice, a worshipper of the gods, kind, affectionate, strenuous in all proper acts. Reverence the gods and help men. Short is life. There is only one fruit of this earthly life, a pious disposition and social acts."

"How easy it is to repel and to wipe away every impression

which is troublesome and unsuitable, and immediately to rest in tranquillity !”

“Everything harmonises with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early, or too late, which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature ! from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The poet says, ‘ Dear City of Cecrops ; ’ and wilt not thou say ‘ Dear City of God ’ ?”

“Death certainly, and life, honour and dishonour, pain and pleasure ; all these things happen equally to good men and bad, being things which make us neither better nor worse. Therefore they are neither good nor evil.”

“Be cheerful, and seek not external help, nor the tranquillity which others give. A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.”

Archdeacon Farrar has an eloquent passage respecting this great man which I quote with pleasure. “I sometimes imagine,” he says, “that I see him seated on the borders of some gloomy Pannonian forest or Hungarian marsh ; through the darkness the watchfires of the enemy gleam in the distance ; but both among them and in the camp around him, every sound is hushed except the tread of the sentinel outside the imperial tent ; and in that tent long after midnight sits the patient emperor by the light of his solitary lamp ; ever and anon, amid his lonely musings, he pauses to write down the pure and holy thoughts which shall better make him, even in a Roman palace, even on barbarian battlefields, daily to tolerate the meanness and the malignity of the men around him ; daily to amend his own shortcomings, and, as the sun of earthly life begins to set, daily to draw nearer and nearer to the Eternal Light. And when I thus think of him, I know not whether the whole of heathen antiquity, out of its gallery of stately and royal figures, can furnish a nobler, or purer, or more lovable picture than that of this crowned philosopher and laurelled hero, who was yet one of the humblest and one of the most enlightened of all ancient ‘seekers of the gods.’”

The actions of the Emperor Julian have been recorded by Gibbon in his stateliest phrases, and with a warmth of panegyric he seldom displays. He was a versatile scholar and a voluminous writer ; and those of his works which have come down to us, preserved from the general wreck of letters when the Roman empire collapsed, are a monument to his genius as well as to his industry. They include the satire of the *Misopogon*, the satirical history of the Cæsars, his attack upon Christianity, and his Letters. The fable, or satire, of the

Cæsars is described by Gibbon as one of the most agreeable and instructive productions of ancient wit. It represents Romulus as preparing a banquet for the Olympian deities who had adopted him as their associate, and for the human princes who had reigned over the empire. The immortals were placed in just order on their thrones of state, and the table of the Cæsars was spread below the moon, in the upper regions of the air. The tyrants who would have disgraced such society were thrown headlong into Tartarus. The rest of the Cæsars passed in succession to their places, Silenus, a laughing philosopher, wittily expatiating on the character of each in due order. When the feast was at an end, Mercury made known the will of Jove, that a celestial name should be the reward of superior merit. The selected candidates were Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Trajan, and Marcus Antoninus (or Aurelius) ; though Constantine and the great Alexander were admitted into the honourable competition. Each candidate was allowed to narrate his own claims ; but in the judgment of the gods, the modest silence of Aurelius spoke more powerfully than the most elaborate orations of his rivals. When the judges proceeded to examine the heart, and inquire into the motives by which the competitors had been actuated, the superiority of the imperial Stoic, who had practised on his throne the austere lessons of a pure and noble philosophy, was unanimously allowed.

It is the shame of Valentinian that he contended with Ausonius in the composition of licentious poems.

Two of the Byzantine emperors secured some degree of reputation by their use of the pen. Leo VI., surnamed the Wise, who died in 911, compiled a book on tactic, filled with valuable details in illustration of the military science of the period. He was also the author of several books of profane and ecclesiastical science, and invented some sixteen oracles, founded on the arts of astrology and divination, which professed to reveal, in cloudy verbiage, the fates of the empire.

The works of Constantine VII., surnamed Porphyrogenitos (or "born in the purple," the first of the Roman princes to whom this surname was applied), attain a much higher literary standard. Thrust aside from the exercise of power for many years by the ambition of his uncle Alexander and his mother Zoë, and afterwards by the usurpation of Lecapenus, he was just forty before he obtained possession of the Eastern world. His exclusion enabled him to gratify his studious inclinations, and he found inexhaustible resources of recreation and culture in his books and music, his pen and pencil. After collecting a large library, which he dedicated to the public service,

he worked himself, and made others work under his superintendence, on the preparation of numerous extracts from the Greek authors. The most important of these to which he has affixed his name, contained, in fifty-three books, whatever he had noted as remarkable in the writings of antiquity. Unfortunately, very little of it is extant—only two books, one of which, the *Excerpta Legationum*, treats of embassies, the other of the virtues and vices. We owe to this accomplished and industrious prince two very curious books on the geography of the provinces of the Greek Empire ; a treatise on the imperial administration, another on the ceremonial of the Byzantine court, a life of his great father, the Emperor Basil, and a history of the famous Image of Edessa (the supposed portrait of Christ, miraculously impressed on a linen cloth). Zonaras, the historian, attributes to him some poetical compositions, the loss of which the world has probably no reason to regret.

Constantine was not only an author, but a painter of merit, and a skilled judge of sculpture and architecture. He was versed in the melting of metals and in shipbuilding. Further, he was an enthusiast in music, and composed several hymns of the Church. During his period of exclusion from the throne he was glad to eke out his meagre allowance by the sale of his pictures. Let us hope that their popularity was due to their intrinsic excellence, and not to the name of their artist.

I pass on to the royalty of France. Gregory of Tours places both sceptre and pen in the hands of King Chilperic, who wrote a small tractate on the mysterious subject of the Trinity, urging that we ought to speak of it without making any distinction of Persons, but simply using the name of God, affirming that it is an indignity to the Godhead to attribute to it any such qualification as one would to "a man made of flesh." King Chilperic did not confine his studies to theology. He wrote verses in imitation of Caius Sedulius, a Latin poet and Christian priest of the fifth century, author of the "Paschale Carmen;" he added to the Latin alphabet the Greek U and three other characters of his own invention, in order that he might render into that language several sounds of the Germanic tongues. And the same historian adds that "he sent directions into all the cities of his kingdom that children should be taught this enlarged alphabet, and that books of ancient writing should be erased with pumice stone and rewritten."

Charles the Great (Charlemagne), according to his biographer Eginhard, devoted, under the superintendence of his adviser Alcuin, much time and labour to the study of rhetoric, dialectic, and especially of astronomy, learning the art of calculating the procession of the stars,

and following their harmonious order with "vigilant attention and astonishing sagacity." He even attempted to write, and at the head of his bed always kept his tablets and copy-books, so as to practise the formation of the letters whenever he had a few minutes of leisure ; but he began this exercise too late in life to attain to any degree of success in it. His sinewy grasp was better fitted for sword or sceptre than the *stilus*. Before the time of the great Frankish Emperor the nations had had no written laws ; he gave orders that their customs should be set down in writing and formally registered. In the same way he took steps to preserve the old barbarous national songs which celebrated the deeds of the heroes of the past. Professor Bryce remarks that his Teutonic sympathies were shown in this gathering of "the old hero-lays," as well as in the composition of a German grammar. He adds : "His legislation, his assemblies, his administrative system, his magnificent works, recalling the projects of Alexander and Cæsar, the zeal for education and literature which he showed in the collecting of manuscripts, the founding of schools, the gathering of eminent men from all quarters around him, cannot be appreciated apart from his position as restorer of the Western Empire. Neither to Cæsar nor to Napoleon was he inferior in that one quality by which both he and they chiefly impress our imaginations—that intense, vivid, unresting energy which swept him over Europe in campaign after campaign ; which sought a field for its workings in theology, science, literature, no less than in politics and war."

The monastic author of the "Chronique de Saint-Bertin" says that Robert II. was very pious, prudent, scholarly, not ill versed in philosophy, and especially an excellent musician. He composed the prose hymn to the Holy Spirit, which begins, *Adsit nobis gratia*, the rhythms, *Judæa et Hierusalem, concede nobis, quæsumus*, and *Cornelius centurio*, which he offered at Rome on the altar of St. Peter, together with their appropriate musical setting, as also the antiphon *Eripe*, and numerous other fine compositions. His wife Constance, perceiving that he was always engaged in these pursuits, asked him, jestingly, to do something in memory of her. He thereupon wrote the rhythm, *O constantia martyrurum*, which his wife supposed was in fulfilment of her request. It was his custom to go to the Church of St. Denis, clothed in his royal robes, and with his crown on his head, and in this pomp of state he directed the choir at matins, at vespers, and at mass, singing along with the monks. On one occasion, happening to be investing a certain castle on the feast-day of St. Hippolytus, for whom he had a particular devotion, he left the

camp, and proceeded to the Church of St. Denis to direct the choir during mass ; and while he was chanting devoutly with the monks the *Agnus Dei*, the walls of the beleaguered castle fell in with a sudden crash, and the king's army entered and took possession, all of which Robert piously ascribed to the intervention of St. Hippolytus.

From the reign of this prince down to the end of the fifteenth century, none of the French sovereigns distinguished themselves in literature, art, or science.

Louis XI. is generally considered to have been one of the principal authors of the clever but licentious collection of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (1486). He also wrote a moral and political treatise, the *Rozier des Guerres*, addressed to his son, Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and was a singer of conspicuous merit. He was detained a prisoner in England from 1415 to 1440, when he returned to France. He died in 1465, at the ripe age of 74. His verses are mostly *renouveaux* and *roundels* in two rhymes : songs of Love and Spring, retaining the allegorical forms of the *Roman de la Rose*. Translations of two of his poems are included in Lang's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France." See also Miss Louisa Stuart Costello's "Specimens of the Early Poetry of France," from which I take a "specimen" of translation run mad :—

TRIOLET.

Dieu ! qu'il fait bon la regarder,
La gracieuse, bonne et belle !
Pour les grans biens qui sont en elle,
Chacun est prest de la louer.

Qui se pourrait d'elle lasser ?
Toujours sa beauté renouvelle.
Dieu ! qu'il fait bon la regarder,
La gracieuse, bonne et belle !

Par deçà, ni delà la mer,
Ne sçay dame ne damoiselle
Qui soit en tous biens parfaits telle—
C'est un songe que d'y penser :
Dieu ! qu'il fait bon la regarder !

Heaven ! 'tis delight to see how fair
Is she, my gentle love !
To serve her is my only care,
For all her bondage prove.
Who could be weary of her sight ?
Each day new beauties spring :
Just Heaven, who made her fair and
bright,
Inspires me while I sing.
In any land where'er the sea
Bathes some delicious shore,
Where'er the sweetest clime may be
The south wind wanders o'er,
'Tis but an idle dream to say
With her may aught compare :
The world no treasure can display
So precious and so fair.

It will be seen that Miss Costello's paraphrase not only introduces whole lines for which there is no warrant in the original, but wholly destroys its metrical form, and converts an elegant Triolet into an English drawing-room "ballad," with the regular two verses and the traditional jog-trot of rhyme and rhythm. There is still extant a

manuscript collection of the poems of Francis I., including a letter, partly in prose, which he addressed from his prison to one of his mistresses, an eclogue entitled *Admetus*, and a number of "occasional poems," marked by considerable grace and delicacy. Here is a specimen :—

Le mal d'amour est plus grand que ne pense
Celui qui l'a seulement oui dire ;
Ce qui nous semble ailleurs légère offense,
En amitié se répute martyre.
Chacun se plaint, et gémit, et soupire ;
Mais s'il survient une seule heure d'aise,
La douleur cesse, et le tourment s'apaise.

IMITATED.

Ah, heavier far the woes of love than they
Who but of hearsay know them can conceive :
That which might else seem but a light offence,
Fond hearts in friendship a deep wrong believe.
And so they sigh, and make complaint, and grieve :
But if there come a single hour of rest,
It soothes the pains of each tormented breast.—A.

His lines in commemoration of Agnes Sorel are well known. The following version seems to be more authentic than those generally given :—

" Ici dessoubz des belles gît l'eslite,
Car de louanges sa beauté plus merite,
Estant cause de France recouvrer,
Que tout cela que en cloître put envier
Clause nonnain, ou en désert hermite."

IMITATED.

" Here lies entombed the fairest of the fair :
To her rare beauty greater praise be given,
Than holy maids in cloistered cells may share,
Or hermits that in deserts live for heaven !
For by her charms recovered France arose,
Shook off her chains, and triumphed o'er her foes."

L. S. COSTELLO.

Henri II. was a great lover of poetry, and, under the influence of his passion for the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, wrote some love-poems of more than ordinary merit, because so frankly in earnest.

The elegant verses which Charles IX. addressed to the poet Ronsard are perhaps the best of his literary efforts. A graphic sketch of the royal author is furnished by the lively pen of Brantôme. "He caused a blacksmith's forge to be erected, and I have seen him forging arquebus-barrels, horse-shoes, and other articles

as lustily as the most robust of smiths. He was desirous of learning how to cast everything—the crown, the double ducat, the teston, and other coins, ores good and of good alloy, ores falsified and sophisticated ; and he took no little pleasure in exhibiting his skill.

“ Poetry, too, was an accomplishment which he wished to acquire, and he wrote verses very prettily. M. de Ronsard, in his work, has published a specimen ; I am astonished he has not included more, for the King composed a good deal of verse, and especially quatrains, which he turned with much dexterity, quickly and impromptu, as I can myself testify, since he frequently deigned to show them to his intimates on issuing from his cabinet. Very often, when the weather was bad, when it rained or was excessively hot, he would invite messieurs the poets to his cabinet, and there discourse with them. He did well to choose such opportunities, for in fair weather he was always out of doors, in the country, in motion, or playing tennis, which he was particularly fond of, saying :

‘ Life within doors, in palace or in hut,
Is but the burial of the living.’”

Henri Quatre composed several songs and poetical pieces, which have been brought together as an appendix to the “*Amours du Grand Alisandre*.” Most of them are love-lays addressed to his mistress, the beautiful Gabrielle d’Estrées, such as the “*Charmante Gabrielle*” (which was set to music by Du Caurroy, *maître de chapelle* to Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV.), the “*Viens, Aurore, je t’implore*,” and “*Le cœur blessé, les yeux en armes*.” Here are two or three verses of the first-named, the lilting measure of which is, I think, very agreeable :—

Charmante Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m’appelle
A la suite de Mars,
Cruelle départie !
Malheureux jour !
Que ne suis-je sans vie
Ou sans amour !

Bel astre que je quitte,
Ah, cruel souvenir !
Ma douleur s’en irrite :
Vous revoir ou mourir.
Cruelle départie !
Malheureux jour !
C’est trop peu d’une vie
Pour tant d’amour.

Charming Gabrielle,
Pierced with many a dart,
When glory bids me in
The train of Mars depart—
Cruel is my fate !
Day with sorrow rife !
Would that I were free
From love or life !

Bright star, whose beams I lose,
O cruel memory !
My grief each thought renews :
To see you or to die !
Cruel is my fate !
Day with sorrow rife !
O for so much love,
Too brief is life !

Je veux que mes trompettes,
 Mes fifres, ces échos,
 A tout moment répètent
 Ces doux et tristes mots !
 Cruelle départie !
 Malheureux jour !
 C'est trop peu d'une vie
 Pour tant d'amour.

Now let my trumpets ring,
 My fifes, the echoes near
 Repeating endlessly
 These words so sad yet dear !
 Cruel is my fate !
 Day with sorrow rife !
 O for so much love,
 Too brief is life !

In his edition of the works of Tallemant des Réaux, M. Monmerqué prints a deliciously naïve and boyish letter from Louis XIII., in his early years, to his father, Henry IV. :—

Papa,—Depuy que vous ete pati, j'ay bien donné du paisi à maman. J'ay été à la guere dans sa chambre, je sui allé reconete les enemy, il été tous a un t en la ruele du lit a maman où j dormé. Je les ay bien éveillé avec mon tambour. J'ay été à vote asena papa, moucheu de Rong ma monté tout plein de belles ames, e tan tan de go canon, e puy j m'a donné de bonne confiture e ung beau peti canon d'agen, j ne m fau qu'un peti cheval pour le tire. Maman me renvoie demain a Sain Germain où je pieray bien Dieu pou bon Papa afin qu'il vou gade de tout dangé et qu'il me fasse bien sage, e la gache de vou pouvoi bien to faire tes humbe seviles. J'ay fort envie de domi papa, Fe., Fe. Vendome vou dira le demeuran, et moy que je suj vote tes humbe et tes obeissan fi papa et seвитеu.

DAUPHIN.

Louis XIII. was a musical composer, and set to music the rondeau composed on the death of Cardinal Richelieu, "Il a passé, il a plié bagage," etc. Louis XIV., whose education was purposely neglected by his mother and Mazarin, so that, according to the testimony of his valet de chambre, La Porte, they would not allow any one to read to him the history of France, even with the laudable design of sending him to sleep, has not bequeathed to posterity any considerable number of compositions. A judicious selection was published in 1806. The first and second parts consisted of "Memoirs: Historical, Political, and Military"; the third, of the most interesting of his private letters. These papers, "worthy of the hand that wrote them," are illuminated frequently by very remarkable passages. Part the fourth comprises the *Opuscules Littéraires*; and the fifth, additions and "pièces justificatives." Among the Opuscula are two little songs, which, had they not been written by a king, no one would have thought of preserving. The sceptre, in this case, has come to the support of the pen.

The collection also includes a translation made by Louis XIV., when a boy, of the first book of Cæsar's Commentaries (which, by the way, was also translated by Henry IV. in his youth, and by a good many of us who are neither royal nor noble authors). It was originally printed in 1651, at the King's printers', under the title of

“La Guerre des Suisses, traduite du premier livre des Commentaires de Jules César par Louis XIV, Dieu-Donné, Roi de France et de Navarre.” Probably the young king, who was only thirteen when this translation was published, had a very small share in it. Otherwise he must have forgotten very quickly the little Latin which his tutor taught him; for, in 1662, at the magnificent fête given by the minister Fouquet at Vaux, he asked that the latter’s boastful device, *Quo non ascendam?* might be translated to him.

Of Louis XV. we possess a short geographical treatise, probably composed under the direction of his master, the celebrated geographer Delisle. It is entitled “Cours des principaux fleuves et rivières de l’Europe, composé et imprimé par Louis XV, roi de France,” 1718. When Louis XVI. was only twelve years old, thirty-six copies were printed of his “Description de la forêt de Compiègne, comme elle était en 1765, avec le Guide de la forêt, par Louis-Auguste, Dauphin,” Paris, 1766. In the same year appeared, by the same fortunate young author, “Maximes Morales et Politiques, tirées de Télémaque,” twenty-five copies being printed. In after life, Louis himself drew up the instructions to the ill-fated explorer, La Pérouse, which are inserted in the narrative of the latter’s disastrous expedition. Several other compositions bear his name, including the opening chapters of a translation of the great work of Gibbon, and a translation of Horace Walpole’s “Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.” And as his skill as a locksmith was well known, rumour pitched upon him as the author of a treatise on combination locks, printed in 1781, under the title of “Supplément à l’Art du Serrurier” (1781).

Louis XVIII., who quoted Horace in Latin, and put forward no small pretensions as a wit and a writer, published anonymously a number of political and literary essays, all stamped with the fatal seal of mediocrity. The best known is his “Relation d’un Voyage de Paris à Bruxelles et à Coblenz”—a narrative of his escape from France in June 1791—which was not printed until 1825. It would have been well for the reputation of the Vitellius of the French Monarchy if it had been consigned to the flames instead of to the press.

The energetic intellect of Napoleon has made its mark in literature. Here is a list of the principal works which were either entirely his own, or the largest portion of which must be ascribed to him:—“Lettre de M. Buonaparte à M. Matteo Buttafuoco, député de Corse à l’Assemblée Nationale,” 1790; “Le Souper de Beaucaire,” 1795; “Collection générale et complète de ses Lettres, Proclamations, Dis-

cours, Messages," &c., 1803 and 1813; "Correspondance inédite, officielle et confidentielle," 1818-1820; "Œuvres de Napoléon Bonaparte," 1821-1822; "Histoire de la Corse," published in *L'Illustration*, 1823; "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France sous Napoléon," by Gourgaud and Montholon, 1822-1825; and "Napoleon in Exile," by O'Meara, 1822. The "Histoire de la Corse" was written when he was a young artillery officer in garrison at Auxonne. It was there, too, that he wrote his Letter to M. Matteo Buttafuoco. The publisher was one Joly, of Dôle. The literary sub-lieutenant corrected the proofs, setting out on foot from Auxonne every morning at four o'clock for Dôle; after revising his proofs, he partook of an extremely frugal breakfast with Joly, and immediately departed on his return to Auxonne, where he arrived before noon, having thus walked upwards of twenty miles in the course of the morning. So great is the enthusiasm of a young author for the first-begotten of his brain!

Napoleon III. was, as everybody knows, the author of "History of Julius Cæsar" (never finished), on which he bestowed a vast amount of labour without obtaining any adequate results. It was published in two volumes in 1862; and an English translation appeared in 1865-6. The style is correct, but frigid and commonplace; never relieved by a picturesque touch; and the general effect is depressing. The Imperial penman, while an exile in England, wrote "Etudes sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie" (1846), which, I believe, military men regard with some degree of favour.

But our attention is now claimed by the Royal Authors of England.

Alfred the Great—no sovereign of any age or country better deserved the panegyric epithet by which the world occasionally acknowledges the intellectual or moral superiority of its rulers—as soon as he had restored peace and order in his long-distracted kingdom, took thought for the education of his people, and, re-establishing monasteries, endeavoured to make each one a centre of intellectual activity. In the king's opinion it was a fundamental requisite in a national system of education that the text-books used by the teachers should be in the national language; and, therefore, he made, or caused to be made, translations of such Latin works as he considered best adapted for this purpose. One was Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of Britain." Another was the "Universal History" of Orosius, to which the king made some useful additions. It is believed that he began the national record of events known to us as "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." He also turned into English the celebrated work of Boëthius, "The Consolations of Philosophy"—written in prison

about 525. Further, he translated the *Regula Pastoralis*, or Order for a Pastor, of Pope Gregory the Great, under the title of "Gregory's Book on the Care of the Soul." In an interesting preface he laments the decay of learning in his kingdom, and expresses his desire to bring about its revival. A copy of this tractate he sent to each of his bishops, with directions that it should be preserved in his cathedral for the use of the diocesan clergy.

Of King Alfred's compositions the most characteristic is the translation of Boëthius, into which he has put much of his own thought and feeling. It is in truth a paraphrase rather than a translation, the work of a man who, having found a congenial subject, takes it up and lingers over it until it comes to represent his own mind. The hard experience of his earlier years of manhood had fitted him to sympathise with the best of the Roman philosophers in his prison hours of silent meditation. He begins his task with an expression of humility. "Alfred king turned this book from Latin into English as plainly and clearly as he could, amid the manifold worldly avocations which often busied him in mind and body," and he ends it with an aspiration of devotion, praying, by the sign of the Holy Cross, by the virginity of the Blessed Mary, by the obedience of the Blessed Michael, and by the love and the merits of all the saints, that his mind may ever remain steadfast to the divine will and the need of his soul. I quote one of the "metres."

"Lo! now on earth is he
In everything
A happy man,
If he may see
The clearest
Heaven-shining stream,
The noble fountain
Of all good ;
And of himself
The swarthy mist,
The darkness of the mind,

Can dispel !
We will as yet,
With God's help,
With old and fabulous
Stories instruct
Thy mind ;
That thou the better mayest
Discover to the skies
The right path—
To the eternal region
Of our souls."

Henry II. wrote ballads in the soft Provençal tongue with much felicity. So did his son, Richard Cœur-de-Lion. When our troubadour-king was encamped before Jerusalem, the Duke of Burgundy's minstrels went about singing a scurrilous rhyme against him. This composition becoming current among the soldiers, Richard was much annoyed, but he thought, says Vinsauf, that a similar effusion would be the best mode of revenging himself on the authors, and he had not much difficulty in composing one, as the materials were abundant. A ballad which he composed during his imprisonment in the Emperor's castle

in the Tyrol has several times been reprinted. The poetical pieces with which his name is associated will be found in Leroux de Lincy's *Chants Historiques*, and in Raynouard's *Choix des Poésies des Troubadours*.

The literary ability of Henry VIII. was exercised in the dreary field of theological controversy. Trained from his childhood by theologians, he entered upon his reign "saturated with theological prepossessions," which abode with him to the end. Writing in 1515, the Venetian ambassador says of him, "He is so gifted and adorned with mental accomplishments of every sort, that we believe him to have few equals in the world. He speaks English, French, Latin, understands Italian well; plays almost on every instrument; sings and composes fairly; is prudent and sage, and free from every vice." William Thomas at a later period is not less eulogistic.—"He was learned in all sciences, and had the gift of many tongues. He was a perfect theologian, a good philosopher, and a strong man at arms, a jeweller, a perfect builder as well of fortresses as of pleasant palaces, and from one to another there was no necessary kind of knowledge, from a king's degree to a carter's, but he had an honest sight in it."

Among his political publications the most characteristic is, perhaps, "The Glasse of Truth," in which he denies the Papal supremacy. But he wrote with even greater vehemence against Luther in his Latin book, "On the Seven Sacraments," published in 1521, which obtained for him the flattering title of "Defender of the Faith." The original "Articles of Religion" were drawn by his pen.

James I. comes before us as one of the most prolific of Royal authors. When he was about eighteen, he gave to the world "The Essais of a Prentis in the Divine Art of Poesie," 1584. He afterwards condescended to apologize for their imperfections, as having been written in his youth, and his maturer age having been otherwise occupied. "So that (to use his own words), when his ingyne and age could, his affaires and fascherie would not permit him to correct them, scarslie, but at stolen moments, he having no leisure to blink upon any paper." His Majesty's "Poetical Exercises at Vacant Houres" appeared in 1591; his credulous book on Demonology, in which he professed to refute Wierus and Reginald Scott, and asserted his belief in witchcraft, in 1599. This foolish book unfortunately did much to revive the persecution of the poor creatures whom the malice or credulity of their neighbours branded as witches. In the previous year he had completed his "Basilikon Doron," a collection of maxims on the art of government—an art in which James regarded himself as a past master—drawn up for the instruc-

tion of his son Prince Henry. As he intended it to be kept from public knowledge, it may be taken to embody his real opinions. His "Counterblast to Tobacco" was published in 1604. James was also the author of an unfinished version of the Psalms; of an "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," a "Premonition to all Monarchs," and a "Commentary on the Apocalypse." His prose works were published by himself in 1616.

However contrary may be the judgments we feel inclined to pronounce upon Charles I. as a ruler, I suppose that everybody will admit him to have been an accomplished gentleman, with considerable intellectual powers and cultivated tastes. In the variety of his acquirements, few indeed of his subjects could have surpassed him. Nor were they all of a light or superficial character. He was deeply versed in the literature of theology, and in the laws and history of England. His knowledge of mathematics was extensive. He had studied the classics of Greece and Rome, and had an exceptional command of French, Spanish, and Italian. His appreciation of the fine arts was that of a judicious and well-informed critic. Nor was painting the only art he loved; he was passionately fond of music, was a pupil of Cooper, and played with skill on the viol de gambe. He greatly affected the society of men of letters, and was a friend of the poets, especially of May and Ben Jonson. Of Shakespeare he was an arduous and assiduous student.

It was his repute as a scholar and a man of many gifts which prepared the world to receive so readily as his own composition, the once famous "*Eikon Basilike*, a Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings;" which was issued by Richard Royston, the publisher, a few days after the king's execution, and produced a remarkable effect. Written in the first person, it professed to be Charles's own handiwork, intended to explain the motives of his policy, and, indirectly, to exhibit the depth of his piety. It is now known that, with the exception of two sections, it was written by Dr. John Gauden, incumbent of Barking in Essex, who, while engaged in its preparation, showed it to the Rev. Anthony Walker, rector of Fifield. More scrupulous than Gauden, Walker objected to the representation of Charles as its author, provoking from Gauden the adroit excuse: "Look on the title; 'tis 'the portraiture,' &c., and no man draws his own picture." Walker accompanied Gauden on a visit to Dr. Brian Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and left him and the bishop to enjoy some private conversation, after which Gauden informed him that the bishop approved of his work, but suggested that sections should be added on "The Ordi-

nance against the Common Prayer Book," and "Their denying His Majesty the Attendance of his Chaplains" (now Sections XVI. and XXIV.), which he agreed to write. When completed, the manuscript was sent to Charles I., who, during his imprisonment at Carisbrooke, corrected it in his own handwriting with a good deal of care. But as events succeeded one another with great rapidity, Dr. Gauden and his friends thought it advisable to publish at once, without waiting for the king's revision or sanction. Gauden's authorship was fully acknowledged by Charles II. (who said, that if the book had been published a week sooner, it would have saved his father's life), and by the Duke of York, and he was made Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards of Worcester, but never considered himself adequately repaid. And perhaps he was not; for to the *Eikon Basilike* was due the development of the legend of the martyr-saint which so long imposed on the national conscience, and even on the judgment of our historians, surrounding the king's memory with a false atmosphere, and obscuring the course of fair and candid criticism.

Charles occasionally amused himself in composition, and at Carisbrooke wrote some common-place verses—the "Suspiria Regalia, or Royal Sighs," and "Majesty in Misery." He also translated from the Latin Bishop Sanderson's treatise "De Juramentis."

To Charles II. is ascribed, by Sir John Hawkins, the authorship of a song beginning "I pass all my days in a shady old grove." James II. is represented by his "Memoirs," an autobiographical narrative beginning at the age of sixteen. Written entirely by his own hand, they formed four folio volumes, which, immediately after his death, were conveyed to the Scotch College at Paris. When the troubles of the French Revolution began, James, the principal of this college, transferred them to Father Stapleton, the principal of the English College at St. Omer, in order that he might send them at a suitable opportunity to London. As a measure of precaution, they were concealed in the cellar of an inhabitant of St. Omer. His wife, after the arrest of her husband, fearing a domiciliary visit, tore off and destroyed the magnificent bindings of these volumes, and eventually the manuscript contents were given to the flames. An abridgment, prepared from the original manuscript, was published by a person named Macpherson, but it contains numerous interpolations. "Part of the life," says Macaulay, "is of the very highest authority; the rest is the work of an ignorant and silly compiler, and of no more value than any common Jacobite pamphlet. Those passages which were copied from the memoirs written by James, and those passages which are carefully revised by his son, are among

the most useful materials for history. They contain the testimony of witnesses, who are undoubtedly under strong bias, and for whose bias large allowance ought to be made, but who had the best opportunities of learning the truth. The interstices between those precious portions of the narrative are sometimes filled with trash."

Prince Albert, as everybody knows, was an accomplished gentleman, with rare mental endowments. He possessed an extensive acquaintance with the science of music and the works of the best musicians, and was himself a composer of merit. Two or three of his chorales and hymn-tunes have acquired a wide reputation. His taste, both as an artist and an architectural student, was accurate and refined. His public addresses had always a note in them above the commonplace.

James I. of Scotland claims more from us than a passing notice. He was one of the skilfullest musicians of his time, and could play upon nearly all the instruments then in vogue. That he was a true and tender poet we know from his poem of "The King's Quair" (or "Little Book," Fr. *quayer* or *cahier*) in which he celebrates his passion for the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and niece to Henry IV. It is in six cantos, and in the seven-lined stanza adopted by Chaucer. The poet describes how he was taken prisoner in his boyhood; how, from his prison window, he listened to the songs of birds; and how he saw in the garden beneath, the lady who won his royal heart. When she was gone he felt as if all light had departed, and till evening lay with his head on a stone for pillow, half sleeping, half faint with sorrow. Then a wonderful radiance burst in at the window, and a voice said, "I bring thee comfort and healing; be not afraid." The glory departed, and he rose through sphere and sphere to Venus, to whom he told his story. She sent him to Minerva, who encouraged him with hopes of winning his love if he founded his passion on virtue, truth, and steadfastness, and lived a life worthy of her. He is then despatched to wait upon Fortune, who places him on her wheel, bids him be watchful, and takes him by the ear so sharply that he wakes, and finds that he has been dreaming. Rising from his troubled sleep, he goes to the window, and behold a white turtle dove, the messenger of Venus, suddenly alights on his hand, carrying in her bill a bunch of red gillyflowers with thin green stalks, and on every leaf he finds words of joy and consolation. Soon after the death of Henry V., the royal poet returned to his kingdom, with the Lady Jane as his bride, and was crowned at Scone in May, 1414. He reigned for upwards of

published in the second of the numerous tomes of the "Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum."

The Emperor Maximilian, who has pleasantly, if partially, drawn his own portrait in his book, "Der weiss Kunig," the White King, was endowed with brilliant talents. His writings mostly are lost; but we know that they included a summary of his discoveries in the military art; a description of his one hundred and forty pleasure gardens in Austria; treatises on heraldry, on the breeding and training of horses, on depôts of arms, on shooting, on falconry, on cooking, on wines, on fishing, on garden cultivation, on architecture, and on morals! Surely the Emperor was equalled by few of his contemporaries in versatility—the Admirable Crichton was nothing to him. He also engraved upon wood (it is said) the designs for a poem on the adventures of the famous knight Theuerdanuch.

Charles V., who all his life regretted the deficiencies of his early education, composed, as we read in Brantôme, a journal of his private life, *de sa main en Français*. The historian puts forward as his authority a letter which Belleforest has translated from the original Italian into French; and this letter adds that Guillaume Marindre, at Venice, made a Latin version of the imperial work.

The old Norse kings were almost all of them gifted with a certain lyrical faculty; and their wild but spirited songs of love, war, and adventure were absorbed in the oral literature of the age. I have space to mention only the famous Regnar Lodbrog ("Hairy Breeches") King of Denmark, whose "Death Song" is given in Percy's "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," Harald the Fairhaired, and Harald Hardrada, who began to compose songs of battle even in his boyhood. The gay ballad in which he describes his wooing and wedding of the daughter of the Russian king—each stanza ending with the refrain—

With golden ring in Russia's land,
To me the virgin plights her hand—

is translated by Herbert in his "Select Icelandic Poetry."

Swerro, King of Norway, who died in 1202, was the author of the "Miroir Royal," written in Icelandic, and published with Latin and Danish versions, under the title of the "Speculum Regale," in 1768. It contains a brief treatise on astronomy and practical physics, which is relieved by some beautiful poetic descriptions and some curious particulars of the volcanoes of Iceland. Another work by this able prince—a usurper, by the way—was published in 1810 with the title of "Anecdoton historiam Swereri regis Norvegiæ illustrans."

The illustrious Swedish hero and Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus, wrote some historical memoirs which—long preserved in manuscript in the palace at Stockholm—were partly destroyed in the conflagration of that palace. The fragments which escaped were published, with annotations by Borgius. On the occasion of this calamity the narrative of his travels, written by Charles X. at the age of sixteen, went astray. It was recovered at an auction in 1697, and published in the ninth volume of the collection known as the "*Bibliotheca Historica Sueogothica*," 1782-1805.

Of Gustavus IV., who was dethroned in 1809, and died in obscurity in March 1837, it is caustically recorded that he spent his last years in publishing political essays, apologies, and refutations which nobody read. The present king, as an author, is more fortunate.

Count von Raczynski, published at Warsaw in 1823 a collection of letters addressed by the hero-king of Poland, John Sobieski, to his wife, during the campaign in which he compelled the warriors of the Crescent to raise the siege of Vienna in 1683. King Stanislas Leczinski was the author of several works in Polish and French. The latter, dealing with philosophical, moral, and political themes, were collected in 1763 under the title of "*Œuvres du Philosophe Bienfaisant*."

Peter the Great translated into Russian, for the benefit of his subjects, numerous treatises on the arts, such as those on "*Architecture*," by Sebastien Leclerc; "*The Art of Turning*," by Plumier; and "*The Art of Constructing Sluices and Windmills*," by Sturm. In 1775 was published the Journal which he kept during his campaigns against Sweden (1690-1714); and about the same time appeared a collection of 318 letters addressed by the Czar to Field-Marshal Scheremetov.

In addition to several works in Russian and German, and her correspondence with Voltaire, of whom she was an enthusiastic admirer, the Empress Catherine II. wrote (in French) her "*Antidote*"—a severe retort upon the Abbé Chappe, who, in his "*Travels in Siberia*," had dealt very freely with Russian misgovernment. She also translated into French the historical play of "*Oleg*" from the Russian of Derschawin.

The works of Frederick the Great, all written in French, fill twenty-five octavo volumes, and consist of poems, letters, and historical memoirs. Among the last-named we may particularise his "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg*;" "*Histoire de mon Temps*" (1740-1745); and "*Histoire de la Guerre de Sept Ans*." In his literary work he had the advantage of Voltaire's revision; an advantage dearly purchased, however, at the

cost of being the wit's target. As when General Manstein, who had brought his memoirs to Voltaire for correction, was told—"The king sends me his dirty linen to wash, so yours must wait;" and when the critic, seeing on his table a packet of the royal poetry waiting for his examination, exclaimed—"This man is both Cæsar and Abbé Cotin" (a very indifferent rhymester, satirised by Boileau). His estimate of Frederick's literary pretensions will be found in his satirical brochure, "Memoirs of the Life of M. de Voltaire." We know Macaulay's—"The king's odes and epistles are a little better than Cibber's and a little worse than Hayley's. Here and there a manly sentiment which deserves to be in prose makes its appearance in company with Prometheus and Orpheus, Elysium and Acheron, the plaintive Philomel, the poppies of Morpheus, and all the other frippery which, like a robe tossed by a proud beauty to her waiting-maid, has long been contemptuously abandoned by genius to mediocrity."

We read that Siochet, one of the Gothic kings of Spain (died in 621), was the author of a Latin poem, "De Eclipsibus Solis et Lunæ," of which a fragment is preserved in Baumann's "Anthologia Latina."

Alphonso II., King of Aragon, who ascended the throne in 1162, was a great patron of the Troubadours, and himself belonged to that singing fraternity. Of his poetical efforts, written in the Limousin dialect, only one, a love song, has escaped Libitina.

Alphonso X., King of Castile, born in 1221, died in 1266, was surnamed "El Sabio," or the Wise, from his love of letters. To the language, literature, and science of Spain he rendered important services, while the welfare of its inhabitants was promoted by the code of laws, "Las Siete Partidas," which he drew up. He wrote poetry which, for a king, was very good. There is no little fancy displayed in his "Book of the Treasure" (*Libro del Tesoro*), in which he dwells upon the benefits to grow from the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone. He dabbled in astrology and chemistry, as well as in poetry, while his admirable acquirements as an astronomer are testified by his "Alphonsine Tables;" unless, indeed, we are to believe the statement that they were constructed by Isaac Hazan, a Jewish Rabbi, and that he named them after his patron. Certain it is that Alphonso caused the Bible to be translated into Castilian, and a Chronicle of Spain to be compiled, and that he was one of the most learned and polished princes of his time.

The Troubadours can lay claim to several royal names. One of the most distinguished was Thibault, or Thibaud, Count of Champagne, who, in 1234, succeeded his uncle Sancho as King of

Navarre. In 1239 he assumed the Cross, and fought against the Paynim. Returning home in 1241, he devoted his energies to the wise administration of his dominions, cultivated poetry, and drew to his court the men most eminent for their love of letters. His skill as a minstrel procured him the title of "The Song Maker," (*Le Faiseur de Chansons*), a much better one than that of "Conqueror." He was the first to intermingle masculine and feminine rhymes. The following chanson is chosen as a specimen of his work, because it is brief (see the edition of his Poems, in two volumes, by Lévesque de la Ravillière, 1742):—

Une chançon encor voil	Simple et franc(he) e sans orgoil
Faire, pour moi conforter ;	Quidai ² ma dame trover :
Pour celi dont je me doil ¹	Molt me fut de bel acoil,
Voeil mon chant renoverer :	Mès ce fut pour moi grever.
Por ce ai talent de chanter ;	Si sont a li mi penser,
Car quant je ne chant, mi oil	Ke la nuit, quant je somoil,
Torment sovent en plorer.	Va mes cuers merci crier.

Then there was his contemporary and friend, Raoul or Henri, Comte de Soissons, who followed St. Louis to the Holy Land, was taken prisoner at the Battle of Massura in 1251, and, like other prisoners, found the Muse a soothing companion in his captivity. Also Guillaume IX., Count de Poitou and Duc d'Aquitaine (died in 1122), who was distinguished by his personal gifts, his bravery, and the elegance of his *chansons*. Also, Geoffroi Rudel, Prince de Haye, who resided for some time at the court of Richard. His imagination being fired by the stories which reached him of the beauty and grace of a certain Countess of Tripoli, he went on a pilgrimage to visit her, in spite of the entreaties of his friend, Geoffrey Plantagenet, brother of Cœur-de-Lion. An unkind fate so ordered it that he was seized with a mortal illness, and lived only to reach the shores of Tripoli. The Countess, hearing that the famous troubadour was dying for her love, immediately went on board his ship, and, taking his hand, entreated him to live for her sake. "Rudel," we are told, "already speechless, and almost in the agonies of death, revived for a moment at this unexpected grace; he was just able to express, by a last effort, the excess of his gratitude and love, and expired in her arms. Thereupon the Countess wept bitterly, and vowed herself to a life of penance for the loss she had caused to the world. She commanded that the last song which Rudel had composed in her honour should be transcribed in letters of gold, and carried it always in her bosom; and his remains were

¹ Désolé.

² Cuidai, I thought.

enclosed in a magnificent mausoleum of porphyry, with an Arabic inscription commemorating his genius and his love for her."

Returning to the "crowned heads" of the Iberian peninsula, we meet with Juan II., King of Castille (1407-1454), who was a patron of poets and a master of love-song. Among the Portuguese the first name I meet with is that of Francisco de Portugal, Conde de Vimioso, who, however, never held an independent sceptre, though he was of royal blood. His "Obras Poeticas" were published in 1516. Of Denis, King of Portugal, who died in 1325, two "Cancioneiros"—one containing hymns to the Virgin, and the other verses on secular subjects—were long preserved. In the "Cancioneiro Geral," edited by Garcia de Resonde¹ in 1516, some lyrical poems occur by King Pedro,² who died in 1369, and others by the Infante Don Pedro, son of John I., in the early part of the fifteenth century.

Duarte, King of Portugal, who died of the plague in 1438, was a voluminous author. His principal work, to the composition of which he was urged by his wife, is a summary of moral, political, and philosophical maxims, entitled *Leal Conselheiro*—"The Faithful Counsellor." To Immanuele III., who died in 1521, is assigned a "History of the Indies," of which fragments are extant. And Cardinal Enrique, King of Portugal, died 1589, was the author of several works, chiefly devotional and ascetic in character, of which the best known, "Meditations on the Mystery of the Life of the Saviour," has been several times translated into Latin.

Crowned heads in Italy have been numerous enough, but crowned authors are—to use the striking phrase of Tacitus, which Earl Russell popularised in England—conspicuous by their absence. One can count them on one's fingers. Lorenzo de' Medici, who received the splendid surname of the Magnificent, and, in allusion to his liberal patronage of arts and letters, has also been called the Augustus of Florence, was a scholar of considerable attainments, and in his youth showed much taste and talent in the composition of sonnets, *Canti carnascialeschi*, or carnival songs, and dramas. Philosophical studies, and especially Platonism, flourished largely under his enlightened

¹ A short poem, in Moorish metre, beginning "Adò hallara holgança," is printed (it is said) by Barbosa, who extracted it from the MS. Cancioneiro of P. Pedro Ribeiro.

² It is related of this lover of letters that King Joam II., one night after he had retired to bed, asked him if he could recite the Trovas of Jorge Manrique, beginning, "Recorde el alma dormida." Resonde, gifted with a tenacious memory, repeated them—to the great delight of the king, who said it was as necessary for a man to know those Trovas as to know his Paternoster.

support. "He sought in ancient learning," as Hallam puts it, "something more elevated than the narrow, though necessary, researches of criticism. In a villa overhanging the town of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment."

A specimen of his sonnets may interest the reader :—

Oft on the recollection sweet I dwell,—
Yea, never from my mind can aught efface
The dress my mistress wore, the time, the place
Where first she fixed my eyes in raptured spell.
How she then looked, thou, Love, rememberest well,
For thou her side hast never ceased to grace ;
Her gentle air, her sweet angelic face,
The power of language and of thought excel.
When o'er the mountain-peaks deep-clad in snow
Apollo pours a flood of golden light,
So down her white-robed limbs did stream her hair :
The time and place 'twere words but lost to show ;
It must be day where shines a sun so bright,
And Paradise where dwells a form so fair.

The Tuscan verses of Robert of Anjou, king of Naples, died in 1543, were collected and published at Rome by Ubaldino in 1642. René of Anjou, king of Naples, poet, painter, and musician, of interest to us Englishmen as the father of Queen Margaret, the lion-hearted wife of Henry VI., plied an active pen. His writings were edited by the Comte de Quatrebarbes in 1845.

Some of the Oriental princes have contributed to the literature of the countries over which they reigned. I shall notice only the following : Timúr, or Tamerlane, who wrote a history of his own life in the Institutions, *Malpûgat Tímurí*, translated by Major Stewart. It is couched in the plain and picturesque style of *Túrkí* autobiography, and throws a vivid light on the character of an extraordinary man. Báber, the founder of the Mughal empire, also compiled his own memoirs ; they have been translated by Mr. Erskine. They contain a minute account of the events that marked his career, together with an unaffected and evidently sincere expression of his thoughts and feelings. "The style," says Elphinstone, "is plain and manly, as well as lively and picturesque ; and being the work of a man of genius and observation, it presents his countrymen and contemporaries, in their appearance, manners, pursuits, and actions, as clearly as in a mirror ; In this respect it is almost the only specimen of real history in Asia ;

the ordinary writers, though they give pompous accounts of the deeds and ceremonies of the great, are apt to omit the lives and manners even of that class, while everything beneath their level is left entirely out of sight. In Báber the figures, dress, tastes, and habits of each individual introduced are described with such minuteness and reality that one seems to live among them and to know their persons as well as their characters. His descriptions of the countries he visited, their scenery, climate, productions, and works of art and industry, are more full and accurate than will, perhaps, be found, in equal space, in any modern traveller ; and, considering the circumstances in which they were compiled, are truly surprising." Mr. Erskine's translation is admirable.

The Emperor Jehángír likewise compiled an autobiography, but it extends over a period of only eighteen years. It contains a good deal of information about persons and events, and presents many indications of a quick and observant faculty. An undue space is given, perhaps, to stories of magical performances, which, though obviously the result of ventriloquism and legerdemain, are all regarded by the Emperor as manifestations of supernatural power. Mr. Morley, in his Catalogue, describes it as one of the most curious and interesting works in the whole range of the Muhammadan literature of India, presenting as it does a complete picture of the private life of one of the most powerful of the world's rulers, as well as of the manners of his court and the chief events of his reign.

Dúra Shukóh, son of Shah Jehán, wrote a book with a view of harmonising the Hindú and Muhammadan doctrines. Aurangzib, the last of the Great Mughals, was a copious letter-writer. Three collections of his letters are extant : the " *Kalámát i Taibát*," published by one of his chief secretaries ; the " *Rokáim i Karáim*," by the son of another secretary ; and the " *Dastúr ul Aml Agáhi*," collected from all quarters, thirty-eight years after his death. These letters are usually garnished by a poetical quotation or a text from the Kurán. They are sometimes familiar, and even humorous, especially those to his son. One, written after he was eighty years old, ends with some burlesque verses, of two or three words long, each giving a jocular description of one of his principal courtiers.

In Captain Raverty's " *Specimens of Afghan Poetry* " will be found several poems written by Khúsh Khál (about 1670-1680), Khan of the tribe of Khatak. They are distinguished by their high and ardent tone, and their spirit of patriotism and independence.

Let us now glance at a few of the literary queens who have occasionally laid aside the sceptre and taken up the pen. The first name

that occurs to an English writer is necessarily that of Queen Elizabeth, who composed verses in Greek, Latin, and English. Her best efforts were those with which she beguiled the tedium of her imprisonment during the reign of her sister Mary. Her knowledge of Latin was so thorough that she could *think* in it, while she spoke it with a peculiar elegance and fluency. It was in clear and vigorous Latin she reprimanded the Polish Ambassador in 1597, when it might have been thought that declining years would have enfeebled her memory. "Lion-like rising," says Speed, "she daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately air and majestic deporture than with the tartness of her princely checks; and, turning to the train of her attendants, thus said: 'God's death, my lords (for that was her oath even in anger), I have been enforced this day to serve up my old Latin, that hath lain long in rusting.'"

Camden tells us that she either read or wrote something every day; that she translated Sallust "*De Bello Jugurthino*;" and that only five years before her death she rendered into English the greater part of Horace's "*Epistolæ ad Pisones*," and Plutarch's treatise, "*De Curiositate*." As to her knowledge of Greek, North, in dedicating to her his famous translation of Plutarch's Lives, says,—“For, most gracious sovereign, though this book be no book for your Majesty's self, who are meeter to be the chief story than a student therein, and can better understand it in Greek than any man can make it in English.” She turned two orations of Isocrates and a play of Euripides into Latin. Her familiarity with many languages is attested by Hentzner, an unprejudiced witness. “She spoke very graciously,” he says, “first to me, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch.”

She was also a good musician, according to the limited range of the divine science at that time; and her skill upon the virginals was a constant theme with her flatterers.

Her fair rival, Mary Queen of Scots, had a dainty manner in her verse-making, both in French and Latin. The poems on the death of her husband, Francis II. of France, and her "*Adieu to France*," are well known. The latter may find a place here in its English form:—

Adieu, belovèd France, to thee—
Dear native land.
The cherished strand
That nursed my tender infancy

Farewell, my childhood's happy day !
 The bark that bears me thus away
 Bears but the poorer moiety hence ;
 The nobler half remains with thee,—
 I leave it to thy confidence,
 But to remind thee still of me !¹

The two Marguerites of Navarre both belong to the category of Royal Authors. The elder Marguerite, the sister of Francis I., enjoys a dubious immortality as the author of the "Heptameron, ou Sept Journées de la Reyne de Navarre," the warm colouring of which is specially remarkable when we contrast it with the same writer's "Mirror of a Sinful Soul." A collection of her poems and other pieces appeared in 1547, two years before her death, under the title of "Marguerites [Pearls] de la Marguerite des Princesses." The same Marguerite was the fair but frail queen of Henri Quatre. When confined in the Louvre she drew up an exceedingly clever apology for her irregularities of conduct. Her poetical compositions are light but graceful ; her letters ripple with vivacity. All her extant writings have been published by Guessard in the Collection of the French Historical Society.

Brantôme speaks of Elizabeth, Queen of Charles IX., as an authoress. None of her compositions seem to have been preserved.

The correspondence of Marguerite of Austria with her father, the Emperor Maximilian, has been published. It is said that she wrote several *chansons*, but I can meet with no specimens of them. Christina, Queen of Sweden, the patron of Descartes and Filicaja, wielded her pen with as dauntless a courage as her sceptre. Her compositions are preserved by Archenholz in his biography of the Queen (ed. 1751).

Queen Victoria has enrolled herself in the distinguished company of Royal Authors, to the great satisfaction of her loyal subjects ; and the Queen of Roumania (as "Carmen Sylva") has also sought the suffrages of the reading public.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

¹ It is right to say that the authenticity of these Adieus has been doubted. Brantôme does not refer to them, though he preserves the Queen's stanzas on the death of her husband,

D'ISRAELI THE NOVELIST.

WHILST Disraeli, the novelist, is well-known and popular in manifold and cheap editions, D'Israeli, the novelist, is unknown, and his fictions are sought only by collectors in the by-paths of literature, and by the *habitués* of the less frequented corners of the great libraries. D'Israeli, the literary antiquary, has completely eclipsed D'Israeli, the writer of verse and fiction. The irony of fate makes his reputation depend upon the book about which he cared so little that in its primitive form he gave the copyright away. The author of the "Curiosities of Literature" has a secure place in English literature, but his novels are not likely to be studied except by way of contrast to the brilliant fictions of his son. D'Israeli's "Defence of Poetry" appeared in 1790; the first volume of the "Curiosities" in 1791, and the second in 1793; "The Dissertation on Anecdotes" in 1793; the "Literary Character" in 1795; and the "Miscellanies" in 1796. He was, therefore, a popular author when in 1797 he gave to the world "Flim-Flams," "Vaurien," and "Leila and Mejnoun." The last-named was afterwards included in a volume of short "Romances," published in 1797 and again in 1801. In 1811 appeared "Despotism," an historical novel, dealing with the fall of the Jesuits. After this long excursion into the realm of fiction, D'Israeli returned to his more fruitful field, and produced the "Calamities of Authors" in 1813 and "Quarrels of Authors" in the succeeding year. The rest of his literary life was devoted to historical and literary research.

Fiction was then but an episode in the life of the antiquary, who has given us so many pleasant hours that we forgive even his occasional inaccuracies. Some future D'Israeli may write the "Secret History" of these novels, but a mere examination is all that is now possible. Of the short stories collected in the volume entitled "Romances" the most notable is "Leila and Mejnoun," for which the distinction is sometimes inaccurately claimed of being the earliest Oriental tale in the English language. It was written at the suggestion of Sir William Ouseley, who brought under D'Israeli's notice

the Persian poem on the loves of "Arabian Petrarch and Laura." The "Lovers" is a story in which the origin of various useful and ornamental arts is ascribed to a love-lighted swain, whose cleverness becomes positively offensive to the reader, conscious that under parallel circumstances *he* could not have displayed such intellectual ingenuity and manual dexterity. "Flim-Flams," which came to a second edition in 1806, can with difficulty be classified. The author called it "a literary romance," but it has no plot, and the characters are devoid of characterisation. The secondary title of the book, "The Life and Errors of my Uncle and his Friends," although not very explanatory, gives some hint of the plan of the author, who describes and satirises in succession philosophers, antiquaries, evolutionists, bibliomaniacs, Edinburgh reviewers, naturalists, vivisectors, andscape gardeners, virtuosi, and other persons who had become obnoxious to the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." Each scarification is accompanied by justificatory notes and extracts, but when satire has to be supported by the crutches of annotation we need not be surprised if her steps are somewhat halting and lame. Satire in three volumes is not "sweetness long drawn out," and what might have been effective in seven or even in seventy pages becomes intolerable when diluted and spread over more than seven hundred and eighty. But although "Flim-Flams" possesses no real claim as literature, and has a vein of coarseness that would not now be appreciated, there are some clever touches in it. Of a great prize cattle-raiser we are told:—

"In his familiar intercourse with brutes, it was to be expected that he would naturally contract some of their habits. Bulbo chafed in argument, would butt his head like his own celebrated black ram, and often haughtily knit his brows, affecting the air of his prize ox in a show of cattle." The reviewers fare badly. An "Arch Constable" is represented as inviting a crew of jovial beggars to an ale-house supper, and there the "principles" for the conduct of the new review, the *Edinburgh*, are discussed and enforced. "We are," observes one of the critics, "to hit the vulnerable heel of each literary Achilles. No work of genius can unite opposite characters of excellence. The merits of the finest writers may be compressed in one impressive sentence; the qualities adverse to their genius will afford us pages! Here we open a perpetual fountain of criticism whence the 'waters of bitterness' can never cease to well." There is a description of a literary dinner, unfortunately too long for quotation. A "professor," evidently intended for Porson, and a "doctor," who may be Parr or Gillies, after quarrelling over an "emendation," betake themselves to a brandy-

duel by drinking out of a pair of shoes! "Each had his boot beside him—and the professor was singing Greek epigrams, while the doctor was declaiming passages from the 'Orations of Lysias'—my uncle holding both his hands to his ears—but the Grecians felt themselves annoyed by the Oriental Poet, who, rambling on through his ode to Vishnu invoking the sun, suddenly leaped upon his chair—there he called for 'lights! lights!' The comic dramatist and the sentimentalist, the one laughing and the other in rapture, were on their knees before him, each holding a candle! Caconous and Too-many were both under the table asleep beside each other. The rival of Gibbon was balancing a period with Dr. Creechory, at which the Translator was modestly listening. There was no one sober in the room but myself and the Reviewer, who was really as cold-blooded as a frog. Tapping me on the shoulder as he snatched up his hat, he whispered in my ear: 'You wonder that my patience is exhausted! See what a set of drunken dogs come before me every month!'"

The most important of D'Israeli's novels was "Vaurien," a story not easily described, as there is little or no connected plot upon which to string the descriptions of characters forming its only interest and justification. Charles Hamilton, the son of a country clergyman, makes his first journey to London, where he is to enjoy the patronage of Lord Belfield. His first experience is that of being robbed by a man whose appearance seems a guarantee of respectability and benevolence. His second is to accuse a police-runner of being the thief. On escaping from these difficulties he is accosted by a street-walker past her prime, and on inquiry finds that she is an unfortunate widow, whose vicious life springs not from wantonness but from the necessity of supplying her brood of orphan children with bread. Charles befriends her and sets her up in a small shop where she has for lodgers a poor old blind lieutenant and his daughter, who, of course, is the heroine of the novel. Charles, as an inmate of the house of Lord Belfield, has an opportunity of seeing many and diverse characters. The peer and his wife have each agreed to treat the seventh commandment as non-existent, and Lord Belfield is also mixed up with conspirators who desire to bring about a social cataclysm on the pattern of the French Revolution. The chief of these conspirators is M. Vaurien, a French *émigré* or emissary, who becomes the bosom friend of Charles, and treacherously endeavours to supplant him in the affections of Emily, the blind lieutenant's daughter, who, on her father's death, has become the companion first of Miss Million and then of Lady Belfield. The means by which the lovers are separated are slander and forgery,

followed by the arrest of Charles for an illusory debt. Lady Belfield is represented as the willing accomplice of Vaurien in his designs against the virtue of Emily. The English Government having got wind of the political plot, some of the conspirators are arrested and others fly. Vaurien receives a peremptory order to quit the country, but before leaving he writes to Emily a letter in which his treachery is confessed and explained. The future happiness of the lovers is thus left to be inferred. This is not a very promising story, and the interest depends not upon the development of the plot but upon certain epigrammatic touches and broadly satirical character-painting. The influence of Voltaire is often evident, as when Charles observes: "I have much to learn in this metropolis where the most finished gentleman is the most noted pickpocket; the oldest thief an officer of justice; and a prostitute a virtuous and affectionate parent;" and also in this description of Lord Belfield's philosophical coterie: "Here were assembled that great philosopher, Mr. Subtile, the coldest blooded metaphysician of the age; Mr. Reverberator, who, in the intense furnace of his imagination with the combustible materials he collected from Mr. Subtile, reverberated the flames with a triple force; Dr. Bounce, a square, squat, sullen and volcanic presbyter; Mr. Rant, the successful rival of Orator Henley, whose benches were covered with the loose remnants of shop-boards, wild apprentices; those threads of humanity, tiny taylor, and with the bloody offal of butchers' stalls; Mr. Libel, that silver-voiced assassin, editor of a newspaper; Janus-faced, one to smile and the other to sneer, and who to calumniate the more effectually was solicitous of an universal acquaintance. Mr. Dragon, a political Sangrado, who was for giving the nation a copious bleeding to invigorate and purify its constitution; and Mr. Sympathy who had invented a new religion." The discussion amongst these worthies is clever but unreal. Mr. Dragon, the sanguinary regenerator of Society, was "displeased to see the assembly break up before he could exhibit two models of Republican instruments—a walking-cane in which nine daggers were so artificially fixed that they could thrust in nine directions, and a fowling-piece containing nine barrels which were managed by one trigger. It was in this manner that he proposed arming every citizen, and enlightening a nation by the flames of its metropolis." The only Anglican clergyman described is the Rev. Ephraim Dandelion, "who had great interest with the Prince [of Wales], for two reasons: In a drunken frolic at Brighton he had received the honour of being thrown into a gravel-pit, by which means he broke his leg; but as his neck was entire he did not much lament the fracture, since it was a kind of claim on princely patronage: and the other reason was that the

Rev. Ephraim Dandelion was a person of inimitable talent, in imitating the bray of an ass and the whine of a pig. The ass and the pig, with the above-mentioned dash into the gravel-pit, procured him an honorary place in the Prince's army of chaplains. This honour brings with it the useful privilege of enabling the possessor to hold as many livings as he can get, while it comfortably relieves him of the tedious duty of residence; so the happy Ephraim, aspiring now to a bishopric, never more entered the palace of his bishop." The profession to which D'Israeli belonged did not escape his lash: "Subtile was superior to the profession he assumed; for soon he discovered that literature was one of the numerous trades of London, and that those who were bankrupts in all others attempted to enrich themselves in this. He found that Newgate was the Parnassus of the age; and saw with astonishment and contempt that men incapable of everything conceived themselves able to instruct others in all things; that many composed histories without the *materia historica*, the echo of an echo, the shade of a shadow; and that the most illiterate were at least editors of cyclopædias." There is cleverness, too, in the portrait of Professor Lotus and his wife: "Her usual manner of conversation is generally in this manner—'This is just, my dear, as you have observed in the "Life of the King of Sweden;"' or, 'Professor Lotus has described this admirably in his "Universal History."' At which the learned professor strokes his face, grinning with complacency, and casts a look around, meaning: 'It is very true; I have said this in my history.'" The least offensive representative of literature in the story is Mr. Johnson, a bookseller's hack. He tells Charles: "I have been in company with two of our finest poets, four of our great historians, a dozen of our fanciful novelists, and they were as solemn and as dull as a court of aldermen when there is no business to transact. The fire of genius has become quite of a culinary nature; an immense fire, raised for the moment, for the preparation of some delicious repast, but, when that is performed, the saving housewife screws up the sides, takes out the coals and leaves it in an ordinary dimension." Johnson lets Charles into the secret of his occupation. "Sir, I am a writer (which, you see, is no synonyme of author) of a library. I have written 'Travels into Russia,' 'Tours into Scotland,' 'Embassies to China,' an Earl's 'Philosophical Essays,' a Baronet's 'Economical Researches,' a Doctor's 'History,' and a Councillor's 'Reports.' I am the venerable parent of a dozen as chopping literary boys as walk this town. You know this is an age of authors, and you perceive one of the reasons." The publishers do not escape: "You know that all the arts and sciences, all the wit and genius of the age, are

absolutely under the controul of the Rivingtons and the Robinsons, brothers and booksellers." In a note the author observes : "It is supposed that Messrs. Rivingtons occasionally write some of the Greek articles in the *British Critic*, and that Messrs. Robinson write what articles they chuse"—in the *Critical Review*, that is, of which they were the proprietors. One of the projects attributed to Vaurien is that of "assembling the dispersed Hebrews." This is apparently introduced in order to give D'Israeli the opportunity, first, of describing a modern Jewish philosopher eating pork-chops and reading Mendelssohn's "Phædon," and, secondly, of introducing a long dissertation on the past persecutions and future destiny of his race. Another extraordinary character described by D'Israeli is the Platonist, Thomas Taylor, who is represented as singing a morning hymn to Apollo, and "changing his seat with the motions of his god, so that in the course of the day he and the sun went regularly round the apartment." It is easy to detect the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." His learning overpowers his judgment, and makes its appearance where it is out of place and indeed ridiculous. Thus Mrs. Bully, the censoriously religious housekeeper, is represented as a reader of St. Augustine, Sir Roger L'Estrange, South, Stanhope, Scott, Laud, Bishop Blackhall and the pamphlets of Cromwell's times, and as being acquainted with "the distinctions and the differences between Trinunities, Coessentialities, Modalities, eternal Generations, eternal Processions, Incarnations, and Hypostatical Unions." This good lady finds a copy of Bernard's "Art de l'Aimer," which has been slipped inside a book of Emily's by one of her admirers. Thereupon Mrs. Bully exclaims: "'Abominable! 't isn't fit to be read by a Christian! Very well, Miss Emily! Not fit to be read!' So saying, she snatched the poem, hurried to her chamber, sat down, and, having quite read it through, locked it up in one of her secret drawers."

It is evident that Isaac D'Israeli had both the satirical faculty and the power of epigrammatic utterance which, possessed in a still greater degree, contributed so largely to the success of his son both as an author and as an orator. But D'Israeli has not the faintest idea of a plot, and incident succeeds incident, and character follows character, for no other purpose than to introduce a fresh disquisition. The book which seems to be his model is the "Candide" of Voltaire, but he cannot bend the Frenchman's bow, and he is too often overmastered by his own erudition or by the vanity that prompts its display. His personages lack bone and muscle; they are not men and women, but abstractions and shadows. This is, after all, what might be expected, for the elder D'Israeli was a man of the

study and not of the world, and in his novels, as in his essays, he draws rather upon reading than observation. His brilliant son inherited the taste and faculty of epigram, but he moved in circles whose members furnished "human documents" for his satirical annotation. If he did not evade the paternal inaccuracy, he at all events escaped his tedious dullness. Disraeli had not the information of D'Israeli, but his baggage of learning, if smaller, was more really useful than the vast impedimenta that obstructed the progress of the elder man. D'Israeli the novelist is dull, whilst Disraeli the novelist is never dull. And yet the careful student must see, and the candid one admit, that many of the best qualities of Disraeli the novelist, though in a crude form and obscured by artistic mistakes, are to be found in D'Israeli the novelist.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

IN NEW ZEALAND.

SHORTLY after our return to Auckland¹ Allingham left me, going down to a sheep run in the Southern Island, and I whiled away the time in botanical rambles, and short visits of a few days' duration to people I knew who lived in the country. At their houses I had a pleasant time, with plenty of boating, bathing, and fruit. When the heat began to wax greater daily, and the dust and flies to grow unbearable, I thought it high time to quit Auckland again for the Bush, and I pitched on a place called Mahurangi for my summer resort. The man with whom I now took up my abode was called Snow. I did not know much of him, and the little I did know I did not much like; but the arrangement seemed in some ways suitable and convenient, and at the time I knew of no better. So on a fine summer afternoon I went aboard a little craft of 22 tons bound for Mahurangi Heads—six miles from the place of my destination, and about halfway between Auckland and Mangawai. Sole occupant of the vessel, I remained many hours listlessly and wearily on deck while her crew were ashore, drunk; and it was after 10 P.M. before they were sufficiently sober to heave the anchor. I slept on deck all night, in the company of some odious women who drank more gin apiece in a few hours than would suffice me for a lifetime. We cast anchor inside Mahurangi Heads about dawn. On the abrupt and rocky shores grew great Pohutu-kawas (*Metrosideros tomentosa*) whose globes of crimson bloom shone glorious in the rising sun, and gave to the landscape an aspect, if not picturesque, yet so extraordinary that in my admiration I forgot for a time the drunken Gamps and Priggs on board. In all the creeks and turnings of the land-locked fiord were but three or four houses at most, so snugly and peacefully enveloped in noble foliage hard by the murmuring tide that one wondered with great wonder how they could be other than the abodes of quiet content and joy. Yet, when little boats tied to the branches of overhanging trees were loosened and brought off to receive their returning owners, I observed the first thing stowed in them from the vessel's

¹ See the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1889.

side was invariably a case of gin. And this "intolerable deal" of gin I think it was which lay at the root of all the discomfort and want of poetry I discovered ere long, and which, where all else was lovely, lay on the surface—apparent and unabashed.

I was the last of the passengers to quit the ship; and, going in a dingey two or three miles further up the creek, went on foot to Snow's shanty, which lay barely three miles from the water's edge, and all the way through a noble forest. I soon settled down in my new quarters, which were roomy and comfortable, at least compared with my Te Arai experiences. Our hut, it is true, was only of chips, unseasoned slabs, and such light, flimsy stuff. On wet days the water certainly did soak in, dripping on us even in our beds. But it was an airy, wholesome place, with a free ventilation. To say that there were crevices in the walls is a weak way of putting it. There were gaps or fissures through which, as well as down the chimney, our cat—for we kept one—would make her exits and her entrances as freely as by the legitimate doorway. I must bestow one sentence (by way of doubtful panegyric) on our poor dead cat, a vain and foolish creature as ever was kitted. I christened her "*Eitel*." A "harmless, necessary" beast she most assuredly was not: I should have been inclined to call her *hurtful and unnecessary*.

Of the fair (and fatal) sex, she was completely led by the nose; but her nose, as far as we could judge, led her into nothing but mischief. Rats and mice she dealt in but sparingly, if at all. Anything stowed away for our own use and gratification she showed marvellous acuteness in scenting out, and the shrewdest ingenuity in stealing. We often threatened her with death, but she knew us too well to take anything we might say seriously, and grew quite hardened in crime. Like all her sex, she had her moods and humours, and could be pleasant enough when she chose. We always knew when she had been in worse mischief than usual by the extra slope she gave herself as she rubbed affectionately against our shins on returning from the field. Poor wretch! she died in sin. We had taken a pan of scalding hotch-potch off the fire, and set it to cool with lid reversed, while we ran out to get a shot at some pigeons which had just lighted on a tall tawa tree close by. When we came back with our birds, there was poor dear Eitel rolling in agony, and the floor aswim with broth. We had to make an end of her then and there, and passed but a dull afternoon, deprived of cat and dinner at one fell stroke. I spoke of ode or elegy, but Snow snatched up the ready spade, and, taking our dead comrade by the tail, went out to the burial.

Outside our house lay a little paled garden of melons and pump-

kins, with some maize and corn, and beyond that a clearing sown with grass, on which grazed a few sheep. All around, outside this clearing was the dark and gloomy forest with only a narrow track hewn through it to the water's edge. Our nearest neighbour was so far distant that it was only in calmest weather we could hear the stroke of his axe or the report of his gun.

We were greatly annoyed by the multitude of big buzzing flies, which destroyed our things sadly. Even our blankets, if the weather was damper than usual, were attacked by them, and the meat we cooked one day was quite uneatable the next.

Fleas, too, which in their taste were more anthropophagous than the very Fijians, came upon us in armies. In that sandy soil they breed by myriads, and are more intolerable than all other beasts of the field; romping and skipping for very joy of heart to find in man so much good food and sustenance. They have none of that coy bashfulness—that retiring timidity—characteristic of their race in more civilised lands. They do not steal upon you by stealth, but rather, by the bravery of their attacks and their imposing forces, seek to intimidate and crush you. In New Zealand, fleas (like the poor) are ever with you, and so Snow and I did testify, speaking lightly in presence of this greater plague of our old enemy, the mosquito. One night we retaliated; and, ransacking our hut, drew forth our tormentors from their strongholds, and slew dozens of them miserably. After that, for one happy night, we slept in peace; but as for our bed in its normal condition, an old writer has very aptly described it as “a great and wide place wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.” Snow told me that, one day last summer, being perturbed past all bearing by the evil doings of these hungry beasts, he flung aside his garments and cast them into a pan of boiling water, after which, counting the slain, he found his bag consisted of a hundred and twenty! Musing on this uncanny tale, I proposed a reading of “The Clouds,” and suggested that we should try some such little experiment as that with which Aristophanes coolly credits Socrates and Chærephon, but I seemed to Snow as one that mocked, and he vouchsafed me no reply.

One night, after I had gone to bed and blown out the light, came the strangest noise—as of one that whispered in the ear. I could not make it out at all. Where it was, or what it was—all was mystery. It was extremely low, scarcely audible; yet, for all that, clear and distinct, with a decided character of its own: like very little sobs or the gentlest possible trickling of water, with measured intervals between each sob or trickle. I got up, struck a light, and

searched; found nothing, went to bed again, and blew out the light as before. Again came the bewildering *susurrus*, terrifying me full as much as did those five fishes that would talk in their frying-pan the king's cook in the story-book. Once more I struck a light, and instantly-all was quiet. But this time I determined to keep my candle alight, and at length discovered that all this fuss had been over a silly snail! There it was, slowly and slimily dragging itself along up the wall of my chamber; and those little murmuring sobs and tricklings had been caused by its progression, and the measured intervals of silence by the halts and stations on its way.

I did not interfere with this silly snail. Why indeed should I have done so? It, like myself, was simply fulfilling the occult destiny of its pre-ordained fate. Who knows on what errand of love or mercy it was bound? Another source of annoyance was a "creeping thing" the size of half-a-crown. Of this *creeping thing* I would wish to speak with the reverence and bated breath due to the unspeakable. He belonged to a bad, unspeakably bad, family—that of *Cimex*. The name given him by a scientific godfather on the day of his invention was *Nemoralis*. (Had I been sponsor, his name had been *Damnabilis*.) What his diet was I can't pretend to say: he left me untouched, and for that I was truly thankful. Also, I am bound, in common honesty, to admit that he was coy and unobtrusive in his manner of life. Nevertheless, he was not a beast to add to one's comfort, keeping himself, by a peculiar genius, well in evidence. If let alone, he did well enough; but on the slightest alarm or attempt at capture, it was his pleasant device to envelope himself in a cloud of incense that any respectable pole-cat or moral skunk would have been ashamed to own. To our interesting young friend this cloudy envelope was a mere matter of routine and defence, rendering him absolutely unapproachable; but when it came between the wind and my nobility, ignominious flight was the order of the day.

Such engines of warfare, though undoubtedly valuable to their happy owners, are surely a little out of place in these civil, delicate days, and would almost seem to have been invented by our sovereign lady, Dame Nature, when in her cups, in some after-dinner freak of low wit or practical joke.

And it is well, I think, that, since the good Mother has seen fit to endow most of her children with noses (more or less prying and sensitive), she should also have seen fit to restrict her little experiments in this particular line of defence to a few of her humbler and rarer creations.

But return we for one moment, with "longing, lingering look," to our fat friend. He was at his worst when the weather was cold. Then, his palsied, tottering legs were quite unequal to the task of supporting the plump brute as he crept slowly along the rafters of our unceiled roof. I used to watch the excursions of this decrepit monster,

Lax in his gaiters, laxer in his gait,

with morbid interest, not unmixed with shudders and hushed anathema, and never felt safe till I had seen him tucked up for the night in some snug crevice of the woodwork.

Besides this grievous *Cimex*, there was many another insect whose ways were irritating and vexatious.

This plague of insects is the one grand drawback to happiness in every climate comfortably warm ; and I verily believe that in the hidden fastnesses of this dark jungle,

In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs,

are many beasts whose forms have never been imagined or pictured by man—creatures that have dwelt in darkness from the day of creation ; treasuring up in their ancient breasts fond memories of the paleontological ichthyosaurus.

It is exceedingly displeasing to me thus to blotch and blur with low beasts a paper which aims at being high of purpose, sober, moral ; but "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," has ever been my guide, and I feel that, without some slight mention of what we suffered from vermin in our Bush abode, my narrative would be neither faithful nor complete.

I found life, at this place, drag itself tediously and slowly along ; and it was a pleasure when the day came round for the arrival of the English monthly mail. My companion and I walked, by the narrow forest path, to the head of the Puke-puke creek, and, not succeeding in finding a boat there, went on foot three miles further to Campbell's Point ; and from there in a dingey across the main arm of the river to the post-office, which, as usual in the Bush, was also a public-house. Here we met other persons, all of the lower orders, also waiting for the mail carrier, who had not yet arrived. With this company of settlers and sawyers, Snow, who was sociable, drank deep and long, while I, in a state of teetotal disgust, wandered up and down on the shore till evening, when the postman was seen coming across in his boat from the opposite bank. It was certainly not their drinking that filled me with such supreme disgust, nor was it altogether their republican insolence and unnecessary oaths. But there was a

sort of *affected* brutality about them that was truly odious. It was not the brutality of the savage, it was not even the common brutality of a brutal nature: it was the fixed resolve of bad men to make themselves appear worse than nature had made them.

The settlers in this district were much more in Snow's line than mine; a very different set of men from our pleasant neighbours at Mangawai. They were coarse beyond all belief—beyond all polite and decent description. Also, they were full of shrewd good sense. Money was their Alpha and their Omega. All other gods they utterly despised and repudiated—with one great exception, the god Gin! Snow was a man who, if I spoke to him of anything less trivial than his pig or his crop, heard me with ill-concealed contempt, and thought me half-crazed. He was of little education, no fastidiousness, of atrocious vulgarity of speech, energetic, downright, matter-of-fact, sincere; holding poetry and sentiment in high disdain—at all points, in every respect, my antithesis: so that, by all accounts, we ought to have pulled well together, I throwing in my light complementary charms, and filling up whatever in him was wanting to complete perfection. But it was not to be.

After six weeks of him, it came to what I had long foreseen, that I could stand his ways no longer. I found a nice excuse for civil leave-taking in the mosquitoes, which of late had become quite unbearable. The air literally sang with them, as they came, in their millions into our hut, banishing all healthful sleep. I said to Snow:

The insect youth are on the wing
Eager to taste the honied spring;

and I asked him if he felt like a "honied spring;" he gave me no direct reply, but used a long string of highly irregular verbs about the mosquitoes (and me too, I fancy), and then, being a good religious man, calmed down, lit his pipe, and fell asleep, leaving me to my own reflections. In that hour of darkness I resolved on speedy departure, and next day still bent on flight went down to the head of the creek where the settler and a woman living with him entertained me hospitably and spread out, what seemed to me fresh from Snow's queer larder, a glorious feast. I stayed at their cottage till past midnight waiting for the tide to flow; and then getting into a dingey, with a little bald old Maori about 4 feet 6 inches high (the very realisation of my idea of the "Black Dwarf"), I set off down the creek. The channel at the head of the creek was narrow and intricate, and the moon having now set, we more than once lost our way amongst the thick fringe of mangroves that lined the bank. At length we got into deeper and broader waters and went smoothly along, the forest on either hand rising up in black

distinctness against the starry sky. After an hour's pull we came alongside the cutter, and the man in charge (who was in bed) growled up the companion that she would not sail before late in the afternoon. I put my things on board, and, getting again into the dingey, let the Maori row me where he would. He carried me into a little bay, where, close to the water's edge, stood two huts, one of which, I understood, was his. We went ashore and I proposed entering his hut and there sleeping. The Black Dwarf, however, showed strong signs of uneasiness and disapproval, and at length, partly by word of mouth and partly by pantomimic scratchings, I was made to know that there was in them "*too much flea!*" So we both lay down on the springy turf: peach trees behind, the rippling sea in front, and high hills around. Covering my face with a handkerchief to keep off gnats and other insects that fly by night, I slept, fanned by the sultry breeze. Early in the morning I rose, and, pulling some of the ripe juicy peaches, took a bath in the sea. Then, whilst the little old bald Maori went to another bay half a mile off to get a fiery stick—for we had no matches—I read (it was a Sunday) the Epistle and Gospel for the day. The Maori returned presently with his stick, kindled a fire, cooked some potatoes, and brought them to me with a raw onion, and I sat on a log under the trees and made my breakfast. About 11 A.M., I got the Maori to take me again to the cutter. We had difficulty in reaching her: the wind was so furious that the dingey was more than once taken completely out of our hands, and it was high noon when I climbed aboard. Presently the men went ashore to their work, returning at 4 P.M. and bringing word that we should not sail before the morrow, as, owing to the poor tide, they were unable to ship their expected load of fire-wood. Caring little for loss of time, I made myself at home, and, after getting some dinner with the men, fished over the stern till late, when the hands went ashore again to their task, and I turned into bed for a few hours' rest. When I came on deck next morning, soon after 6 A.M., we were under sail, but, being bothered with light baffling winds all day, and our course being a dead beat, we did not arrive off Auckland till near sunset. We had no saluting guns on board, but a frolicsome young earthquake announced my arrival to the affrighted citizens. Having felt that sort of thing before, in the regions bordering on Cooks Straits, I rather gave myself airs, but the Aucklanders took the advent of so unwelcome an intruder in high dudgeon and bore it very impatiently. They had brought themselves to believe that, however much the southern part of the island might totter and reel, their own city stood on a firm and sure footing.

When the earthquake was over, and it was now drawing fast to dark, I found myself landed once more in my former quarters, rather bewildered and dazed by the noise and glare of the gas-lit street after the extreme quiet and silence of the last weeks.

J. LAWSON.

DUMAS' HENRI TROIS.

IN this world of mutability, change has its charm, and foreign travel its value. A mental alterative is often a delight as great as a physical alterative is beneficial. A change of air is in itself good, even though the new air may not be intrinsically better than the air which for a time we leave. It may be that our imagination and our thoughts have long been occupied in the study of the masters—of Shakspeare, Goethe, Scott, Thackeray—and then we leave for a brief absence the shrines of Stratford-on-Avon, Weimar, Abbotsford, Kensington, and journey, say, to lively, meretricious Paris. The mind is manysided and can interest itself in a great variety of subjects and of themes. We can lay down an epic and take up *vers de société*. We can pass with joy from Holland to the Alps; we can turn from Shakspeare to Rabelais; and we can exchange the study of the very highest masters in literature for a writer who, if not of the supremest quality, is yet unique, entrancing, stimulating. We can occupy ourselves pleasantly for a time with that great *raconteur* of romance—the sublime Alexandre Dumas. The vision and the faculty divine are wanting in the great French dramatist and storyteller. We subside into a more mundane excitement of fancy and of thought. We quit heroes and heroines of the truest, and the very noblest, sort; but yet we find ourselves in attractive company and amid moving incident. We meet with daring and dashing gallants, and with lovely, if sometimes frail, ladies; and we always wander in the enchanted ways of magical romance. In Dumas there is no weariness. He is ever young, *insouciant*, bustling, gay and brave. With his treatment, crime itself is half subordinated to the picturesque.

It will be of interest to consider briefly the play with which Dumas commenced his long and triumphant career as a romantic writer: the drama which, although its popularity may have somewhat declined, obscured by riper productions, was yet the foundation upon which was raised so great a reputation. This early work—it was his second production—is a *drame en cinq actes, en prose*; and is

called "Henri III et sa Cour." This dramatic essay is full of youthful impulse, and indicates those characteristics which afterwards made its author so renowned. The power which produced "Monte Cristo" is already suggested in this drama ; which plays in the year 1578, in which Elizabeth occupied the throne of England, James VI. that of Scotland, while Gregory XIII. was Pope, and the last Valois preceded Henri IV. on the throne of France. Mary Queen of Scots was still conspiring in confinement, and the shadow of the great massacre of St. Bartholomew yet hung upon the fair land of France, and threw its gloom over the rest of Europe. Dumas, by the way, in his picture of Guise, suggests subtly the arch-conspirator of assassination, who, in conjunction with Catharine de' Medici, headed the merciless slaughter of Protestants, and himself presided over the murder of the good Coligny.

The plot of "Henri III" is based upon a love intrigue between the Duchesse de Guise and the young gallant, the favourite of the King, Saint-Mégrin ; and this love affair has a most tragic issue. Around this main incident are grouped the weak, dissolute son of Catharine, his favourites, and his Court ; so that a dramatically historical picture of the time is vividly presented.

The Duchess seems to have loved her young lover not only for his chivalrous charm, but also, in part, because she was the wife of another man. Saint-Mégrin hates the Duke chiefly because Guise is the husband of the woman that he loves. The essence of Dumas' art consists in a conception of life without conscience, without dread of death, or of the dreams that may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. He was not a thinker. Of Hamlet, Dumas could understand little or nothing. No hero of Dumas is ever sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. He lives without thinking about life—or death ; lives for the enjoyment and gladness of living and of loving ; lives for ambition, fighting, wealth, and pleasure ; and is always gallantly ready to defend his honour with his sword. An unbounded self-indulgence shades off into the neutral-tinted superstition engendered by a corrupt Church. These heroes are young, handsome, graceful, brave ; are full of superficial chivalry, and of the external requirements of nobleness. They are generally animated, vivacious, gay, joyous ; and there is always pleasure in contemplating men who, ruled by any ideas, yet *live*, and are full of life. With his views of life, it comes to pass that this *gaillard* Dumas deals much with the alliterative qualities of adventure, adultery, ambition, assassination ; and above all, he revels in a duel ; a duel fierce determined, skilful, deadly. He is a true lover of the sword, specially

of the picturesque rapier, combined with the fatal dagger. Dumas delights in the sumptuous hilt and in the white gleaming of the lovely blade of the knightly *arme blanche*.

What a Gascon is to an ordinary Frenchman, that is Dumas to all other romancers. He cares nothing for morality when it stands in opposition to valour, passion, success, splendour. His work is perhaps more subtly suited to his native land than it is to Germany or to England ; but yet it delights all that love romance and care for the picturesque of chivalry and even of crime. It is enough for Dumas if his heroes be of noble birth, of reckless valour, young, and with the graces of camp and court. His view of life is mainly showy and romantic : a view which, as an alterative from sterner and nobler conceptions, we can heartily enjoy. The vigour and agility of Dumas' virile and vivacious mind and temperament always worked in fullest sympathy with the characters that he depicted, and with the manners and morals of the times which he portrayed. His young cavaliers had to be each a gallant to his lady, a warrior to his foe. Philip Sidney, when his contracted bride, Penelope, became Lady Rich, by a strong effort of moral rectitude, conquered an unlawful passion ; but Dumas would not have sympathised with the heroic action, and would have regarded the peerless paladin with much surprise and with some contempt. He would have thought that such lofty self-restraint argued a want of spirit, and would have preferred to see Sidney engaged in an adulterous intrigue. With the Lovelace sentiment—

I could not love thee, Deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more—

he would again have lacked sympathy, and might regard such chivalry with astonished amusement.

Of the altitude of true god-like heroism shown in, for instance, Scott's "Jeanie Deans," Dumas could have no conception. He did not care for chastity, duty, honour, religion. He shares with Victor Hugo a half comic, half pathetic, ignorance of all English things and men and history ; but he has a profound sense of the essence of showy and attractive romance, and is an almost matchless *raconteur* whether in drama or in novel. The times of the Medici-Valois house, of Louis XIII., of Richelieu, seem to have been created for his purpose ; and his instinct fastened upon those days with unerring certainty. In "Henri III" he has borrowed two great incidents from Scott, and the scene between Saint-Mégrin and the page is "conveyed" from Schiller's "Don Carlos." When first he made some acquaintance with Shakspeare, he was struck almost as strongly—and yet in such a

very different degree—as was Goethe by the same experience. In his somewhat extravagant and exalted style, Dumas records : “ Je reconnus que ses ouvrages, à lui seul, renfermaient autant de types que les ouvrages de tous les autres réunis. Je reconnus enfin que c'était l'homme qui avait le plus créé après Dieu. O Shakspeare merci ! ”

It was with inspiration borrowed from our Shakspeare that Dumas began to work for the stage. Christine was read, and excited Dumas walked the streets feeling as if he could apostrophise his fellowmen : “ Vous n'avez pas fait Christine, vous ! vous ne sortez pas du Théâtre Français, vous ! vous n'êtes pas reçu par acclamations, vous ! ” The Théâtre Français elected, however, to give precedence to “ Henri III. ”

The key-note of the piece is struck in the laboratory, or observatory, of the astrologer, Cosmo Ruggieri. High up is this mystic chamber, which has, for purposes of romance, a secret passage communicating with the Hôtel de Soissons, and a secret door, which is used secretly by Catharine de' Medici. Dumas was right to open his dark drama with that picturesque nonsense of astrology which, in that absence of vital faith in God which prevailed in the Middle Ages, as well as in the Renaissance, had so enormous an influence in colouring the beliefs and determining the actions of the ambitious, the fair, and the powerful. Indeed, in the times in which the scenes of Dumas' present play are laid, the astrologer played an almost more important part in the councils of the great than did the priest himself ; and priestcraft itself often placed its trust and faith in the influence of the bright, far-off stars. Astrology was a science, falsely so called, which was the complement and the retribution of the self-seeking politicians of the epoch. In later times, stern, dark Wallenstein, misled by Seni, and self-impelled to his dark fate, found the stars fail him so sorely in the fatal house at Eger. A belief that astral bodies could influence the fortunes and destinies of man was a natural outgrowth of times of superstition and worship of false gods. Credulity is the punishment of incredulity. Goethe, speaking to Schiller, remarked of astrology, “ Man erstaunt, wie platt und gemein diese Fratzen sind, womit sich die Menschen so lange beschäftigen konnten ”—(one is astonished at the barrenness and vulgarity of the idle stories with which men occupied themselves so long).

Nevertheless, the dramatist who lays his scene in the Catharine de' Medici period is quite right to make use of astrology. The belief in it was part of the time, and even in a later day the dark, mystic science is not without its effect upon at least the fancy. The greatest

of all dramatic poets introduces a ghost into the same tragedy in which it is declared that death is a bourne from which no traveller returns. There is *entrainement* in the collective imagination of an audience, and few remain unimpressed by the symbols and predictions of astrology. Benvenuto Cellini throws strong light upon the dark beliefs of his day in astrology and in necromancy. To Ruggieri enters the sinister Catharine de' Medici, who is well versed in the chemistry of poisons and in the sombre art of the star-watcher. Italian astrologers often combined the study of poisons with their other occupations. Catharine takes off her black half mask, as her eyes rest upon the adept. Dumas, by the way, scarcely makes full use in this play of such a woman as the fell Medici—a Queen regnant who deserved so worthily from Rome that medal, by means of which the Holy Pontiff, Gregory XIII., commemorated the blessed massacre of St. Bartholomew, and expressed sacred approbation of the workers of the great slaughter. Dumas uses her only as a queen desiring to rule her son, and to rule through him; as a politician who dreads Saint-Mégrin and hates Guise, the one because he would make of the Valois a real king, the other because he would seize the crown, and transmute the King into a monk. Dumas has, in later works, more fully treated characters—as those of Bussy d'Amboise, Joyeuse, St. Luc, and even Catharine herself—which in this drama are not developed to their fullest art value. His dramatic sketches have been pushed farther in his narrative romances. Catharine is invaluable for any purpose connected with the romance of crime. Dumas, in this vivid play, blends happily political interest with personal adventure. He plunges, and takes us with him, into the heart of that troublous time; and he paints historically the Court of the last Valois, while presenting dramatically the personages who act in his plot. The time in which the drama plays are the two days, *Dimanche et Lundi*, July 20 and 21, 1578. The date is six years later than the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which occurred the day after the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Marguerite de Valois.

Catharine, speaking to the astrologer, alludes to the memorable duel which took place on April 27 last, between Quélus and Anraguet, each assisted by two seconds, the six gentlemen fighting at one time, in which the King's minions, Quélus, Schomberg, and Maugiron were killed. The hot hearts of the fated favourites are still now, in dull, cold marble, beneath the magnificent tombs with which the monarch honoured the remains of his lost favourites. Their successors in the royal grace are Joyeuse, d'Epéron, and Saint-Mégrin. The Queen-mother, speaking of her son, boasts that

she has "abâtardi son cœur à force de voluptés, éteint sa raison par des pratiques superstitieuses ;" and she wishes the record of his rule to be, "Henri III a régné sous Catharine de Médicis." She dreads the influence of Guise and of Saint-Mégrin ; but she declines, in answer to the suggestion of Ruggieri, to use those *pommes de senteur* which she sent to Jeanne d'Albret two hours before that lady's death. She sees another and, as it seems to her, a more excellent way.

Catharine knows that Saint-Mégrin loves the Duchesse de Guise. She believes that the Duchess loves the Count, but that the wife of Guise "est esclave de sa réputation de vertu." She must be compromised, and a meeting between the lovers must be arranged.

The three favourites of the King are coming to the astrologer to have their horoscopes drawn ; and the Duchess, deeply narcotised, is sleeping in an alcove behind the walls of Ruggieri's room. The astrologer is to help the love of Saint-Mégrin, and to leave the lovers to a *tête-à-tête*.

Catharine de Clèves, Duchess of Guise, is the god-daughter of Catharine de' Medici ; but the ruthless Queen-mother does not hesitate to sacrifice the young lady to her dark policy ; and yet the Queen well knew how terrible would be the jealousy of the iron Duke, who required fidelity from his wife, though he himself might be the lover of the Reine Margot.

The minions visit the well-prepared astrologer, and Joyeuse and d'Epéron receive flattering predictions ; but Saint-Mégrin, who is not ambitious, and thinks only of love, is about to leave without consulting Ruggieri, when the astrologer detains him by showing that he knows of the high-placed love which the fond Count thinks to be a secret to all. The Count and the Duchess are entangled in the fatal net of devilish artifice, and a passionate scene reveals to each that they are lovers ; when the voice of the Duc de Guise is heard, and the scene becomes terribly dramatic. This love scene is tender, chivalrous, impassioned. Before the Duchess disappears through the secret door, she has left her *mouchoir*, bearing the arms of Clèves and of Lorraine, on the sofa ; and this handkerchief plays afterwards a part almost as important as does the immortal one in "Othello."

After seeing his fellow-conspirators of the league, Le Balafre remains alone on the scene, and seats himself upon the sofa on which his Duchess had been reposing.

The Duke indulges his dark dreams of attaining the crown, and develops his wily plans for seizing the throne of France, when his hand touches the handkerchief of the Duchess. Politics yield to

jealousy, and he cries out furiously to his *écuyer*, "Saint-Paul ! qu'on me cherche les mêmes hommes qui ont assassiné Dugast !" Dumas in this act has shown us clearly the personages, so well contrasted in character, so strong in the passions of love, of hatred, of revenge, who play their parts in his tragedy. The Duchess and the Count love each other, and have avowed their love. The fierce Duke is jealous, and has resolved upon assassination.

Dumas has the great dramatic art of exciting expectation ; and we shall see, in reviewing the following acts, how he can sustain the interest of an audience already won by this masterly first act.

Act two opens in "une salle du Louvre." Here it is Dumas' object, while furthering his story and developing his intrigue, to show us the Court of the last Valois. Each young noble is attended by a page, who wears his master's colours. Joyeuse reclines lazily on a *fauteuil* ; d'Epéron, the most effeminate and the most insolent of the favourites, is seated at a chess table ; St. Luc and du Halde are fencing. Saint-Mégrin, the noblest of them all, his soul filled with the secret of his dangerous *amour*, is leaning on the back of the *fauteuil* of Joyeuse. Their talk is easy, pointed, characteristic. Cup and ball is a favourite amusement with these young gallants, whose youthful levity amuses itself so gladly with trifles. The arrogant Duc de Guise is hated by all the minions of the King, but is specially detested by Saint-Mégrin because the stern Balafré is the husband of the fair young Duchess.

Bussy d'Amboise, the gay and gallant young duellist, who has fought because he thought he saw a Y on the button of a doublet while his friend Saint-Phal fancied that the letter was X, joins the favourites, and longs to be able to serve as second to one or other of them. Saint-Mégrin hopes to want the assistance of Bussy against Guise. The brooding hatred of Saint-Mégrin is ripening toward some explosion against the stern Duke. An occasion for quarrel will not, we feel, be long wanting.

Henri and Catharine, his mother, enter the *salle*. At the haughty request of Guise, Anraguet, who had killed Quélus in the great duel, is unwillingly pardoned ; and then Le Balafré, in complete armour, his helmet borne by a page, presents himself to the King that he would dethrone ; to the King that remembers Jarnac and Moncontour, and who has transient flashes of resolution and of energy.

Then follows the studied insult of Saint-Mégrin to Guise. Henri offers to make Saint-Mégrin a duke, in order that he may be on a level with the Guise ; and the fiery Count, with rage in his hot heart,

challenges Le Balaféré with the true ring and in the loftiest style of duellistic chivalry. They are to fight "tant que le cœur battra au corps, tant que la lame tiendra à la poignée." Bussy declares himself the second, *offrant le combat à outrance* to any second of Guise, of Saint-Mégrin; the King fixes the next day for the combat, and will honour the fight with his royal presence; but Henri de Lorraine knows in his heart that he intends to fight Saint-Mégrin with the daggers of assassins. The intended treason of the false, bigoted, murderous Guise has become known to Catharine; but all immediate interest centres chiefly in the morrow's duel. Says the King: "Ma mère, si nous faisons bénir l'épée de Saint-Mégrin?" and the astute Queen replies, "Mon fils, si le duc de Guise fait bénir la sienne?"

The third act occupies itself less with a picture of the times, and deals more directly with the terrible events which enmesh the three chief characters. The action of the plot increases in morbid intensity, and begins to march with direct rapidity.

We find ourselves in the dim "oratoire de la duchesse de Guise." The great criminals of that land and time, whether assassins or adulteresses, had always elegant and even splendid oratories.

At this dark hour, in which mighty opposites are about to meet with fell pass and incensed points, Dumas introduces his *petit muguet*, the page Arthur. This gracious little figure is a boy of fifteen, a type of the best sort of lady's page of the time. Gay, bright, *naïf*, devoted, the youngster longs for the time to come in which he, too, shall love and fight; and meantime he worships and praises the Comte de Saint-Mégrin, who is the lad's ideal of a brave and noble cavalier. He says: "Si j'étais femme, je n'aurais pas d'autre chevalier."

Then ensues one of the most terrible and working scenes of this powerful drama. The dreadful Duke enters, his proud, remorseless jealousy fully intent upon vengeance against his wife and upon assassinating her lover before her eyes. He dictates a letter, which he commands his wife to write to Saint-Mégrin—a letter of invitation to come to her that night—a letter which shall lure the unhappy lover to his doom. The Duchess refuses. The Duke threatens her with poison, and clasps her tender arm with his mailed hand till the fair round limb retains the purple marks of his iron grip. This incident seems borrowed from Scott's account of the same thing done by Lindesay to Mary Stuart at Lochleven; but Dumas always says, with Molière, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve." The stormy scene, in which such violent passions strive and strain, proceeds with rare force

and fire ; and gives in curt dialogue, the alternations of feeling on the part of the Duchess, the unalterable determination of the relentless husband, whose seeming calm covers furious hate and jealousy, and a resolve of dire vengeance. He says of himself : “ On connaît Henri de Lorraine, et l'on sait qu'il a toujours chargé son poignard de réitérer un ordre de sa bouche.” The will of the hapless Duchess grows weak before the towering Duke's violence and dæmonic resolution, before his insults, his maledictions, and his threats, and she writes and signs the fatal letter, which she herself is made to address to the lover that she loves. She knows that Saint-Mégrin will keep tryst, and she knows with equal certainty what his fate will be when he comes in obedience to *her* call. With a heart torn by love and depressed by dread, feeling her lover's deadly danger, and recognising her husband's execrable purpose and iron will, the unhappy Duchess suffers one of those great conflicts of emotion which a great actress alone can fitly render. There is no evidence that the Duchess knows of the duel arranged for the next morning between her husband and her lover ; but, the letter once gone, she can only wait in a frenzy of dire expectation for the certain advent of the chivalric gallant, for whose youth, and courage, and love, awaits a death so foul and so fierce.

In such mood the wretched Duchess counts the fast fleeting minutes, and fears, and suffers, and expects.

The audience share her strained and awful expectation. Arthur, not knowing its contents, gladly bears the fatal letter to his adored chevalier.

In act the fourth the tension of interest becomes greater. The gloom of fate gathers darkly round the doomed Saint-Mégrin. Once more he consults the astrologer. Ruggieri indicates the gravest danger, and reminds the enamoured young cavalier of the fate of Dugast. “ If to-morrow at ten you still see the light of heaven, then count on long and happy days, but—— Vois-tu cette étoile, qui brille près d'une autre plus brillante encore ? The sombre shadows are gathering together to obscure that star—et cette étoile, c'est la tienne !” A gloomy presentiment descends upon the spirit of the young man ; but faith unfaithful impels him to obey the letter, to keep the appointment—from which he never may return.

The weak King, brave owing to his fears, appoints himself head of the League, and so discomfits the proud Guise. The King's policy is dictated by the wily Queen. Midnight approaches, and Saint-Mégrin is impatient to keep the *rendezvous* with the fair young Duchess. He believes, of course, as Guise intended that he should believe, that the invitation of the Duchess is genuine, and is

prompted by her love. He expects joy—but still the fatal shadow darkens around him. The night becomes stormy, rainy, and windy ; and all stars are blotted out of the blurred heavens. Taking his poignard and his rapier, Saint-Mégrin goes forth, alone, to the Hôtel de Guise. To Georges, his servant, the Count gives his hand : “Embrasse-moi. Adieu. N’oublie pas ma mère !” The presentiments of the young Count extend themselves to the spectator.

Act five is one long terrible tragic scene of love, of passion, of despair—of death. We find the Duchess alone in the room in which Guise had immured her in order that she might there await the lover with whom he had made an assignation for her. His guile knew that in that way alone he could secure the victim, whom he would assassinate, but with whom he dared not fight. It is past midnight, and the duel that will never take place is fixed for ten in the morning. The long hours have trailed by slowly as the most unhappy woman waited, in anguish and in torment, for the step that should tell her that her lover had kept his appointment with murder and the Duke. The onward-sweeping tide of doom nears the miserable Duchess, alone with such terrors, and such agony. She is almost mad ; and yet lives in the hope of seeing and saving the lover, entangled in a snare so deadly. She cannot escape from the room. She loves Saint-Mégrin, and she dreads and loathes the Guise. She knows that around the chamber, and beneath in the dark street, lurk pitiless armed bravos, waiting for their prey ; and she feels the shadowy horror of the unseen presence of the fierce, vengeful, truculent Duke, her husband. No hope ! no help ! At last—his step. She cries in terror : “N’entrez pas ! fuyez ! Ah, mon Dieu ! plus d’espoir !”

To her enter Saint-Mégrin. We fancy him with those sad eyes, which, it is said, presage an early and a violent death. He has been guided to the room by her cry—by her voice. She screams : “Fuyez, fuyez ! la mort est là !—des assassins !” He learns that the letter was wrung from her by violence and by torture, and she shows him the empurpled arm that was constrained to write it. One last gleam of happiness descends upon the lover.

He learns fully, in that dark hour, that she loves him. She confesses all her love ; and for a moment they abandon themselves, even then, to the dream of passion. “Mourir, jeune, aimé de toi !” cries the hapless Count. For a few ecstatic instants the dread of deadly danger, of death, is lost in the rapture of young love. Then again comes the certainty of impending peril ; and then, for a second, Saint-Mégrin, blessed with the assurance of her love, feels—

' Ah ! je crois que j'ai peur ! ' But courage returns to the brave man, who, at least, will sell his life dearly. She thinks that he may escape by the window. A chance seems to favour the idea. A cord falls into the chamber. It is thrown there by the faithful little Arthur, who will not desert, shall not survive, his ideal Count. The voice of the Duke is heard. " Ouvrez, madame, ouvrez ! " Taking his sword between his teeth, Saint-Mégrin descends from the window. A moment's silence, and then is heard the clashing of arms below. The Duc de Guise, followed by Saint-Paul and several men-at-arms, enters. He guesses at the flight by the window. The Duchess has fallen down in a fainting fit. The Duke drags her to the window. " By the light of torches, you shall see him yet again ! " Saint-Paul calls out from the street that Saint-Mégrin has not fallen alone. Some of the assassins have been killed, and poor little Arthur has been done to death. " Is he dead ? " asks the Duke from above. " No, " replies Saint-Paul, from below, " he is covered with wounds, but he breathes still. " " Eh bien, " answers the terrible Guise, " serre-lui la gorge avec ce mouchoir ; la mort lui sera plus douce ; il est aux armes de la duchesse de Guise. "

And so the Duke—himself an assassin, himself to be assassinated—has triumphed, by such foul, cruel means, over wife and over lover ; and the curtain falls upon the picturesque, romantic, powerful tragic drama, " Henri III et sa Cour. "

This striking play was first performed at the Théâtre Français, February 11, 1829. As we read Dumas' *un mot*, we feel as if we too had assisted at that first night of excitement and of triumph. With grandiose, but not ungraceful generosity, Alexandre praises lavishly the actors who had helped to make his great drama a great theatrical success. He does not rank himself as the founder of a school, but his piece marked an epoch in the history of the French stage.

Dumas says of the actors, " Ils ont étudié les mœurs et jusqu'aux attitudes des personnages qu'ils étaient appelés à représenter. " The *mise en scène* was good, and historical *vraisemblance* was carefully studied and successfully attained. The production must have been a delight to the eye. The figures, grave or gay, but always picturesque, lived and moved and had their being before the dark-red background of the splendid but sombre Louvre. His flamboyant art was fitly shrined. The representation must have given to spectators a convincing picture of certain men and women who once existed in a far back time ; and who on the stage, as in life, pursued their objects, did their deeds, committed their crimes, and loved their loves.

Dumas was fortunate in having Mlle. Mars for his Duchesse

de Guise. This great actress was, he tells us, so admirable in the part that expression falls short, not of praising, but of doing her simple justice. Saint-Mégrin was played by Firmin, who was, says the grateful dramatist, "jeune, gracieux, mélancolique;" and who had that rare, magic gift of voice, which could express "ces mots de l'âme qui vont saisir l'âme." Joanny was highly effective in the most difficult part in the play—the Duke of Guise—and was always terrible and true as the sombre homicide who could bear to look on murder rather than upon a drawn blade in the hand of a determined antagonist; and who had the same fate meted out to him at Blois as that which he awarded to Dugast and Saint-Mégrin. It is said of the murderous, dark Duke, that he had *plus d'orgueil que d'audace*; and from this point of view, Joanny conceived the part, in which he saved all the hazardous situations. Samson as "Joyeuse y a fait applaudir jusqu'aux plus faibles mots;" and it was impossible "d'être plus naïve et plus gracieuse" than was Mlle. Despréaux, as the gentle, high-hearted young page. What a rapture that first night must have been for so young a dramatist! At the age of twenty-six, Dumas saw his second piece, superbly cast and mounted, produced at the Français—and produced with intoxicating success.

In the preface to his dramatic works, Dumas tells us, with his charming swing and swagger, tracing his narrative on the wavy line which is hardly an exact line of demarcation between fiction and fact, how he developed from a copying clerk into a dramatist—a dramatist successful, rewarded, and renowned. Not yet had he conceived d'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis, Porthos, and so many other of his dashing adventurous heroes; not yet had he learned his strength in narrative fiction and in prose romance. The first flight of his literary ambition bore him to the boards of the theatre; in his second flight he trusted to himself alone, and, as *littérateur*, he dispensed with the assistance of the actor, and forewent the scenic illusion of the magic stage. He is an almost eastern storyteller, dealing fitly, for the most part, with the historical France of the Renaissance. His fascinating art owes part of its charm to the fact that the creatures of his fancy, and their deeds and adventures, lie outside the region of our graver and more serious thought. He delights us always, but he leaves untouched those problems of life which excite and strain the highest reaches of our souls. His vivid figures of gay, picturesque gallants play their parts before a dark, blood-red background of times of violence and of crime; times in which the politics and the ambitions were those of selfishness and self-aggrandisement, while the fierce struggles for power and for fortune were

softened by love of pleasure, and by love of lawless love. His instinct led him to the most picturesque and romantic characters, placed amid surroundings which envolved all their passion, and all their activity.

He well knew the effect of pity and of terror ; he knew how youth and beauty, how courage, and how daring, work upon the fancy of readers as of spectators. If you do not judge him by too high a standard, then Dumas is excellent, is, indeed, nearly perfect. He is never ideally poetical, but is always realistically effective. Exalted aims, noble impulses, heroic love, self-restraint, or sacrifice of selfish objects—all these qualities lie wholly outside his range of conception. His *bonhomie* melts down all virtue into passionate enjoyment of life. You may find truer heroes than his—but where will you find more accomplished, more eager, or more deadly swordsmen ? There is an ingredient of strong fantasy in his gallants, which removes them just a little from the hard actualities of life. They are almost too romantic for fact. We realise them through that mist of fantasy which at once softens and enlarges—and sometimes, too, endears. We are fascinated by the glamour of Dumas' art, by the opulence and splendour of his fecund fancy. When, as a young soldier, he encamped on the battle-field of literature, he signalled his arrival by sending up a rocket ; that brilliant firework being his drama of "Henri III et sa Cour."

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

A DREAM OF DANTE.

I.

STAR-LOVING¹ Poet ! as I read
 Thy melody sublime,
 My trancèd soul with thee beheld
 Things not of earth or time.

Methought I entered by thy side
 The land of endless night,
 The hopeless realm that ne'er hath heard
 God's word, " Let there be light."

Black wings rushed by in stormy rack,
 The air was thick with sighs,
 Blent with such tears as never fell
 On earth from human eyes.

Yet even in Hell we did not lose
 The sight of stars above,
 Nor even there the music ceased
 First tuned by Primal Love.

II.

From the eternal prison-house
 To breathe a clearer air
 We came where souls, though stained and sad,
 Are lifted from despair—

In that still Isle where, by God's grace,
 Like fruit of holy pain,
 Each reed the lapping wave doth wash,
 When plucked, upsprings again.

¹ Each of the three divisions of Dante's *Divina Commedia* ends with the word " stelle."

Where from one fount two mystic streams
Flow down, a parted wave,
I stood, and in each healing flood
My soul, methought, did lave.

The steep ascent where souls grow pure
With labouring steps we trod,
And still above in their calm blue
Fair shone the stars of God.

III.

We came where heaven's "eternal pearl"
A lucent cloud appears ;
Then, borne by thirst that upward draws,
We soared among the spheres.

I marked, with heart that strove in vain
To comprehend such bliss,
The beatific vision fill
The eyes of Beatrice.

Bright wings swept by, a cloud of praise,
As in that rapturous dream
From the clear Emyrean fell
The snow-white rose's gleam.

Ah, then, no more a prisoned bird
That beats its caging bars,
My heart grew still, for we had soared
Beyond the realm of stars !

ISABELLA J. POSTGATE.

TABLE TALK.

MR. MORRIS AND THE STRAND.

SENTIMENTALISM plays a part in our prosaic lives larger and more important than we are disposed to admit. Trust to our speech, and we in England are almost all blank utilitarians and materialists ; watch our actions, and they will be found fortunately to belie our words. I am proud to see that one and all of the measures for the prevention of needless destruction of beauty which have been first advocated in these pages have been carried, and another latest protest of mine has borne speedy fruit. In spite of the antagonism of the daily newspapers and of the local shopkeepers the churches in the Strand will not come down. When bright, visionary, radical William Morris turns Conservative on their behalf, all present fear of their immediate removal is gone. At the meeting in Barnard's Inn, at which Mr. Morris, before the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, lectured on "Buildings : Old and New," the Hon. R. C. Grosvenor, in introducing the poet, condemned strongly the proposed act of Vandalism, and suggested a scheme such as that I was the first to advocate—namely, the carrying around St. Mary-le-Strand of a quasi circus such as encloses St. Clement Danes. I have made before my protest and stated my reasons. No wish have I to repeat myself, but it is, alas ! but too clear that iteration is the only means of impressing the public or advancing a movement. Artistic London is in revolt against the notion of removing the most picturesque features of our most picturesque thoroughfare, and Englishmen, though slow, are teachable. So far as the Strand tradesmen are concerned, I would ask if experience shows that the widest thoroughfares are necessarily the best for trade. Holborn and Oxford Street have long been straight and unimpeded. So far, however, as regards business, they have never held a candle to the much-impeded Strand. If the two churches mentioned are to be removed as obstructions, on what ground is the maintenance of St. Paul's to be justified ?

THE BULL RING IN PARIS.

WITH a rapidity that is saddening, the fears that I uttered with regard to the bull fight in France are being realised. Until now the bull fight has been tolerated in Nismes and a few places comparatively near the Spanish frontier, where the southern blood runs briskly, and the people have little in common with the hardy and energetic Breton, the sturdy and persevering Norman, or the phlegmatic Fleming. Now the bull fight is to be added to the attractions of Paris. Some flimsy pretence of lessening its unutterable horrors is made, and the bull, it is said, is not to be slain. This, however, is mere affectation, and the provision has already been evaded. In the most bloodthirsty and degrading pursuit of self-styled civilisation the death of the bull is perhaps the least objectionable feature. What is immeasurably worse is the treatment of the patient, blinded horses ; and, according to the information now supplied, worn-out horses have already been secured for the purpose of being publicly tortured, and all preparations for giving reality to the show, including the engagement, at fabulous prices, of the most skilful toreadors, have been made. Supposing there to be no exaggeration in the reports received, it will be the sorriest news English Liberalism has ever received that this degradation of a people is the gift, not of a corrupt empire, but of a republic. With an excitable and savage race, such as the low-class Parisian, familiarity with scenes of the kind will lead to a madness of which it is difficult to foresee the end. Are the limits of Africa to be carried from the Pyrenees to the English Channel, or is the tiger instinct inextinguishable in the Latin races? If so, come Teuton or Cossack to sweep over the South. Invasion from the North has before now recruited a people ; invasion from Africa means moral, intellectual, and physical decay.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

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BACKING CUPID:

A TALE OF ROYAL ASCOT.

BY CHARLES T. C. JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS," "GALLOPING DAYS AT THE DEANERY," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"I HAVE it—send for Toker!"

As she spoke Lady Hurcomb looked across the little study at her lord with the triumph of one who has solved a difficult problem.

"Of course, why didn't you think of that before?" replied Sir Thomas with evident relief. "I suppose he'll come."

"We had better wire him the very first thing in the morning; I'll write the telegram out this instant," and Lady Hurcomb, who was the very soul of motherly good nature, pulled a form towards her and began filling it in rapidly.

"There never was such a man in any sort of a difficulty as Toker. He is a sort of living charm. Every difficulty bolts the instant he appears upon the scene. Very fortunate it is so, for this looked awkward ten minutes ago."

"I won't allow you to take a place for Ascot week again," his wife said, looking up from the telegram she had written with such a smile as only two-score years can bring into a jovial face. "Will this do?"—

"To Harry Toker, The Albany, W.

"Can you come to us at 'The Willows' for the Ascot week? We are in a most awful difficulty. Throw over anybody and come.

"ADA HURCOMB."

"That ought to fetch him—from *you*," Sir Thomas replied, laughing a little. "Why didn't you take him for all in all when he wanted you to do it, Ada (fancy refusing a chance of sharing the fortunes of 'Toker's Entire'—fifty thousand a year against my five or six!), and then he could have got you out of any mortal scrape it was possible to get into?"

They were very fond of each other, Sir Thomas and his wife. Congenial in age and temperament, there was never a hot word that wasn't put speedily right between them, and Lady Hurcomb looked up affectionately at him as she said:

"Never mind the fifty thousand, Tom; I shouldn't have had *you*, old man, should I?" Sir Thomas, laughing, took his burly figure out of the easy-chair in which he had been lounging, and, lighting a cigar, walked to the open french window of the small room, and stood there looking out, wondering how those three acres of trim lawn, shrubbery, gravel walks and conifers, that sloped gently to the silver level of Thames at the bottom of the grounds, could possibly (even with a house of twelve bedrooms in the centre of them) command the 250 guineas he had paid for that Ascot week's tenancy of them.

"The notice is terribly short—this is Saturday and they will be here on Monday. Toker ought to be here on Monday to make us feel really safe; I wish we had thought of it before we left town to-day. Isn't there time to send this wire to the post to-night. What's the time now?" Lady Hurcomb asked.

"You see I don't exactly know where the post-office is: ten minutes to eight."

At the moment Sir Thomas finished speaking a servant entered with a silver salver, and a telegram upon the salver.

Lady Hurcomb tore open the envelope, for it was addressed to her, and reading the message exclaimed:

"A most extraordinary thing, Tom! listen:

"Can you put me up for Ascot week? Wire reply, but I want to come.

"HARRY TOKER."

It turned out that the telegraph-boy was waiting, and a reply bearing only the words:

"Yes, come to-morrow, most important," was despatched to The Albany forthwith.

"I feel quite relieved now Toker is coming; he's sure to put the whole thing straight," Lady Hurcomb said, going up beside her husband at the window, and laying a friendly hand upon his broad shoulder.

"That's all right then, Ada. Well! we've not had many troubles, nor many difficulties these last ten years. My only regret is that we didn't know each other ten years sooner. We have lost those ten years, and we shall never catch them up. So it's not much use talking of them."

Lady Hurcomb was silent. She was thinking of the one deep shadow that had fallen across that otherwise happy decade of married life; wondering why the little golden-haired boy ever came at all to be taken away so soon. She looked up with her happy face clouded for the moment to the broad blue sky where a few twinkling stars were just visible, and she leaned more heavily for the instant on the strong shoulder beside her.

But there must be shadows to emphasise the brightness. Apart from this shadow Ada Hurcomb had been very happy these last ten years. She told herself *how* happy, and the kindly face was itself again, as she and the man she loved—though he *was* her husband—stepped out on to the velvet turf and roamed about among the beds and flowers and conifers, arm-in-arm, till the dinner-bell called them in. Then said Lady Hurcomb (but pressing the arm she held very tight all the time):

"Tom! what did you light that cigar so near dinner for? How wasteful! and it's one of those big ones, too! Tom, why did you do it?"

"Think what the difficulty was, Ada! Next to you and Toker a cigar is the one thing in a difficulty, and the bigger the difficulty the bigger the cigar required to solve it; and that looked a terribly big difficulty at the moment I lighted up, didn't it?"

"Yes. But it was *I* who thought of Toker, not the cigar," replied the lady, laughing.

"Are you quite sure it wasn't the smell that brought Toker to your thoughts, eh?"

"Poor Toker! how his ears must be burning!" Lady Hurcomb replied, laughing still.

"Nonsense! he's up to the eyes in extricating somebody from something at this instant, I'll lay my life! Take care of the step, Ada! That's the worst of a new house in the twilight. No, I certainly shan't dress. You'll excuse it I know."

So that rare and priceless combination—a mutually affectionate and happy husband and wife—go into the low, old-fashioned dining-room to dinner, in the best possible spirits.

There is no phantom face that will not be shut out in either of those two honest hearts—no phantom voice, into which all other

voices change and merge, echoing there. When in the moonlight later, Sir Thomas sits, with another cigar, just outside the open windows of the drawing-room in the sultry summer night, and when Lady Hurcomb, inside, plays and sings to him, she sings his favourite songs ; the songs he is never tired of hearing, for she sings the songs that first won his heart eleven years ago.

CHAPTER II

A BRILLIANT summer day broke over that little earthly paradise, "The Willows"—broke with birds singing and flowers blooming, and the scents of new-mown hay-fields floating in the incense-laden air.

It was a fine old church whose gaily chiming bells pealed a friendly invitation to a cool, quaint, earthy-smelling interior and an hour's opportunity for meditation, and Sir Thomas and his wife strolled in there and heard the chanting of the rural congregation, and saw the many-quartered escutcheons on the walls, and came home to luncheon feeling the better for it all.

It was after a loungy afternoon down in the shelter of a willow-tree beside the river, where the swans came and bowed and asked for biscuit, and where gay freights of happiness, in rainbow-hued "blazers" and delicate muslin, floated continually by aboard of the lightest river-craft designed by man, that Ada Hurcomb sent her husband indoors to order tea to be brought there, beneath that willow's friendly shelter.

Coming back very softly over the noiseless turf, with his hand upon a man's arm to enjoin equal care to avoid disturbing her, Sir Thomas, getting close up, unheard, exclaimed suddenly, "Someone to see you, Ada," in a loud voice, and turning with a start she saw that his companion was Harry Toker.

"Oh, Harry!" she exclaimed, holding out a hand of greeting, and laughing; "oh, Harry, why did you let him frighten me? It wasn't kindly of you, Harry."

She called him "Harry"; she always did. But then cousins are allowed nominal liberties, and Harry Toker was Ada Hurcomb's cousin.

The far-famed proprietor of "Toker's Treble X Brewery," and of innumerable freehold public-houses, and leasehold public-houses, and vans and vats, and various other property far too numerous to mention, was an especially well-dressed man in a grey tweed suit, a grey hat, and patent-leather buttoned boots. In face he was a trifle French in appearance, and he cultivated a very perfectly trained

black moustache, waxed at the ends to a surprising point, which enhanced the foreign similitude. But there was no mistaking the jovial English ring of the voice in which he exclaimed, shaking his relative's hand :

"I meant getting here, after your urgent telegram, to luncheon—but—most extraordinary thing—driving to Waterloo—sharp corner—hansom cab just in front—turned a little too quick and——" (With a gesture of his hands Mr. Toker represented a complete reversal of relative positions.) "I stopped to help—lady inside frightened but not hurt—people very seldom are hurt in those sort of spills—but the cab-wheel was off and the linch-pin missing—cabman in despair—Sunday, in the neighbourhood of Waterloo, and no linch-pin—you know my weaknesses—I carry all sorts of things in the box of my phaeton—linch-pins—many other things—gave cabby one and amazed him thereby. When he'd got it he couldn't use it. My slight mechanical knowledge came in useful. I fixed his wheel and left him happy ; but when I got to Waterloo my train had gone without me, so I'm late."

The servants had brought out tea and a table meanwhile, together with another lounging-chair, and Lady Hurcomb poured out this amazingly handy man's tea, giving it to him and saying at the same time : "Then you've had no luncheon? I'm not a bit surprised about the cab adventure. It's just like you to have what was required. I daresay if it had been a wheel instead of a linch-pin you'd have had it concealed somewhere about your person. You're a magician."

"Not a bit of it. Only possess a little forethought, that's all. Give Hurcomb another bit of sugar ; he'll have the table over reaching out to try and get it like that. He's not the figure for athletics—and, Hurcomb, pass me those biscuits ; you *can* reach them. Those poor beggars of swans seem in a state of craving and starvation. Thanks, yes. I lunched calmly and philosophically at Waterloo."

When the tea was finished and sent away, Toker lounged back further in his chair, folded his legs in the most comfortable attitude, gave Sir Thomas (who had forgotten to bring out his own case) a fine cigar, took one himself, lighted it with a patent contrivance upon which a hurricane could have had no deterrent effect, and asked quietly :

"Well ! Now I'm here, what's the news ?"

"The news is, Harry, that, in despair last night, I had just written out a pathetic telegram begging you to come and help us in a difficulty—a terrible difficulty—when I got your wire saying that you

were coming down. The difficulty is as great as ever. Our only hope is in your marvellous and magic powers. Don't laugh ; it's *really* very awkward."

Lady Hurcomb's face was quite unusually grave as she spoke, and, seeing it so, Toker took the big cigar out of his mouth and asked, but quite calmly :

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, you see it's like this : the Mirions have done several very civil things for me lately, and so, when Tom took this place for Ascot week I was obliged to ask Ethel Mirion to stay here for it. Ethel Mirion is engaged to a man of sixty. Odd, very odd ; but a local magnate in their county—Devonshire. So I was obliged to ask him, too. They have both accepted."

Toker coughed in rather a funny manner, said the smoke had gone the wrong way, and begged Lady Hurcomb to proceed.

"So far so good. Now for the difficulty. Tom—all the bothers in life always come from you men—Tom goes blundering down to his new club (why couldn't he be content with *one* club?) and there he meets the young fellow who—what do you call it?—'put him up' for it. In the fulness of his heart Tom asks him down here for Ascot week, and *he* accepts. Tom only tells me of it—oh ! so innocently !—last night at seven o'clock or so ; just after we had got fairly settled in down here. Do you see ?"

"How can he see, Ada, when you've not told the point of the whole affair?" broke in Sir Thomas, laughing.

"Look here, Toker. It's all very fine to say we men are at the bottom of all bothers, but it's the women. This bother arises from the painful fact that this Hugh Leslie—no end good-looking and no end poor—was, it seems, Ethel Mirion's old flame and first love. Her people made her give him up ; in fact, it's what you may call a pecuniary separation. How they badgered her into the engagement with Raymond Payne, who is old enough to be the poor girl's grandfather, I can't tell you for the life of me ; but there it is. The gunpowder and the matches are both going to meet in this blessed house to-morrow to dinner, and will be constantly together till Saturday, with old Stick-in-the-mud whom she's engaged to on the scene all the time. Ada says she'll never forgive herself if it sets the old business afloat again, and there we are."

"Harry, will you help us?" Lady Hurcomb inquired anxiously ; "I feel it a point of honour to see the girl isn't run away with ; though, to tell the truth, I'm all for poor Leslie, whom I believe the

girl loves still. But there's one's duty, you know. Will you help to keep the matches and the gunpowder apart?"

Mr. Toker took his cigar out of his mouth again with great calmness, looked at the ignition of it critically, and then said slowly:

"I don't see how I can."

"Don't see how you can? *You*, who can do *anything?* *why* can't you help us, Harry?" asked Lady Hurcomb anxiously.

"Because last night—before I sent that wire—I pledged myself to Hugh Leslie to do all I could to bring the matches and the gunpowder together."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lady Hurcomb, "Oh, Harry!" It was all she said, but it was extremely expressive.

Sir Thomas muttered something below his breath—also extremely expressive.

Mr. Toker, entirely unmoved, looked lazily at the satisfied swans and exhaled fragrant tobacco smoke. Then a boat, loaded with beauty, went by, and Mr. Toker transferred his gaze to that, and exhaled more fragrant tobacco smoke.

The sight of the boat being suggestive, and nobody appearing anxious to say anything just then, Mr. Toker presently asked whether "The Willows" possessed a boat-house and boats?

That question broke the silence.

"Oh, yes! The boat-house is just behind that clump of laurels—there are several boats," Sir Thomas answered.

Mr. Toker, thoughtfully happy, suggested that a pull up stream by-and-by, on such an evening, would be extremely pleasant.

"Oh, Harry! I can't *think* of going out, or doing *anything*, whilst things are in such a fearful muddle," his cousin said, reprovingly. "I feel as if I were leading the Mirions into a trap: what can we do?"

Toker was silent a moment, thinking again, and then he replied lazily:

"Look here: you say *you're* on Leslie's side—I tell you that *I'm* on Leslie's side. Hurcomb says the only objection of the parents to Leslie was insufficiency of income. Now, I've something to propose: Let us mark this Ascot week by setting the young people up in the happiness line. Let us throw this old Raymond Payne over. What happiness can a girl of two-and-twenty expect, tied to an old City man of sixty, who, by purchasing an estate in Devon, thinks he is a country gentleman at once? She'll be wretched with him—absolutely wretched with him! Let us take the other line. What do you say?"

"But what are we to do about the money? Raymond Payne is rich, and Hugh Leslie is poor; how can we get over *that* circumstance?" asked Lady Hurcomb, wavering. There is always something in the depths of a woman's heart that prompts her to help love in distress.

"You know me—I've got a plan in my head—not quite matured yet, truly; but a plan which will be matured by to-morrow morning I expect. What do you say?"

"Suppose it goes wrong; it's a terrible responsibility, Harry."

"Everything is liable to go wrong. We'll do all we can to make it go right."

"I won't *help* you. I really couldn't."

"Which means that Lady Hurcomb will let Harry Toker have free scope, and won't be too strict in the matter of keeping the young people apart. I can read Lady Hurcomb pretty plainly," Toker said, smiling and puffing.

"The responsibility is yours, mind."

"Of course it is."

"But, I say, Harry," broke in Lady Hurcomb after a moment's pause, "did Hugh Leslie tell you that Ethel was coming here—does he know that she *is* coming?"

"Why yes, he knows that, certainly. We had a most interesting interview last night. He begged me to do what I could to keep the old boy at bay, at least while *he* was at 'The Willows.' He is terribly excited at the thought of seeing Miss Mirion again. They haven't met for three years—since, in fact, what Hurcomb calls the pecuniary separation. It's the pecuniary feature that makes the matter so hard to manage satisfactorily. But we shall see—we shall see."

Mr. Toker said that they would see in a tone of voice implying the seeing of something very pleasing indeed, and then threw the end of his cigar hissing into the river, and lighted a still larger one carefully and well with the patent apparatus; smoking on when he had done so peacefully as ever.

"Jolly old bells!" he said presently, as the chiming of the village peal came rising and falling to them as they sat there beside the river. "Village churches very pleasant—but I never hardly go."

"We went this morning," Sir Thomas replied. "Pretty little church—would you like to go now?"

"No thanks, you're very good. No. By the way, who else is coming for the week? Anybody I know?"

"Well, yes, there *is*," Lady Hurcomb answered, smiling archly.

"Somebody who, the London gossip of last season said, was a favourite of yours—Rose Milne is coming!"

Mr. Toker's usual coolness was broken by the slightest possible start.

"Oh!" he said, but very faintly still. "Oh! So Rose Milne is coming?"

"I'm prepared to bet," said Sir Thomas, seeing the start, "I'm prepared to bet that Toker will make a mess of this business of Leslie's as Rose Milne is coming. What will you give me about it, Harry?"

Mr. Toker took no notice of the offer. He sat silent for some five minutes, and then he said, quite unmoved:

"I've been thinking——"

"About Rose Milne?" laughed Lady Hurcomb.

"That we had better, under all the circumstances, have my drag and team down here for the week. I'll wire Tophorne first thing in the morning." And Mr. Toker fell to airily flicking the dust off his patent leather boots with a perfumed silk handkerchief.

CHAPTER III.

MR. TOKER had a very busy morning on the day following. He was passionately fond of horses, and he personally superintended the housing of his own team of bays in the comfortable stables of "The Willows." Time and circumstance always seemed to fit together with Mr. Toker as with nobody else. Thus by half-past eight he was about, and had despatched his telegram to that best of coachmen, Tophorne; by nine he had written half-a-dozen letters of counsel to half-a-dozen friends in distress; by half-past he was breakfasting with host and hostess, and in no time at all afterwards—or it seemed no time at all—he had walked round the whole property at "The Willows," inspected the boat-house, even pulled a little way up stream, and was standing at the white gate at the top of the avenue, looking for the arrival of his drag.

It was beyond all human possibility that Mr. Toker should stand looking for anything long without the looked-for thing appearing, as though by magic, forthwith. So then; Toker hadn't taken more than half-a-dozen whiffs of the big cigar before the dark-blue drag with the bright-red wheels came bowling round the corner of the village green in all the glory of horses, livery, and varnish.

"It's a glorious dispensation," he told Sir Thomas later on, when the horses were safely in their new quarters; "it's a glorious dis-

pensation that the Races don't begin on a Monday ; because, if they did, how on earth could one get really comfortably settled down and prepared for enjoying them ? He was a wise man who arranged they should begin on a Tuesday."

"Everything appears to be arranged just to your fancy ; it's a wonderful world for you," laughed Hurcomb, lounging over the low wall dividing the stable-yard from the pleasure-grounds. "Seems made on purpose for your enjoyment, don't it ?"

Mr. Toker, looking approvingly at an assistant administering a douche-bath to the drag, paused a moment before answering :

"Suppose it does, *in a sense*. Not *quite* on purpose for me, Hurcomb, or there'd have been one person who has now two or three thousand a year who would have been penniless."

He spoke with so much more serious a tone than he usually adopted that Sir Thomas's face had a sort of surprise upon it, and the question "Who on earth is that, Toker ?" seemed jerked out of him by the shock.

"She whom the angels (will some day) name Rose Milne," answered Toker, serio-comically.

"God bless me !" exclaimed the baronet, with immense astonishment, imparting quite a new expression to his jovial, red-bearded face. "I'd no idea you were really hard hit—or *so* hard hit as that."

"Hit right under the wing, and no end of feathers knocked out," the victim answered calmly.

"Well, but can't something be done ? It *does* seem plaguey hard that you, who have got any amount of people out of any amount of scrapes, and troubles, and difficulties, shouldn't be able to pull off your own little affair ! Can't anything be done for you, Toker ?"

Mr. Toker looked thoughtfully at the near hind wheel of his drag for a moment or two, and then tapped the low wall upon which Sir Thomas leant, with his fist once or twice, with the air of a man answering a question in dumb show.

"What d'you mean by that ?" Sir Thomas asked, not being particularly quick of apprehension—like hosts of awfully jolly people.

Mr. Toker pointed significantly to the wall.

"No impression," he remarked philosophically.

"Is she as hard as all that ?" the other asked, smiling.

Mr. Toker replied in one word :

"Harder."

The baronet laughed. He couldn't help it. The exquisitely dressed man, with the marvellous patent-leather boots, looked so

immeasurably removed from romance in its worst form, that Sir Thomas couldn't have helped laughing for the life of him.

Toker hadn't the least objection. "You're quite right," he said. "It's uncommonly funny—uncommonly laughable—the mischief is that I can't see it in that light. Wish I could!"

But for all his love Mr. Toker was equal to the eating of a very substantial lunch, and the mere prospect of seeing his divinity didn't seem to make him one whit the more excited.

He lounged away after luncheon alone, got out one of the boats (he was always passionately fond of the water), and pulled up-stream till he reached a little shady nook where branches of trees dipped down and kissed the water every now and then as the breeze stirred through them. Getting into the shadow of the over-hanging verdure he moored his boat alongside the bank, lounged at full length at the bottom of his craft with a seat cushion cunningly arranged as a pillow, lighted an immense cigar, and fell into a reverie. To do him justice, Toker was the most unselfish of men. Even at that moment, with the near prospect of meeting the woman he loved, his thoughts didn't wholly run upon the chances of his suit amongst such propitious circumstances as shrubby walks, drifting perfumes, moonlight on the flowing stream, and a hundred other stage accessories to the eternal drama—Love. He was by nature a solver of other people's difficulties. He had been so from a child. At his first school the character developed, it grew at college, and since that time constant practice had brought it to a degree of perfection seldom equalled. It was the business of his life. As a man in a sudden attack of illness sends off post haste for a doctor, so men in a sudden attack of misfortune sent off post haste for Toker. His presence alone in any difficulty seemed to lessen it at once. His wealth, of course, aided him. People were very anxious to stand well with the owner of fifty thousand a year, and from a tradesman who would always give unlimited "time" to a creditor whose cause Toker espoused, to the most important of his acquaintance who felt they couldn't altogether afford to turn a deaf ear to suggestions Toker might feel called upon to make, his influence was acknowledged as potent.

But the difficulty he had promised Hugh Leslie he would tackle was one of the most abstruse and awkward he had been engaged upon for a long time. There was not only the getting on of the new love to be accomplished, but there was the difficult problem of the getting off the old one to be solved. And then the new love hadn't any money. Truly Leslie had merely asked his friend to do what he could to give a poor rejected wretch, thrown by chance with his

goddess for the last time, a little hour of happiness with her. But Toker was far too "thorough" to stop short at that, and it had come very strongly into his heart that there might by chance be some way of doing a great deal more for Hugh Leslie than Hugh Leslie had ever dared to ask or hope. It was the puzzling out of how this was to be done that took the foremost place in Toker's thoughts as he lounged, cigar in mouth, in the bottom of his boat that sunny June afternoon, beneath the shelter of the boughs that kept on lightly kissing the stream and then starting back again frightened.

How was it to be done? The combating of hosts of difficulties had made Harry Toker's intellect remarkably keen at loopholes and stratagems, but for a long time he lay there trying over in his thoughts a hundred plans, each of which seemed equally hopeless. How *was* the old City man to be got to give up his prize?

It wasn't till the wash of a passing steam-launch had nearly upset his boat, and he had started up with an exclamation, not exactly of fear, that he took his place again and the sculls, with some glimmering of an idea in his head, and pulled easily back to "The Willows" boat-house. He was walking over the trim lawns and amongst the conifers, back towards the house, when the sound of wheels on the gravel avenue attracted his attention, and he paused in the shelter of a great monthly-rose bush, of gigantic proportions and in full bloom, and so, framed by blossoms, looked out unseen on the arrival of Ethel Mirion.

The sight seemed to affect him, for he threw himself down on the grass, and said half aloud: "As it isn't Rose it must be Ethel. Now let me see. From Hugh's description I expected to see a goddess at the very least. Let me enumerate the charms of that goddess: Middle height, fairly good figure, open English face, golden hair—of course blue eyes—white costume and *Suede* gloves—outward attributes of Hugh Leslie's goddess. Very earthly goddess Hugh's! That's the strangest part of it. He'd say the same thing of mine! Of course he would! He'd only see a tall, dark woman of thirty, rather fully developed, and with a deep contralto voice; a woman always well dressed in blue or black—nothing more. Uncommonly strange thing love!"

And with this matter-of-fact reflection Mr. Toker took himself off the grass, and wandered indoors.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY HURCOMB, with all sorts of twinges of conscience at her heart as to the part she was playing towards the Mirions, was in the

hall to welcome Ethel when she arrived and got down out of the hired fly that brought her from the railway station.

Lady Hurcomb had held a long consultation with her husband that afternoon, in which she had asked very anxiously: "What *will* happen, Tom, if we allow Harry to manage this affair?" And Tom had replied that you might hang him if he knew what *would* happen, and had laughed a good deal over it, and added that he supposed they would survive the consequences whatever they were. "Tom, Tom! Do *please* be serious!" Lady Hurcomb had pleaded. "It's a very grave matter I can tell you. The Mirions are trusting the girl entirely in our hands, and we are, to a certain extent, responsible for what occurs."

"Well, Ada, and what do you suppose *will* occur?" Sir Thomas asked, still greatly amused. "Do you think Hugh Leslie is going to eat the girl, or run away with her, or what?"

"I don't think he'd do either of those things unaided. But Toker is bent upon helping him to win the girl, and when Toker takes up a thing it's as good as settled."

"Toker—pooh, nonsense! I'll tell you something, Ada. Your reign is entirely over with Toker. He's terribly gone—hit under the wing, in his own language—upon Rose Milne. He told me so most sadly this morning, adding that Rose Milne's heart was as hard as a brick wall. The hardness of her heart doesn't matter in the very least, however. The fact that the woman is in the house will render Toker entirely harmless. Take my word for it. Toker will be very mild."

This suggestion produced a consolatory effect upon Lady Hurcomb, and she had a jovial face and hearty welcome waiting for Ethel when that young lady entered the hospitable hall of "The Willows."

"I'm so glad you got here safely, dear," she said, kissing the "open English face" and putting an affectionate arm about the "fairly good figure," which was really better than Mr. Toker's estimate gave it credit for. "They all say we're going to have an amazingly fine week. When does Mr. Payne arrive?"

All this was hurried into the shortest possible space, as the manner of woman is, but it was all very cordial and motherly and nice, notwithstanding. The Open English Face was very bright and pleasing, and replied that it was "awfully good of Lady Hurcomb to have it there—it really was." But the brightness dimmed a little at the mention of Raymond Payne, and Lady Hurcomb was not slow to notice it. Raymond Payne, it seemed, would turn up at some unknown hour, but certainly that night—most probably in time for

dinner. So the Open English Face added, with rather a sad smile upon it, the hostess thought.

It is a beautiful characteristic of woman that when she begins a conversation she becomes entirely oblivious of time, place, and attendant circumstances, forthwith.

Ethel and Lady Hurcomb stood there in the hall with the flyman unpaid, holding the little dialogue given above—quite regardless of the fact. It was Toker, sauntering towards the house, who grasped the state of affairs, and paid the Jehu and dismissed him.

The sound of the fly moving off did not distract the ladies from their chat the least bit ; but the footfall upon the doorstep caused Lady Hurcomb to say :

“This is somebody staying with us, Ethel——”

Ethel's back was towards the door, but at the given words she turned quickly round with an expectant expression on her face, an expression which faded away as she saw Toker, and as Toker's cousin gave his name and introduced them.

It was a trivial circumstance, but Toker was very quick at trivial circumstances, and he asked himself in an instant : “Is Hugh in correspondence with her then ?” and said aloud :

“Charming day, Miss Mirion, but dusty outside. We shall be choked to-morrow. Have you by any chance dropped a handkerchief ?” producing a dainty little something, highly perfumed, as he spoke.

“Oh ! Yes—of course it's mine ! Thank you so much, Mr. Toker—where was it ?”

“You dropped it on the doorstep getting out of the fly—very easy thing to do. Deep step out of a fly—they always make those conveyances so elevated—don't know why, I'm sure.”

He ran on with this inconsequent talk very glibly, and Ethel secretly thought him a weak young man. But he was holding her there thus to get time for a more deliberate study of her. The time was short in which he had to perform a difficult task, and he wanted to know his characters as well as was possible, before playing that game of *finesse* he loved so dearly.

Hurcomb turned up the next minute, hearty, loud, and hospitable, welcomed Miss Mirion with extreme cordiality, and took Toker into the little study to try something choice imported from Havanna.

“Come along, dear, I'll show you your room,” good-natured Ada said, and, with an arm about Ethel's trim waist, led the Open English Face away upstairs.

It was the prettiest little room into which she led that Face—chintz-hung, and picturesque beyond all depicting, with a view, from one window, of the river; and a view, from another window, of Windsor's grand old Castle, with its grey walls and many windows, where the sunset gold lingered, glittering fitfully.

"Oh! how glorious!" Ethel exclaimed, standing at the window with her hat and gloves still on; "oh! how glorious!" And then, all in an instant, it proved so overpoweringly glorious that Ethel Mirion sank down in a chair, buried her face in her hands upon the chintz-hung dressing-table close by, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking.

Lady Hurcomb was beside the sobbing figure in an instant, tapping the figure's back (as though some efficacy lay in that mode of treatment), and saying:

"Why, Ethel, what *is* the matter? And what shall I get you? Some sal-volatile or some red lavender, or what? You must be tired, darling."

The figure sobbed on without speaking for a few minutes, and then the Open English Face looked up, all disfigured by tears, and asked:

"Oh! Lady Hurcomb, why *did* you ask Raymond Payne here?"

"Why, my dear! Doesn't one always invite a girl's *fiancé* when she has one?" Ada asked in considerable perplexity.

"But we're not exactly engaged—that is, not *formally* engaged. Father and mother look upon it as an engagement, and give it out that it is one—but it *isn't*; really it isn't—and—and—I *hate* the old fellow." Ethel finished, sitting upright and tearful, and pulling at one corner of her tiny handkerchief spitefully.

"Oh, here's a business!" Lady Hurcomb thought, sighing at the responsibility that was deepening about her every minute. "Here's a business, and Toker on the other side!" "But, my dear girl, what *is* the arrangement between you and Mr. Payne?" she asked aloud.

"Mr. Payne's an old fool! Think of his name—Raymond! It sounds like some penny bloodcurdler, doesn't it? and his beastly name isn't the worst part of him. Do you know what he is? He has made his money in some doubtful way in London—cheating people by lending money at sixty per cent., I believe—and has made a heap; but it's taken him so long to do, that he's an old man—quite sixty—and a terribly cockney, can't ride or shoot or do anything, and he's taken the Hall at Hartscombe, near us, you know, and sets up for being a country gentleman; and he's a terrible sham, and a terrible miser,

and a most *awful* coward. He's afraid of his own bulls. What do you think of *that*?"

Lady Hurcomb was nearly laughing at this crowning baseness on Mr. Raymond Payne's part, but restrained herself and replied :

"It doesn't sound romantic, certainly; but you haven't told me yet what footing you really stand on with regard to him?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Payne wants me to marry him, and I've told him I'll think of it; I was obliged to tell him that because father and mother insisted on it. I've told him I'll take a year to think of it—and so, you see, I can't be called fully engaged, can I?"

"Not on those terms, certainly."

"And heaps of things might happen in a year; he's so old, he might die!"

"Oh, Ethel!"

"Or Somebody Else might come along; that would be nicest, wouldn't it?"

The Open English Face looked up so openly with the question that Lady Hurcomb, looking down into it, was obliged to laugh outright.

"I suppose it would, Ethel."

"The worst of it all is," Ethel went on, getting up from her chair and beginning to take off her hat, "the worst of it is that if SOMEBODY comes along he'll be sure to have his pockets empty. SOMEBODY always *does* have his pockets empty—it's quite characteristic of SOMEBODY—everybody's SOMEBODY I mean."

"Perhaps," Lady Hurcomb answered, the smile still upon her face, "perhaps SOMEBODY *has* come along?"

"Do you know, really, Lady Hurcomb—I believe he *has*." And, with the tears all vanished away, the Open English Face looked up with a mischievous laugh upon it.

"It's just exactly Toker's luck!" Lady Hurcomb thought, half annoyed at it. "Whenever he takes up a case everything plays into his hands. "Then you're really not engaged—are you quite sure, Ethel? Have you told me quite all?"

"I've promised them at home—that if a year hence—(it's only eleven months now, for it was a month ago)—I've promised them at home that if Mr. Payne *asks* me again a year hence, I'll say 'yes.' That's the worst of it. If someone could *only* get him to give me up of his own accord, that would save all trouble, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, certainly. But I must go and dress now—I really must," Lady Hurcomb said, looking at her watch.

When she was at the door Ethel Mirion asked her a coaxing question :

"Lady Hurcomb, tell me please—SOMEBODY will be here to dinner to-night, won't he?"

Suddenly turning mischievous, Lady Hurcomb replied, laughing :

"Raymond Payne ! Why, of course he will. I daresay he's here already." But somehow her look said something more than her words, and sent Ethel to her toilet very happy.

Lady Hurcomb went straight downstairs and into the study, where Sir Thomas and Toker were still puffing the marvellous importation from Havanna.

She was obliged to tell them what Ethel had told her. "I won't be a party to forcing the girl to marry the old wretch," she said. "I'd never have asked him if I'd known the truth."

When all was told, Sir Thomas whistled. Toker got lazily out of the chair in which he had been reclining, and stood with his back to the empty, flower-decked grate.

"I shall pull it through you'll see," he said pleasantly ; "but I'm anxious to know what sort of a card old Payne is. The hardest work may be to get him to give the girl up, but he'll have to do it, the old beggar ! I want to see him."

At this instant there was a sound of wheels on the gravel, and Lady Hurcomb, standing by the window, exclaimed :

"Here's somebody else you'd much rather see, Harry ! Here is Rose Milne ! Come into the hall with me and welcome her."

"No," Toker replied stolidly. "No, Ada. I respect her comfort too much. She'll only be disgusted to find I'm in the house at all. Don't tell her—let her have a further half-hour's happiness in blissful ignorance of my presence. You and Hurcomb go out and welcome her ; I'll stay in here," and Toker lounged down into his easy-chair again contentedly.

Host and hostess went out as he requested them, but they left the door open after them, and very slowly Toker got up and shut it, dropping back into his low seat again when it was closed.

"Wonder how she'll look at dinner?" he soliloquised calmly in his solitude. "I know how she'll look though—terribly bored at seeing me, of course she will ! It's only natural ! Am much too good at pulling off other people's affairs to pull off my own. Always so." And Mr. Toker, first seeing that the coast was clear, lounged off upstairs to dress.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT! Two shillings for a mile and a-half? Eighteen-pence is your fare, and if you won't take it you can summons me."

Which remark, spoken in a rough, rather nasal voice, implies that Mr. Raymond Payne has arrived at "The Willows," and is settling with the cabman.

Jehu looked up doubtfully at Mr. Raymond Payne, with an expression that said he would very much enjoy punching Mr. Raymond Payne's head; but he finally took the eighteen-pence tendered, and drove off with a backward glance of disgust and derision as he turned the corner of the avenue.

"We've 'ad all sorts of gents visiting and such like," a footman told his particular weakness, the housemaid, ten minutes later; "but of all the lot this Raymond Payne beats 'em—he does indeed—not even forgetting the poet as stayed with us, and as 'adn't 'ad 'is 'air cut since infancy."

"Why, what's he like?" asked the housemaid, interested, like all her sex, in any human monstrosity.

Simpson was hardly equal to the telling of what he *was* like. "All clean shaved and fat and round—what you might call a Dutch cheese of a man," was the nearest he could get to it. "And terrible nervous," he added. "'E saw there was a bow window top beneath 'is window, and said it was likely to attrac' thieves, and then 'e asked if there was many burglaries in these parts."

"And what did you tell him, Simpson?" asked the pretty housemaid, shaking her head at the questioner.

"Told 'im there was 'osts of 'em," replied Simpson, retreating into a pantry to conceal his emotion.

Lady Hurcomb looked very nice, in a matronly sort of way, that night as she stood in her drawing-room, saying the right thing to each guest whilst the trying five minutes before the announcement of dinner went by.

"Ah, Mr. Payne! so you've got here safely; I'm very glad to see you—very;" and she shook Mr. Payne's hand as she spoke.

Mr. Payne, in an essentially aldermanic suit of evening dress (graphic, and only possible adjective), was, as Simpson said, "a Dutch cheese of a man" with a strong cockney accent and an occasional aitch too many. But it is only fair to say, of this latter circumstance, that he atoned for it to the best of his ability by generally dropping that letter where it should be sounded.

"I'm sure I'm very pleased to come. The seeing of a race meeting——"

"This is a very old friend of mine—Mr. Toker. Harry, this is Mr. Payne," and Mr. Toker advanced, spotless and perfumed, but very much "there" all the same.

"Often heard of you in Devonshire," he said pleasantly. "If all country squires were more of your stamp, wouldn't be so much Radicalism about. Ground cut from under Radicals' feet."

"I try to be as popular as I can," Mr. Payne answered, and it was true. He did try, but it wasn't very successful. "Your name is also known to me in town—in fact, all over England," he added; thinking the owner of that name a very pleasant young fellow indeed.

"Oh, yes! Toker's Entire, eh? Pretty well known, I suppose. Let me turn your coat-collar down, it's standing up at present. All dress-coat collars seem to endeavour to stand up; it's a feature of them when put on hurriedly."

"So very unassuming," Mr. Payne thought, submitting to the named operation.

Then Sir Thomas came in with another hearty greeting, and then Ethel, who was very cool indeed to her ancient admirer, and kept close to Lady Hurcomb, as if for protection.

Rose Milne was late—beauty always is—but she came sailing in at last in black, with white ribbons about it, and a bunch of fragrant white tea-roses at her breast, and made a very pretty bow to Payne, and went up and talked quite friendly to Ethel, whom she only then met for the first time. She didn't take any notice of Toker, who had got himself into an obscure nook somehow, and couldn't be seen. But he lounged up presently, and then she looked at him very quietly, with a little smile on her face.

"Oh! is Mr. Toker here? How do you do, Mr. Toker?" But she didn't offer to shake hands, and Toker himself didn't appear anxious for that ceremony.

"Oh, yes! Toker's here," said the owner of that name in a tone hinting he would like to add "poor wretch," but he didn't.

And then Rose Milne went on talking to Ethel.

Ethel wasn't brilliant in that short conversation. Her eyes were so constantly on the door that *wouldn't* open and admit **SOME-BODY**, however much she might look at it—a marked peculiarity of doors in general. They are always so reluctant to admit **SOMEBODY**, and so eternally opening to admit **NOBODY**!

It was quite clear at last that Leslie wasn't coming in time for dinner, and therefore the party went into the dining-room without him.

Dear Lady Hurcomb (*how* Toker loved her!) managed to get him next Rose Milne at table. But Lady Hurcomb's conscience smote her as she did so, for she caught the most reproachful look in Ethel's eyes. Poor Ethel! doomed to sit next the detestable Raymond for the length of the meal!

Toker, in the one position he most coveted on earth, found himself tongue-tied there. Suddenly everything possible of being talked about seemed vanished away, and his goddess didn't help him in the least. She talked pleasantly enough to Sir Thomas, but there wasn't a word for Toker.

Growing desperate towards dessert he plunged into the subject of the races.

"We're going to have it fine to-morrow," he said with an effort; "I'm going to have the pleasure of driving you all into the course on my drag."

Then the dark eyes turned upon him with a sparkle of amusement in them, and the deep contralto voice said:

"Are you, Mr. Toker? I hope you're to be trusted."

Having started a conversation at last, and so hopefully, it wasn't in the nature of things he should have been allowed to glide along with it undisturbed. From the other side of the table came the cockney tones of Raymond Payne:

"The horses are quiet ones, I hope? I have a great objection to unquiet horses; they're really very dangerous besides. If they are not quiet I would rather walk to the course; it's only two miles, is it?"

Toker took the interruption very quietly. Besides, he caught a glance from Ethel at the instant, and it gave him inspiration.

"Usually my team is very quiet," he said, a little dubiously. "But I'll satisfy you on that point, Mr. Payne. You shall have a turn on my drag with me round the lanes before we start for the races—first thing after breakfast, that will be the plan. I should be very sorry to startle you."

For the time Mr. Payne seemed disposed of—obliged and satisfied. He took up the subject of "nitrates" with Sir Thomas, and was fully engaged upon that congenial topic forthwith.

Toker made one more attempt:

"It's an age since we met last, Miss Milne."

"Is it? I thought I saw you somewhere very lately, but I really can't recall where—in the Row, I suppose. One sees everybody there."

"I don't, very often. Strange thing, isn't it? I go there and

see nobody at all," Toker said, trying to make his voice tender and his glance romantic.

"I didn't know your eyes were bad ; it's smoking so much, I expect," Rose Milne said seriously. And then she added, "How terribly hot it is ! It's quite a bore to talk this weather, isn't it ?"

Poor Toker muttered something and took the hint.

"I might have known it," he told himself. "Not the least use in the world ! But she never looked better than she does to-night ! Toker, my boy, you're an ass ! that's your description. She's got nobody to take care of her, and she doesn't want anybody. She's quite equal to taking care of herself. More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. More people love Miss Angelica than Miss Angelica loves—it's human nature !"

So Toker took his rebuff philosophically, and maintained an impenetrable silence till after the ladies went out of the room.

When they were gone he became conversational once more, and made himself so extremely pleasant to Mr. Payne that the old gentleman put him down in his mental note-book as one of the very nicest young fellows he had ever met—a man to be thoroughly trusted.

To see "The Willows" garden at its highest perfection such a night as that night was necessary : a bright moonlight one, with a red-faced moon, at the full, looking down from behind a clump of willows on a little island in the river, and throwing silver bars of light across the lawns, and making the great broad leaves of the laurel hedges gleam fitfully as the lightest wandering wind coquetted with them. A night when the splash of oars in the stream could be heard in the stillness half a mile away, and when, now and again, a nightingale would burst forth with a few bars of thrilling melody, and emphasise them with a sudden silence.

The ladies didn't trouble to put wraps over their low dinner-gowns, it was too hot even for that ; but they strolled out among the conifers and fragrant flower-beds arm-in-arm—three most material ghosts, superior to any genuine ones for such a night.

It was thus wandering that the men found them, after drawing the reception-rooms blank ; thus wandering, along the broad gravel path beside the river.

They hadn't all been together longer than five minutes ; they had scarcely broken into pairs—as it is the destiny and doom of our species *to* break, sooner or later, whatsoever the occasion—when there was another step, scarcely noticeable upon the turf, and the next instant the pale moonlight hid Ethel's blushes, for **SOMEbody** had come,

It was after Mr. Toker had seen the meeting, and the introductions following that arrival, that, lighting one of his biggest cigars, he strolled away alone; first seeing unsuspecting Raymond Payne started on a congenial topic with Sir Thomas.

"Ah!" thought Mr. Toker, "just so. There's Rose Milne with her arm through Ada Hurcomb's, and there's Hugh wandering about beside Ethel Mirion; but he's not saying anything to her—not a word! To my certain knowledge they haven't met for three years, and she said to him, 'I'm very well, thank you,' in reply to his question; and the next time she spoke to him she asked 'if he had been cricketing much this season!' No use my trying to talk to Rose Milne, *because she don't want me*, and there's an end of it," Mr. Toker told himself quite spitefully. "You don't seem usually a fool, Toker, but you *can't* somehow beat it into yourself—*she don't want you!* You'll be happier when you can."

So Mr. Toker to his cigar, standing at the end of the gravel path and gazing out rather sadly on the river. The two lovers, the coldness of whose greeting had so disgusted him, walked close by in the twilight and didn't see him. He caught a scrap of their conversation and was more disgusted:

"Yes, with this very swift bowling one has to look out, and the ball ain't over soft; but it's a jolly old game, and licks tennis into fits."

"That's only a woman's game, as you call it, so of course you're disdainful," Ethel replied; and then they passed out of hearing, actually laughing!

"Well," exclaimed Toker, half aloud, "if that's all he wanted me to keep the old boy out of the way for, he's a bigger fool than I took him for. I wonder what she sees in him? I see only a tall, straight, dark fellow of seven-and-twenty, with a high colour and a black moustache. No doubt *she* sees an Adonis, or even more. Strange things, women!" and Mr. Toker puffed on in silence again, telling himself that he was far better out there, as he wasn't wanted elsewhere.

But perhaps Lady Hurcomb had some real pity and regard for him; perhaps she thought Rose Milne might be induced to be more merciful with a little closer acquaintance; for some cause or other she brought Rose Milne up there to where Toker was standing by-and-by, and then, with a sudden excuse, hurried away after a distant, moving object, dimly seen through shrubs, and said to be Sir Thomas.

"It's really very good of Ada," Toker thought, "but it's only a waste of time and trouble, for Rose *don't want me!*" But his heart

beat a little the quicker for all that, and his voice was very gentle as he asked :

" Been dancing much this season, Miss Milne ?" and before she could reply he thought, disgusted, " Hang me if that's much better than Ethel Mirion's cricketing talk ! It's the disease, I suppose."

" Oh ! I've been dancing a good deal ; more than I care about," Rose answered, carelessly.

" Do you really care for anything ?"

" I suppose so, though I hardly know what. I feel as though one *ought* to care for something or other—let me see, what *do* I care for ?"

There was a silence whilst Rose tried to think what she *did* care for, and in it Toker's courage suddenly rose within him to almost proposal height. He couldn't for the life of him tell why it was so, but it did.

He didn't wait for Rose's reply, he broke out suddenly in a tone there was no mistaking :

" There's *one* thing, Miss Milne, that would be made very happy if it thought——"

She turned towards the house at once. " Then it had ever so much better *not* think," she said, smiling a little. Toker when eager looked *so* ridiculous, even by moonlight.

Toker's courageous self vanished then and there.

" You're quite right, quite. I've thought so all along," he said with laughable earnestness ; " and it's getting decidedly chilly out here, isn't it ? Let us go indoors ; somebody appears to be playing."

They went indoors. It was Lady Hurcomb playing ; she got up when they entered the room and made Rose take her place. " That will bring them indoors," she said.

It had that effect. Rose had a rich deep voice, and everybody listened enchanted. But it didn't turn Toker's head, for he told Hugh Leslie that night that he " had arranged, he strongly suspected, for a place at Ethel's side for him in the drag to-morrow. He had an idea Raymond Payne would walk." And then, with the cheeriest good-night, Toker went into his bedroom.

" You might have known it," he told himself there ; " you're far too lucky with other people's affairs to succeed with your own. You might have known it, Toker ! She *really* doesn't want you."

CHAPTER VI.

" GIVE the team an extra feed of corn this morning, Tophthorne," Mr. Toker said, going into the stables before breakfast next day.

Mr. Tophthorne looked up at his master in some little surprise.

"They'll be uncommon fresh, sir—and ladies going on the coach, sir," he protested dubiously.

"All right, Tophthorne, I'm going to take a friend for a little drive before we start for the races, and I want to show him how the team can move," replied Mr. Toker calmly.

"Oh! if that's it, sir, in course," answered Tophthorne, with a grin. "I understand, sir, I understand," and he thereupon turned into the stables to carry out his instructions.

"Look here, Leslie," Toker said, taking him aside immediately after breakfast, "this plan of mine has two advantages: firstly, it will give you an hour with the goddess, only don't talk cricket all the time; and, secondly, it will make old Payne walk to the course, or have a fly or something, for I back he won't travel by my drag after this morning's drive—see?"

"What are you going to do to the poor old boy?" Leslie asked, laughing.

"Oh! nothing much; only give him an idea of what a team is sometimes; besides, it will make the horses quiet for the ladies. By the way, there's just the possibility of a third advantage in my plan—it *may* by accident rid you of old Payne altogether—though I don't *mean* to break his neck if I can sufficiently funk him without."

Hugh Leslie, knowing something of the dare-devil nature lying hid beneath Toker's cool exterior, looked rather grave as the speaker strolled laughingly away over the sunny lawns.

"Don't be too rash," he expostulated. "Society couldn't afford to lose you, Toker."

Toker turned back at the words, and came up beside Hugh Leslie again.

"I've been thinking over your affairs," he said in his own cheery way. "Don't think me personal if I put a personal question: Do you like her as much as ever? Is she as much of a goddess as ever? Tell me, please, before I go any further, because time now and then changes people's opinions on such points."

"She's ten thousand times better than ever, old fellow," Leslie exclaimed enthusiastically, "and I'm ten thousand times more 'gone' than ever. Does *that* satisfy you?"

Toker looked at him a moment with a smile upon his face, and then told him that it did.

"We'll have it all over to-night then; I've got an idea."

"When you tell a fellow you have an idea he's as good as helped out of his difficulty. You're a wonderful fellow, Toker. But no

ideas are of much use to me, I'm afraid ; it's worse than that—ever so much."

"When I take up a case I generally pull it through," Mr. Toker answered contentedly ; "other people's cases, that is."

"This is very 'andsome, I mean handsome," said Mr. Raymond Payne as the drag, in all the glory of varnish, came round to the door with a couple of grooms at the heads of the leaders. "But ain't the coachman going to drive ?" as Tophthorne prepared to dismount.

"No, I'm going to take the ribbons," Toker said, laughing. "Get up, Mr. Payne."

Toker was already up as he spoke, and Mr. Payne scrambled up somehow. "Dear me !" he exclaimed, arrived at the top, "where shall I sit ? What a great deal of vacant accommodation !" looking round over the empty seats.

"Why, come here by me," Toker replied ; "you'll see the team better."

So Mr. Payne took his seat, holding on, after he had done so, by the iron at his side as though there might be a difficulty in keeping it when taken.

The other guests, with Sir Thomas and Lady Hurcomb, were assembled on the doorsteps to see the start, and everybody appeared to think it a very funny performance : everybody laughed so.

"Let 'em go," said Toker to the grooms at the horses' heads.

"One moment—the reins are unbuckled !" exclaimed Mr. Payne, in evident alarm.

"What ? Oh ! the ends of the leaders' ribbons are always free, so that one can let 'em go in case of a catastrophe, you know. Sit tight, Mr. Payne !"

"I'm certain you'll enjoy it," called out Lady Hurcomb from the steps.

"I'm quite sure I shall," rejoined Mr. Payne in a sort of disjointed gasp, for the leaders sprang into their collars with a bound, and the coach proceeded down the avenue at a rapid pace, the two smart grooms clambering to their places in perfect "time" at the first stride of the team.

"Dear me ! can we turn into the road at this pace ?" inquired Payne anxiously, as the lodge-gates were neared. "These horses appear very fresh."

"They are fresh. Oh ! we shall turn all right," replied the driver of them, gathering his reins in the masterful way of a thorough workman ; "but you'd better hold tight—one never knows what may happen. Haven't you been on a coach before ?"

"I've been outside a 'bus a great many times—but there isn't much similarity," replied poor Payne, visibly "funking." "Four horses seem such a large number for one man to drive safely. Dear me, how the coach rolled then!"

The rolling of the coach was due to Mr. Toker (who had steadied his team for the turn into the road) suddenly "letting them out" down a slight declivity.

"That's nothing—but the job is to hold them—they're pulling like mad," he said, thereby striking dismay into his companion's heart. "I'd really no idea they would be so fresh. Would you care to put your hand upon them and see, Mr. Payne?"

"Oh! thank you, no; not on any account. Are we obliged to go so fast? The pace seems really increasing. I think it's the blowing of the 'orn. Won't you tell the men to stop it?" asked Payne, whose face was visibly paling with alarm at the situation in which he found himself.

"It's not the horn, and I want to tire them a bit. Perhaps a gallop will take it out of them," Toker said, concealing his laughter at the sight of the terrified face beside him.

"Oh, really! Coaching is a charming sport. I daresay in time I should quite like it; but I'd much rather you didn't gallop—if it's all the same to you. I would indeed."

But it was too late to protest. The bays, full of corn, and very excited at one or two liberties Toker had taken with them, took a sudden advantage of him at a convenient descent, and broke into an unmistakable gallop of their own accord.

A coach with only four outside passengers is not any great deterrent to a team bent on mischief, and that vehicle sped after the bays, rocking from side to side in very unorthodox style indeed.

"By Jove, they're off!" exclaimed Toker, rather surprised, very much amused, and not the least little bit alarmed. "Sit tight, Payne! I didn't think they had it in them."

But Toker hadn't counted for the effect of his words on his sole passenger. Raymond Payne, in mortal terror, clung to his arm, exclaiming, in hurried accents, from time to time:

"Oh! Mr. Toker, what is to be done? What will happen? Is there no way of getting down? I liked it very much till this. What will become of us? What will?"

"Keep quiet and sit still, and don't hang on to my arm. They'll be tired in a minute or two," replied Toker, highly delighted with the effect he was producing. "They'll be quite quiet by the time we start for the races."

"No starting for the races for *me!*" exclaimed Mr. Payne devoutly. "Not on a coach, at any rate. If ever I get safely on the ground again—if ever I do—oh!—"

The last exclamation, accompanied by a sort of cry, broke from the speaker as the leaders shied violently at some pigs flying in alarm from a wayside patch of grass.

"That was a near thing," exclaimed Toker—even *his* face a trifle graver than usual. "It can't last very much longer now."

It didn't seem as if it could. Trees and hedgerows flew past them, alternating with farm-houses and cottages, whose inhabitants rushed out of doors to stare speechless at the sight of a blue drag with red wheels "urging its mad career" at full gallop, driven by a gentleman with a smile upon his face, and hampered by an elderly companion clinging to his arm in a silent agony of terror. As for the two grooms behind, they had heard from Tophorne of the intention of the drive, and were very doubtful how much was real and how much was counterfeit in that run-away.

It was a more real affair, notwithstanding, than Mr. Toker had in any way expected, and only his consummate skill and coolness averted a spill. But a spill was averted. There was no traffic, fortunately, in those country lanes, even though it was the first day of Ascot, for it was early for Ascot traffic yet. Before very long the horses had all they required in the way of galloping, and submitted tamely enough to be steadied down to a trot, and subsequently to a standstill.

It was when this latter feat was accomplished that Mr. Payne, without waiting for the ladder, blundered over the side, and fell into the arms of a groom who happened to be passing to the horses' heads.

"Why, what are you up to?" inquired Toker, in some amazement, and more amusement, at so instantaneous a disappearance.

"Up to?" exclaimed Mr. Payne from the safety of the turf by the wayside, where he stood panting and trembling. "Up to? If ever I get outside a coach again—may I be—I'd rather not say what."

"But you'll drive back to 'The Willows'? They're quiet enough now," Toker said, laughing.

"No, thank you," Mr. Payne replied, with emotion; "I'll walk. Don't think about me. If you are wise, *you'll* walk, and let the men lead those desperate horses home. It is far the wiser course."

Persuasion was of no avail, and so at last, laughing to himself a good deal, and seeing a suppressed reflection of his own merriment on the faces of his grooms, Toker turned the drag at a convenient

widening of the lane, and drove steadily homeward, leaving Mr. Payne trudging slowly after him through the dusty roads.

The other people were out on the lawns when Toker drove up to the house ; Ethel and Hugh were playing tennis. Toker muttered below his breath as he saw this :

" Hang it all ! Just what I expected. I have been risking my neck for him to get a game of tennis with her. It's too bad of him. It really is."

" Why, where is Mr. Payne ? " asked Lady Hurcomb, coming up beside the coach with Rose Milne.

" I should think he's about a mile and a half off now, on the Staines road," Toker replied calmly. " He's walking—he preferred it—and he's never going outside a coach again."

" Oh, Harry ! you've been frightening him on purpose. I can see it by the condition of the horses," Lady Hurcomb said, laughing, and holding up a reproving finger. " How wrong of you, Harry ! and how dangerous ! You might have had a bad accident."

Mr. Toker got down from the box, gave directions for the washing over of the horses very deliberately, and then said :

" Bad accident ! I should think so. Can't imagine how we escaped it. Team bolted—clean. Awful lark—frightened old Payne nearly to death."

" How *could* you, Harry ! I'm certain you did it on purpose too. I can see it in your face. It's altogether too bad—a guest too ! What *are* you afraid of ? *Nothing*, I believe."

" I really don't believe he *is* a coward," Rose Milne said, looking at him not quite so coldly as usual. " I really don't believe he *is*. But oughtn't we to be getting ready to start ? "

And so Rose Milne went away upstairs with Lady Hurcomb, leaving Toker alone upon the doorstep.

" It's no use, Toker," that gentleman told himself, looking feebly after the disappearing figure. " It was a very civil speech, and all that, but it don't mean anything, Toker, because she don't want you ! "

And the fifty thousand per annum that wasn't required strolled disconsolately away to where Sir Thomas was reading a newspaper under the shade of a cedar tree, and told him all about the drive he had taken Mr. Payne.

" You'll be the death of him, poor old boy," the baronet said, laughing, when he had heard.

" No," said Toker quietly, with the air of a man fully determined upon his course. " I shan't kill him ; but I'm afraid he'll have to

suffer another fright or two before he'll consent to relinquish his claim to Ethel. That's what I mean to make him do."

"But, I say, Toker," Sir Thomas replied, getting up from his chair, folding up the newspaper, and putting it in his pocket. "But, I say, Toker, think what you're up to. The old boy has plenty of money, and this Leslie hasn't a farthing beyond what he wins horse-racing—a terrible sort of fellow to make a girl throw over a certainty of sixty for. Don't forget that."

"No. I've not forgotten that," Toker said thoughtfully. "I've a pretty complete scheme in my head. Fact is I like the young fellow—he's been useful to me more than once. I mean helping Hugh Leslie this time—substantially if I can. You'll see."

"It's a pity," said Sir Thomas, stroking his pointed red beard, "it's a pity Raymond Payne ain't fifteen years older. If he'd been seventy-five instead of sixty it would have saved a heap of trouble, wouldn't it?"

"I thought of that at once," Toker replied, laughing. "Yes, that would have been *the* thing—then he'd have provided for them both at an early date, eh? Look out—here he comes. I say, how hot and dusty he looks too! Come and hear what he says of the affair—and it's time the team was round—it's twelve o'clock."

And Sir Thomas and Toker walked towards the house and Mr. Payne.

(To be concluded.)

A RUSSIAN MONASTERY.

THOSE who are obliged to tarry long at Cavalla, in Thrace, as a rule grow very sorry for themselves ; if the victim cares for sentiment, he is glad to find himself on the spot once known as Neapolis, the first spot on this continent of Europe on which St. Paul landed on his way to Philippi in his capacity of apostle to us gentiles ; he visits the well where popular report says that the first of the many sermons addressed to European ears was preached, provided with an escort to protect him from real or imaginary brigands, he toils to Philippi and back in one day, and it depends entirely on his capacity for imagination whether he enjoys that day or not, for the present Philippi retains but few relics of the past, and to believe that two tottering towers of modern construction still visible on the ancient acropolis were the prisons of Paul and Silas requires a mind void of all scepticism. If, on the other hand, the victim loves tobacco and nothing else, Cavalla will be to him a paradise ; it is the great mart for the Turkish tobacco grown on the plains of Drama and Philippi. Everyone he visits will give him tobacco—specimens of their best—hoping to secure a large order eventually.

We were three victims thus obliged to tarry, one moderately sentimental and soon sated with reminiscences of St Paul, one moderately fond of tobacco, and imbued with a feeling that there are other things to live for in this world beside smoke, and one, the servant to the other two, who keeps a tobacco shop in a far-off Greek island ; he alone of the three was thoroughly happy at Cavalla during the enforced delay, and was busy all the time with his needle, padding his coat, waistcoat, and trousers with tobacco, with a view to deceiving the customs on his return home, and, when the time of our release eventually came, he presented the appearance of a fatted ox, and, as the weather was very hot, I tremble to think what his interior sensations must have been.

Wearied of our existence at Cavalla, we listened with interest to accounts of a new monastery which Russian monks from Mount Athos have erected of late years on a promontory some ten miles

distant from Cavalla; the same accounts darkly hinted that the object of this monastic establishment was not purely religious, that the Russians had bought up vast estates in its vicinity, that for the use of a few monks they had built a barrack which could contain, if needed, hundreds of soldiers, and that the Turks, alarmed at the prospect of a Russian garrison in their very midst, had refused to allow the Russians to buy up any more land. Stimulated by these reports to investigate for ourselves the facts, and rejoicing in the idea of something definite to do, we decided to go in person to the monastery, armed with a letter to the Superior, to throw ourselves on the monkish hospitality for a night or so, and to disregard rumours concerning a certain brigand who they told us at Cavalla claimed the coast-line near the monastery as his own special hunting-ground.

Leftherai is the name of the promontory in question, a hilly spur of the once celebrated Mount Pangæus, the California of the ancient world. This promontory juts into the sea for several miles, and possesses at the southern extremity a lovely cove, one of the best harbours on this coast; it contains several square miles of rich agricultural land, shut in by hills, and it is, from the cove to the slopes of Pangæus, all Russian property, and is farmed by them, forming a perfect oasis of civilisation and culture in the midst of the bare deserted hills of Turkey.

We landed from our boat close to a small square house on the shore about two miles from the monastery, the *chiflik* or farm of St. Andreas as it is called, where half-a-dozen Russian monks devote themselves to fishing and looking after the monastic schooner, which was lying at anchor in the cove, ready to transport to distant marts the produce of the farm, and to bring back from Russia much-prized delicacies, such as caviare, koumiss, and tea, for the edification of the monks. They received us hospitably in their common room, and invited us, whilst tea was being prepared, to walk to the end of a little promontory and watch their fishing arrangements. In these parts they have a very curious and time-honoured method of catching the shoals of fish which invariably in the month of May come into this bay. On a lofty erection in the water, constructed with piles, sat a monk in his tall hat and cassock, in silent contemplation of the waves beneath him; in front of this erection ran a long net, fastened at one end to a rock and attached to piles driven into the sea, so as to form a semicircle round the place of inspection, where the monks take it in turns of two hours to sit and watch all day until the shoal arrives. The fish invariably enter the bay at the other end, follow the shore

for what they can get, and then by shouting and throwing of stones they are driven towards the net, which the monk—"the archon of the fishing" as he is called—pulls up by a string when he sees his opportunity. This is a common mode of fishing for tunny fish all along this coast, and those who care to refer to Oppian's "Art of Fishing" will find that they did exactly the same thing in these very waters in his day.

After imbibing large glasses of Russian tea, we set off on the excellent road which leads to the monastery. We walked through fertile meadows, with corn on either side of us towering above our heads—such a road as no Turk was ever guilty of making—and, when we had gone through a low pass in the hill which shut off the inland basin, our eyes rested on the gigantic monastery at the head of the vale, nestling beneath the mighty heights of Pangæus.

Of a truth our friends in Cavalla had not exaggerated. The monastery at Leftherai is a huge pile of buildings grouped round a busy farmyard, and surrounded as far as the eye could reach by vineyards, olive plantations, and cornfields—a perfect paradise to look upon—and shut in on all sides by rounded hills. As we approached, we were lost in astonishment to see around us farm machinery of every description—such things as you see nowhere else in Turkey—ploughing, reaping, and threshing machines, numbers of strongly made bullock-carts; in short, all the evidences of high cultivation. The fields to the right and left of us were full of Wallachian peasants employed in tilling the ground and pruning the vines—wild-looking men, who flock hither from the mountains in crowds, for Russian pay is better than any other in the Balkan Peninsula. Then we said to one another in considerable bewilderment, what could have been the origin of all this? Fifteen monks in all we counted—certainly there are no more; these are the only inhabitants of this vast building, or rather, they live in a small building, and have their cells, their common room, and their church just over the porch; whereas another disjointed building, in the façade of which we counted one hundred windows, and which runs along the northern side of the enclosure, is entirely untenanted, for the farm labourers and their wives and families are accommodated in shanties outside.

The Superior was absent when we arrived, and we were handed over to the tender mercies of a young novice named Joseph, who alone of the assembled fathers could speak Greek. He led us to a large airy room in the empty building—the guest-room as they call it—and that night we were the only occupants of the place, and could wander up and down the long corridors and peep into the empty cells.

Joseph was constantly plying us with refreshments, and at each visit he told us disjointed facts from his history : how his father had brought him, when a tiny suffering child, to the great Russian monastery on Mount Athos ; how a great swelling on his neck had been miraculously healed immediately on his arrival ; and how he, consequently, felt bound in return to devote his life to religion. " At the age of thirty," he said, " I shall take the lesser habit, and hope, if spared, to advance to the great angelical habit," which, he explained to us, is associated with total seclusion and perpetual prayer preparatory to death. The scapulary and other badges of this habit are covered with emblems of death. It is a living death, in fact, dear to fanatical Russians who are tired of this world. At present, Joseph, from having acquired the Greek language in his childhood, is a very useful member of the community, and superintends the labourers on the farm with surprising ability.

Joseph was very friendly and communicative. He told us much concerning the ways of Russian monks and their religious life : no monk can be bound till he is thirty, up to which age he remains a novice, and can embrace a secular life if he wishes. No nun, except by special order from the Holy Synod, can be bound till she is fifty, and up to that age it is lawful for her to fall in love and marry. Though ready to tell us anything we asked him respecting monastic life, he was not to be drawn on the subject uppermost in our minds—namely, the reason why Russia had here constructed so vast and, apparently, objectless a building. So I looked for a convenient moment to steal away from our friends and make personal inspections.

The farmyard, with its tank in the centre and shady garden, offered no objects of special interest, save the flocks of doves which hovered around, and drank at the edge of the tank. " Do you eat these ?" said I, innocently, to Joseph, and, by the look of blank dismay on his countenance, I saw that I had put my foot into it. " We never eat meat," he replied drily ; and later on he took occasion to tell me that the Russians look upon doves as sacred birds—emblems of the Holy Spirit. I, in my ignorance, had confused them with pigeons, and had secretly hoped to meet some of them in a pie.

Under the eaves of the great building flitted hundreds of swallows, also sacred birds in Russian eyes ; birds which, the legend tells us, paid respect to our Lord when on the cross, whereas the wicked sparrows urged on the executioners to tortures by their chirping, and as a punishment, say they, the sparrows' legs are still bound, so that they must hop for ever till the day of doom. Swallows are con-

sequently always welcomed and allowed to build their nests where they will ; whereas sparrows are looked upon as a presage of ill-luck. Joseph was not to be shaken off hurriedly. He must take us over the property, he said ; and, meekly following in his train, we visited various gardens which promised an abundant crop of fruit ; and it was not till the hour of vespers drew nigh that I could steal away and make my observations unmolested.

Just behind the great building the ground rapidly rises, and a few minutes' climb brought me to a point of vantage whence I could view the whole basin of Leftherai. I met a Wallachian peasant on my way, and, on asking him whither the path led on which I was walking, he pointed over a spur of Pangæus, and said, "To the plain of Philippi." This at once raised to my mind a long train of thought, and, the better to aid contemplation, I sat down on a rock on the hillside. As I looked upon the pleasant scene of thriving prosperity before me, I recollected how a friend at Salonica had told me, à propos of the Russian monastery on the Holy Mountain, that, in his opinion, that magnificent establishment was obviously a Government affair, and was subsidised by the Russian Government; that their object is to acquire predominance over the whole of the Athos peninsula, so that it may become a vast and impregnable fortress for them in the Ægean Sea, religious sentiments forming a wholesome basis of operations. The Russian monastery on Athos is certainly a glorious establishment ; there you see activity in every branch of life, pilgrims without end, and a whole colony of artisans, forming a marked contrast to the sleepy, half-dead sort of life led amongst the Greek monks of the other monasteries, whose jealousy of their Russian brethren is intense. By disregarding the original treaty by which they gained a footing on the Holy Mountain, the Russians have increased their numbers with great rapidity during late years, and have possessed themselves of certain small monasteries of the extreme ascetic order called *Skete and Kellia*, which they had no right to do. The Georgians in the Iberian monastery of course aid and abet their Russian masters in every way possible, and, by offering large sums for coveted spots, the Russians hope soon to overcome the scruples of their avaricious neighbours the Greeks ; but as affairs at present stand the Greek monasteries have entered into a compact not to sell any more land to Russia, and so far the compact has been kept, for they are now properly alarmed and dread much the preponderance of Russia, and the eventual conversion of the sacred promontory with a religious body depending no longer on the Patriarch of Constantinople, but on the Archbishop of Moscow. On turning to Curzon's

“Monasteries of the Levant,” we find that in 1837 he encountered no Russians during his visit to Mount Athos. Now there are upwards of 1,600 lay and clerical Russian subjects constantly living there, not to speak of shiploads of pilgrims who constantly visit the sacred shrines in Russian ships.

Here at Leftherai what have we but a development of the same plan? a fortress ready for the reception of soldiers in a hidden valley, communicating by a path with the far-famed plain of Philippi, the battle-field of ancient days, and a possible battle-field in the future, when a strong Russian force, landed at Leftherai Cove, and bivouacked at the monastery, would always be at hand to surprise an enemy on the plain, with its road leading through the mountains left and right, westwards to Salonica, and eastwards to Constantinople, the old Via Egnatia of Roman days, the great high road to and from the East during the best days of Imperial Rome? Whatever those who laugh at Russophobia may say, the fact remains the same, a gigantic untenanted building has been erected on a spot highly favourable for strategical purposes on a fertile stretch of property belonging to Russia, and left in the charge of a handful of monks. I confess that as I sat on the rock and contemplated the tongue-shaped promontory which stretched before me, with its excellent road winding up a fertile valley, it appeared to me that there was no other construction to put upon the facts. The shrill-sounding wooden gong, called the *semandron*, just then sounded for complines, and, mindful of the fact that the inhabitants about here do not bear the best of characters, I hurried home.

We questioned Joseph concerning their hours and the routine of life as pursued by a good Russian monk, and he gave me a programme which I think will astonish our more easy-going divines of the West. At eight in the evening they go to bed to obtain four hours' rest before the midnight service, which on ordinary days lasts for five hours, but on festival days is extended to ten. At five they rest for an hour before terce and sext, which with a liturgy last till eight, but on festival days there is no rest, and the service is prolonged till ten. Three hours are now devoted to feeding and repose, until nones and vespers, which occupy them till five, the hour for supper, and from six to half-past seven they recite complines, and this closes the weary category of devotions. “We are not like our brethren on Mount Athos,” concluded Joseph; “we are working monks, and the presence of some of us is always required in the fields; but when I take the great angelical habit,” he added, “I shall do all this and more besides.” Such is the religious enthusiasm

of a Russian monk, perhaps the most ascetic class of monks in Christendom, whose only object in life appears to be to have health and strength to enable them to get through prayers and penances innumerable, so as to leave no doubt in their minds as to the blissful repose which will be secured to them throughout all eternity.

The church at Leftherai is but a room with *misereres* around it, and crutches on which to rest during the weary hours of devotion. The walls are covered with common blue paper and clad with the hideously grotesque pictures of saints, martyrs, and devils, which appear best calculated to inspire the Slavonic mind with pious thoughts, and a few miracle-working icons, "nothing to what they have at Athos," said Joseph, "yet this one is good," as he kissed it fervently, "and so is that," as he applied his lips to another. These icons, or sacred pictures, are "not made with hands," in accordance with the teaching of the Russian Church, but, mysteriously found up a tree or in a well, they form the basis of the religion of the Eastern Church. When such a picture is reported to have been found, hundreds flock to worship it, miracles are said to be wrought by it, and the proceedings are officially reported to the most Holy Synod, which august body, knowing that much gain will accrue to the Church from the gifts of the faithful, license them, so to speak, as miracle working, a feast day is appointed, a church is built, and the concern is floated. Such are the miraculous icons; then there are the simple icons, most of them made at the icon-making village of Vladimir, which are used for private devotion and hung up in houses before the ever-burning lamp. Let those who seek for a union between the Anglican and Orthodox Churches just read a paragraph out of the service appointed to be read on a day which they designate as "Orthodox Sunday"; it runs as follows:—

"Let those be accursed who cast reproaches on the holy images (icons) which the Holy Church receiveth in remembrance of the works of God and His saints, to inspire the beholders with piety and to incite them to imitate their example."

This paragraph forms a portion of the service which is read in church; and yet there are those who hope for a union of this Church with ours!

I have said that there are only fifteen monks at Leftherai, but, besides these, there is another individual who dwells within the sacred precincts, and, strange to say, this individual is a huge fat nun, Eugeneia by name, whose history is almost as extraordinary as the fact of her presence amongst a lot of monks. She and her husband, a wealthy, childless couple, came from Russia to these parts about

twelve years ago in order that the husband might visit and worship at the Holy Mountain. Eugenia, of course, could not go to a spot from which all female creation is banished, so she was content to remain amongst the brethren at Leutherai until her husband's return; but he never did return. So captivated was he by the pious and peaceful life on the sacred promontory that he elected to stay there for the remainder of his days, and left his good spouse and the world behind him. Eugenia thereupon decided, like Martha the mother of the Czar Michel, who took the veil when her husband became a monk, to remain at Leftherai, and to take upon herself the vows. She built herself a cottage close to the porch; she gets her meals from the common room, and, in her black dress, with brass girdle, she toils like a servant on the farm. We sat and watched her with great interest tending her geese, and, fat though she is, appearing quite the busiest person in the place, scolding right and left, and superintending the wives of the Wallachian peasants in the work; and it occurred to us that perhaps the departed husband had been wise in his generation, and had chosen Mount Athos as the one shrine which opens its arms and offers protection to henpecked husbands. The absence of the rigorous exclusion of females is most marked at Leftherai; cocks and hens, sheep and cattle, peasant women and their infants all swarm around; sights which are considered wrong for monks on Mount Athos to behold are common here. There is some idea, I believe, connected with Lot's wife in the exclusion of the female race from Mount Athos. Lady Strangford went on one occasion with the admiral of a Turkish ship, and the monks expected her to become a pillar of salt, but somehow or another she didn't, and yet the rigour of their rule has not been relaxed.

Our hosts of Leftherai treated us right nobly to the best they had; out came a monk with a gun in hand, and spread wild confusion in the farmyard by wounding a cock with this weapon, which was caught after some difficulty and converted into our evening meal. As we ate, Joseph sat by and took a glass of wine, but no food, and led the conversation as much as he could into a religious channel. He is particularly strong on the subject of miracles, being, as he constantly asserted, a living proof of the curative powers of the icons of Mount Athos. "You don't believe me," he said, as we showed signs of scepticism. "Well, then, I will convince you; on your return to Cavalla, go and look at a little Turkish mosque down by the shore. In the crescent at the top of the minaret you will see a tiny cross, and the reason why this cross was put there is as follows: This mosque, after

the Turkish conquest, was built on the site of an early Christian church erected on the spot where St. Paul landed. Time after time the mosque fell down, until the Turks hit on the expedient of putting a cross inside the crescent on the minaret." And sure enough on our return to Cavalla we found it even as Joseph had said, and that the legend is vouched for as authentic by all the Greek priests in the town. After all, there is nothing so very strange in this as might at first appear. A series of earthquakes may have wrought the several destructions of the mosque, and the Turks are so intensely superstitious that they do not scruple to make use of Christianity in hopes that they may derive benefit from so doing. I myself have seen crowds of sickly Turks frequenting Christian feasts at healing streams and miracle-working pictures. At Tenos, the great centre of modern Greek miracle-worship, there is a well with a Turkish inscription upon it, which relates how a Mahommedan was cured of a disease by the miraculous intervention of the Madonna of Tenos on the occasion of his worshipping before her sacred picture, and that out of gratitude to her he erected the well in question.

We reposed in clean beds in the large guest-room in the empty building, beneath many pictures of devils of varied shapes and hideous appearance sufficient to produce dreams of the most awful nature, the result being that a vivid dream appeared to one of us, which pictured two Russian field-marsals in our two beds, three generals at rest on the divan, and the floor paved with colonels and majors without end.

A little-known and curious episode in Russian history which took place just a century ago appears to be a fitting conclusion to these remarks on the monastery at Leftherai. The Eastern Question was in pretty much the same condition then as it is now—why in this age of centenaries has no one suggested the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of this vexed question? In those days Catharine II. of Russia was at war with Turkey, and had as keen an eye on Constantinople as the Russians of to-day. She sent her general, Alexis Orloff, a sort of prototype of Kaulbars, and other agitators into the Peloponese to promote sedition amongst the Greeks; they distributed sacred pictures broadcast, they preached the unity of the Greek and Russian Church, and raked up an old tradition that the Turkish Empire would be destroyed by a fair race, and to Orloff's standard flocked numerous malcontents; but when the Greeks thoroughly recognised that the Russian object was not so much to gain their independence as to compromise them with the Turks, they returned home again without doing anything, and Orloff left the

Morea in pursuit of the Turkish fleet, which he destroyed off Chesmeh, on the coast of Asia Minor, and gained for himself the name of Chesmenski.

Being now practically master of the Ægean Sea, Orloff set on foot a scheme which, had it been successful, would probably have settled the Eastern Question in Russia's favour long ago. He seized all the Cyclades, which, with their wealth in harbourage and their command over the seas north of Crete, were in those days the key to the Bosphorus. During this occupation of the Cyclades, which lasted for a few years, Orloff made good use of his time: the centre of government was established on the Island of Mykonos, which has an excellent harbour, and is almost equidistant between Europe and Asia. The traveller to-day who visits this island on his way to inspect the ruins of the adjacent Delos is surprised to find a mean fishing village in possession of a huge square Government building out of all proportion to the requirements of the place. The inhabitants have found this palatial building excessively useful; it has saved them from having to build a court-house for their demarch, a school, and a museum for the treasures from Delos, and yet it is too large, with dank, half-ruined passages leading into untenanted rooms, which once were occupied by Russian Government officials under the command of Orloff.

This building at Mykonos, as it stands to-day, is nought but a monument of the failure of one of Russia's schemes for aggrandisement in those days. Austria and Prussia combined to check the ambition of their dangerous neighbour. The Russian monasteries on Mount Athos and at Leftherai are proof that the same policy is at work still; it remains to be proved whether any modern combination of powers will be strong enough to render them equally futile.

J. THEODORE BENT.

SUN DIALS.

WAS the divine not wrong in his witty reply to the question, "What is Time?" "A piece of Eternity cut off at both ends!" A man in his beginning, his continuance upon earth, and his end is in and of the Eternal.

Then what is Time? Nothing. Not even as much as smoke: less is it than the shadow of a shade! A certain succession of natural phenomena has been observed; man creates out of these an imaginary something, and names it Time! He afterwards embodies this fantastical creature and presents a bent, bald old man moving as with palsied step, yet wearing wings; he has one great forelock, he carries a scythe and a sand-glass.

So has man played with the phenomena which determine his entrance, experience, exit. But there has been a long prologue to this tragi-comedy. The sun appears to rise and set; whilst it shines, man names the period, day: he draws an imaginary line in the centre of its shining course, or notes when it is highest in the heavens, and calls that mid-day. He then proceeds with the invention of intermediate imaginary lines, and names the intervals hours, minutes, seconds. Hence arose time-measurers of many kinds, of which the noblest and chief is the sun dial. Man's innate respect for this in its authority and veracity is shown in his usually placing upon it mottoes of admonition, as for a perpetual memorial.

A dial motto—to use a forcible idiom—requires you all by yourself, like an engaging beauty or a death's-head. Three seldom count in the true confession: four or more are, at the best, mere confusion. If a husky-voiced antiquary were to discourse upon a sun dial to some of the elect of his fraternity, although it were in a green country churchyard with the severe stillness of nature around, the aroma of the motto would instantly depart. The exhortative words would remain—but, harsh to the eye, cold to the ear—the spirit that gave them life would be flown. The parting genius would be with sighing sent. In the bare, chilly room of a museum a sun-dial lecture would be worse. The serious grace or pious cheerfulness

of the sunshine gossip, tricked out in gauds of language foreign to her original condition and purpose, would be resolved into grotesque jocoseness. No, in the first instance, the only voice to be heard in the moment of communion with the dial should be that of the neighbouring stream, still musical after a thousand years, or the lark's vesper song in the blue above, ere it descends to repose beneath the sod of the field. In the other—dismantled and displaced—the dial should rest in some dusky corner, difficult of discovery, unvisited by any ray of light ; and, if brought forth to its native day, its own whisper alone should be heard preaching to the hopes, the vanities, and destiny of man.

No dial motto has a proper flavour until its years exceed those of the American Republic. It must, at least, be seasoned by a century of winters, have slowly ripened beneath twice ten thousand summer and autumn suns. Its place should be known of the generations of butterflies and birds ; the creeping and clinging mosses should be old, constant friends. It is charms like these which stimulate the motto-hunters to seek for the dial in village churchyards, near yew trees dark with the glooms of four hundred years, and in the lichened courts of ruined halls ; in some Convent *della Quieta*, whose very name breathes repose, and in the green and flowery silences of ancient gardens. Yet all places, beautiful and picturesque, or of dust and discord, have the industrious attention of the true motto-hunter ; nor is any region without interest wherein the voice of the dial is heard. Heidelberg and Darlington ; Constantinople and Turnham Green ; Arles and Totley Brook ; Bonneville and Great Sankey ; Carville Hall and Brussels ; Cookbury Church and Heriot's Hospital ; Versailles and Wellingborough ; Jamaica and High Street, Kensington ; the solemn but beautiful prospect at Churriana, near Malaga ; the Scotch farmstead and the busy street in Italy ; the lonely villa on the olive-clad slopes ; the hospital ; the tavern ; the monastery ; the cathedral ; the thatched cottage—are equally dear to the single-heartedness of the hunter for sun-dial mottoes.

And strange indeed are the character and variety of the treasures that they gather for our wonder and admiration. "I live by thy presence, and my usefulness ends in thy absence," says the dial to the sun at Courmayeur. The Florentine dial utters the same sentiment in briefer, sadder tone, "In shadow I cease." But we should prefer a brighter view of things. The Swedish Master Olaf is to be admired, who ordained that weather-grumblers should do penance in the churchyard. At Rho, near Milan, the motto is, "The

Sun gives me Life and Speech," which is of nobler import than "I have Life in Light and Death in Darkness," as whispered at Cessila, near Bietta. It is as of a divine melody to hear in the Isle of Man the mute exhortation, "Praise the Good Day in the evening." Surely these words contain something of the spiritual truth known in the sacred verse, "In the evening thou shalt have Light." The grateful heart, by whatsoever shadows it be compassed, shall never be without such comforting visitation, and when the night is over-past, the dial at Walkern Church sounds the forward march of praise, from the sixty-third Psalm : "O God, Thou art my God : early will I seek Thee"—which is explained by the Jewish worship on the first glimpse of the rising sun.

Should an occasion arise in future ages, when a sun-worshipper from the East, from the place that has been the home of his people for six thousand years, shall come to explore the ruinous heaps of Europe, he will find altar-like stones which have stood in open air with inscriptions upon them ; also, inscriptions of similar purport on temple and house and in the market-place, wherever he may wander ; and these inscriptions being interpreted, he may exclaim : "Behold these nations were of my Religion. Great is the Religion of the Sun !"

On the walls of a suppressed monastery, near Florence, he would read :

My Life is the Sun ; God is the Life of Man.
Man without Him is as I am without the Sun,

which is pregnant with deepest mystical thought. As we learned above from the dial-plate at Rho, near Milan, the sun in a natural sense gives life and speech to the dial. But, as well as the natural life, the spiritual life of the Divine flows into man from the heavens through the agency of the sun.—"Nought but by a ray from heaven," he would find displaced from the south door of the Virgin's Church, at Lower Heyford, but the same language perhaps would still appear over the church porch at Haydon Bridge, Northumberland.

A celebration of the sun might be remaining ; a testimony of the lessons preached to the millions of busy London on the south wall of St. Katharine Cree, Leadenhall Street. "Show me the light of thy countenance," at Abbeyfield, would tell the longing of the departed pious, light-loving spirits ; whilst at Finchley ; in the north of Italy ; at Ripley, in Surrey, and at other places, the wondrous words, "Light is the Shadow of God," makes plain the unspeakable reverence of the peoples for their Deity, in whose very shadow they rejoice and have their life. The same tenour of religious thought

speaks on the dial-stone at Moccas Court, Hertfordshire: "The Sun is the light and glory of the world." And at Nuremberg the votive inscription often appears, "The Sungod to Him be glory." But at Monthey, in the Canton du Valais, and again at Bonneville, above the sacred record of the dial's hours, above the carven radiant countenance of the Sungod, he would find engraven: "Soli ! Soli ! Soli !" On altars in our island, which are Roman, he would read the words: "*Deo Soli*—To God the Sun"; "*Deo Soli invicto*—To God the Sun *unconquerable*." But in the distant ages, there would be nothing to inform as to different faiths having existed in Europe. The wanderer could only interpret all these mottoes as wide-spread exhortations of the religion of Mithra to pious hearts and busy minds; and "*Soli ! Soli ! Soli !*" he would render: "To the peerless Sun we only," the secret society of Mithraists.

But this disciple of the Religion of the Sun, which, for upwards of six thousand years, has drawn auguries of truth and hope from the ascending flame of the peaceful sacrifice by fire; the wanderer in whose spirit burn the great words of his mighty prophet Zoroaster—

He Who before Time was, by His own Light
Kindled to Life the myriad Lights of Heaven :

soon as his pilgrimage began, and during its continuance, he would be burdened with the thought: "What a heart of sorrow has been the possession of these vanished peoples throughout their long generations! Even in the very presence of the sun, its joys and immortality, the most frequent tributes on their altars of light have been of trembling fear.—"Remember thou must die!" is told in the atmosphere of light and pleasure on the ivy-clad church between the lakes of Brienz and Thun. "Think upon thine end" moans the church at Interlachen to those who are taking a holiday sip of joy. "One of the hours will be the last of life" is sighed from the church near Queen Hortense's château of Arnemburg. "Look upon the hour, and remember Death!" thunders the menace from the town-house of the Barons of Hylton. "Fear one hour!" is the warning at St. Pierre on the Great St. Bernard Road, at Gap, and in Piedmont.

"Fear the last!" weeps Notre Dame, at Roscoff, in Brittany, a fishing-village and bathing-place, to deprave the pleasure-seeker's imagination and toll in the memories of storms and shipwrecks. At Barnard Castle, and at Kirkleatham, to chasten every delight, and wither earthly hope, the dial motto declared "Every hour shortens life."

Such are some of the sad paraphrases of the gilded *Memento Mori* which has darkened the hearts of mankind for centuries, until Arcangelo's wit translated it : "Down with the dust !" But, after all, these are only melancholy generalities. Death's dart has been specially sharpened and sent home by the saints of despair. At Voltri, near Genoa the Superb, man's present triumph of godlike faculties gets twenty-four hours' warning from the dial, no more : "To-morrow may bring the hour of thy death." Smile at that, ye joyous and patient holy ones, if you can ! Or will you go to Les Orres, Canton d'Embrun, Dauphiné ; and jubilant with grateful health, thy spirit keep a brief festival of loving thought and laughter, all of which, of a truth, is recognised there on the altar of the sun ? But, lo ! it wears the sentiment with a difference :

The flowery day—man's pride—
Conducts to dusty death.

Or, perchance, at another place you will rejoice in the "strange superfluous glory of the air," and dance forward to read the dial's golden hours. But sudden woe and eclipse of sorrow ensue. The rose fades from the cheek, and a smell of hemlock sickens the sense as you read "Soon comes night !" Or will you, with Burns's mirth in your veins, verify a sun-dial motto in the ever-welcome, laughter-tinkling song "Within a Mile of Edinbro' Toon," and there light upon Libberton House—the very arrow of noon will pierce you as with the fork of the charnel-house worm in these words, "As the Sun runs, so Death comes." ; In such manner can Time's scythe be sharpened on the whetstone of joyous light, for the instant destruction of its bright, particular flowers. But the consummation devoutly to be wished for by a Christendom of despondency has been provided in the tribute of an iron prince, in a votive tablet "To the Lord who hath established the heavens ; who hath founded the earth in His wisdom ; whose is the whole earth and the fulness thereof." From Middlesbrough it is that the deep-toned sentence comes, "On thine eyelids is the shadow of Death." Sounds are these out of the realms of sorrow and deep night, on which no star shines nor any hope.

The very word Dial has been punned into a death's anatomy, from whose fleshless grasp there is no escape. "We shall die all" ornamented the wall of an old public-house at Peterborough, after the antique Egyptian manner, to incite the deep carouse for forgetfulness of life. "Make speed to be merry ; in the green sod the sexton's spade has measured your last sleeping-place ; the worm craves for thee in the charnel-house ; drink deep of the oblivious

beer." At Millrigg, near Penrith, the traveller and the dial have conferred together, and the shivering wayfarer has confessed, "Thy name is die-all ; I am a mortal creature." And similar dusty, worm-eaten, obtuse jocoseness, for the illumination of those reverencing the Lord of Life and Light, has been recorded at Blackden House, near Crewe ; in woody Sussex, at Buckstead Churchyard ; at Writhlington, Somerset, and many other places beautiful and full of airy thoughts. Yea, in some cases with artistic figurativeness this has been repeated, omitting the dreary word, as indicated in the lines :

Within God's acre, Death with dart met Fun ;
 Fun laughed : " Age must have hoary locks or dye !
 Grave friend, now some Memento Mori pun—
 One chuckle—let thy mouldy lips now try."
 Death strove to speak : but failing on the trial
 With bony finger pointed to the—Dial.

Thoughts like these war against every power of life. "They are homage," would the sun-worshipper say, "to Ahriman and the Powers of Darkness, under the clear celestial dome of Ormuzd, and amidst the highest splendours of his service of life, radiance, and song."

Let us be at once delivered from the bondage of that death. Should we not, indeed, extend the wish of Burns as to the author of evil and dark thoughts to the sombre Christian spirits who would invent such phrases as we have quoted, and say "tak' a thoct and mend"? Has it to be light over the dial, and dark within us? No. Let us ever be strong in heart, and cry with the dial on the lawn at Mountains, near Hildenborough—" *Dawn Golden Hour.*" There ! That bright word loosens the tightening at the heart from the many Memento Moris. Now, listen to the voice from the tower of Long Sutton Church—"Sunshine for all." That motto sheds a blessing through the air. It is sweeter than sound of church bells : it is at once a canticle of praise and thanksgiving. A sister motto we hear of at Bruges—Bruges of the many shrines, the shining statue, the paintings divine, the musical carillons : "May no hour pass which it is not a delight to remember."

But of sun-dial mottoes the most cheerful and serene, the crown, is that :

I count the bright hours only !

It is found at Cawdor House, near Glasgow, springing with life after two hundred years ; at Bournstream House after nearly a century more. It is on the walk behind Harrow Chapel ; it is in Wales ; it is in a village near Como ; at Campo Dolcino ; and at many other places, where there have been healthy, happy minds. It is spoken

of in many tongues, perhaps softest in the Italian, at Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke's home, Villa Novello, Genoa. It captivated the imagination of Hazlitt, near Venice, and he wrote: "There is a softness and a harmony in the words and in the thought unparalleled. Of all conceits it is surely the most classical. 'I count only the hours that are serene.' What a bland and care-dispelling feeling! How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky lowers, and time presents only a blank, unless its progress is marked by what is joyous and all that is not happy sinks into oblivion! What a fine lesson is conveyed to the mind—to take no note of time but by its benefits, to watch only for the smiles and neglect the frowns of fate, to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments, turning always to the sunny side of things, and letting the rest slip from our imaginations unheeded or forgotten!"

That motto, indeed, like the dial itself, stands above Fortune's changes. Night after night it is clothed in darkness; many are the days and the weeks when the storm rushes round it. Yet, although beaten by rain, smitten sorely by the wind, pierced by the ice-blasts of winter; one half of its existence passed beneath the mantle of night; let there be but one break in the clouds, one clear peep of the dawn, one flash at sunset, and the dial smiles and speaks. "I forget the anger, the darkness, the pain; I am happy, 'I count the bright hours only.'"

There is a class of boastful mottoes, opposed to the natural freedom of the spirit of man. In the following, found in Piedmont, there is a sound of praise which adds poison to the sting of its sneer: "Thou knowest my hour—not thine." The servant there sets himself above his master, and his master likes none of it.

In Brittany there is a displeasing arrogance in the proclamation: "The Light rules me; the shadow thee." And it gains no importance by appearing on the wall of the town-hall, Saltash; nor at Barlow Hall, Lancashire—scoffing still after three hundred years of effrontery. Of a milder assumption are these words, as to hours and men, and very appropriate in their position, being affixed to an Italian farm-house chimney: "We are Smoke and Shadow." But better suited to man in his endurance and hopes is the consideration found on the pillar-dial in Micheldean Rectory garden, and in Italy: "They perish and are reckoned"; or, with larger truth, outside the Dean's Kitchen, at Durham: "Suns depart and are reckoned"—significant of the care of the Eternal Father, in whose sight the periods of systems and the brief life of man have their respective values; but to Him man is dearer than myriads of suns; his

very minutes fall not unobserved in convent calm ; on stormy seas ; in sleepy orchards ; or noisy, busy centres of commerce ; they pass—to the world's observation they perish ; but by the Almighty Father they are every one of them reckoned.

However, the natural mind of man has strongly resented the glooms and moralisings, at some of which we have glanced—this obscuration of the sun at noontide, this breaking up of the laughter into little sighs. An instance can be seen on the Camphill Farm, Yorkshire :

Time wastes us, our bodies and our wits ;
And we waste time : so time and we are quits.

A window dial at Nun Appleton, Yorkshire, laughs from all its four corners, in illustration of Ovid's verse :

Autumn gives fruits : summer fair with corn appears :
Spring bestows flowers : winter's fire cheers.

And in geniality, nothing in Rabelais or Burns exceeds the line : "To friends—any hour they please," articulated near Chatillon, and at Murano, near Venice ; whilst at a small tavern on the winding shores of Como, this is the hearty appeal :

When the path of the sun is free from clouds ;
To the weary traveller it brought round the hour
Which calls him to refreshment and mirth.

But there is even plainer speaking than this, as on the sign of a public-house near Grenoble : "This is the Hour of Drinking" ; extended a little, near Fenestrellis : "O wayfarer, behold the hour of drinking !" which smacks of the real vintage of joy ; calls up a circle of rubicund hours, and awakens the voice of Anacreon's muse :

Nothing in Nature's sober found :
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then—fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there ; for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

Nor has other rollicking fun, and free play of lighter merriment been altogether chastised out of the sun dial. Evidence of that is got in the supposed Welsh inscription to the sun, or to man, deciphered in Dean Cotton's garden at Bangor : "Goa bou tyo urb us in ess," the interpretation of which can be learned in the wholesome mirth attending the origin of another motto. When one was wanted for Inner Temple Terrace dial, and the artist went by arrange-

ment to hear what was fixed upon, a testy old gentleman, to whom the question was put, cried : "Begone about your business !" The artist took that as his answer and painted the words. They were approved of by the Benchers, and have been repeated on a dial at High Lane, Cheshire, on the gable of a cottage, between Stockport and New Mills, at the church of Bury St. Edmunds, and at Chesterton church, Warwickshire.

Let the sun dial magnify itself through its motto, as much as may be ; declare on Pieve church, in the Romagna : " I am the infallible measurer of Time," and self-praise like that is difficult to excel, yet, let it be accepted, and repeated on a hundred dials, but let the genuine dial-mottoes be true, as in the ministration so in their duty towards humanity, to cheer, to ennoble, not to disconcert and depress. " Know thyself," said the inscription at Delphos ; and it has been used as a dial-motto on the cross dial at Elleslie, near Chichester, on Whitley Hall, Ecclesfield. But more apt and of as wide suggestiveness in its wisdom is that Greek motto in Ely cathedral: " Know the season." There can, indeed, be found on some dials homilies five inches long of more efficacy than sermons extending over as many Sundays. " It is the hour for well-doing," at Nice, and at The Beeches, Bowdon, Cheshire ; also, the motto at Mount Melville, St. Andrews : " Hence learn to live " ; the simple exhortation in the shy village of Eyam, Derbyshire : " Take to thyself a wise mind " ; the home-thrust phrase : " Stick to your promises," at Niddrie Marischall near Edinburgh ; and the trumpet-tongued " Remove not the ancient landmark," on the shaft of the dial in Folkestone churchyard, on the spot where, by force of ancient charters, the mayor of the town was annually elected :—these are admonitions of the noblest order and worthy of a shrine in the memory. Serious they may be, but they have a lofty brightness. They make no shadows in a sunshine place.

A dial in itself is, indeed, more than a mere tell-tale of time. Carlyle, to rebuke narrow antiquarianism, cried out : " Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom ; that idle crag thou sittest on is six thousand years of age." But if that be the lesson of Time and Eternity from the crag, what must be that from the dial ? The stone, of which it is formed, is in age ten times six thousand years, and more, as we can now say. It represents not the uncountable ages alone, but the culture of man during those great periods. It is hewn, and it is carven. And here is iron withdrawn from its lair in the darkness of earth, fashioned into the gnomon ; and here is the slowly learned language of man engraven and made vocal to the eye

in many strange figures ; and here is man in his mysterious might, " Lord of observations natural," giving speech to the light of the sun, and here is Religion. No need of philosophy, nor of any discourse from those deeply versed in the wisdom of humanity, to tell us of the inmost thoughts of the people who have placed the sun dials, and in whose midst they are erected. The dial-motto is the prophet of all, be its voice sorrowful or gay, or laden with the oracles of faith. If its mission has been misapprehended or misdirected by mankind, the universal brotherhood of sorrow and pain, now that studious, far-travelled inquiry has brought the legions of dial-mottoes from every point of Europe visited by the twelve winds of heaven—now, we may not err, except through perversity of will.

The dial should stand, like a Druid's temple, in a space open to the heavens, and its motto be worthy of the heaven of the soul that surveys it. In its presence we should feel the presence of the Eternal, and the spirit of the motto should be true to the human heart, above its sorrows and trials, reaching to daily experience and highest hopes—a token and a tone as from the Father of Light. The simple service of reading the hour and the motto is naught less than religion. Anything of overshadowing should be as that of guardian angel wings. We should not miss the words of the hymn, " Hail, gladdening light ! " unless it be the hallowing of the language from the lips of the blind poet, in loneliness and darkness, sung " Hail, Holy Light ! "

Of the mottoes we have quoted, and of others, and upon the subject at large, ample information will be found in the handsome volume of Mrs. Alfred Gatty, on sun dials. It leaves nothing of its purpose to be desired, except that Mr. W. Richardson, an enthusiast in the art of dialling, who contributes an able, practical paper thereon, should erect a dial for us in some near open garden space.

LAUNCELOT CROSS.

KNAPSACK EXPEDITIONS.

THERE are few things that I look back upon with greater pleasure than the recollections of those happy summers when I used to leave London with one or two companions, each of us taking with us a portmanteau and a knapsack, keeping the latter always as our fidus Achates, but leaving the portmanteau where it could be picked up or easily forwarded to a more convenient halting-place. With what delight I used to sit poring over Bradshaw or Baedeker a month before we started! The Bradshaw was not a long business, for our wish was always to have done with the train as quickly as possible, to rush into the mountains and walk away as far as possible from the sound of the railway-whistle and from the smoke of its engine. The worst of it was, that when we had walked to the furthestmost point we had always to walk back again. We were younger in those days; we felt not a little proud of our legs, and liked to feel them under us. One gets more tolerant as one grows older, they say, but at two-and-twenty no healthy, active young Englishman likes the idea of a *promenade en bateau*, or even *en voiture*. The railway up the Rigi was not made then, and I have a distinct recollection of two other fellows and myself walking up Pilatus in cricket-shoes. We were three young fools for our pains, perhaps; but we enjoyed ourselves. That was in 1868. We saw nothing when we got to the top, for the clouds covered everything; and twice since then have I been up Mount Pilatus, and each time was unlucky. Evidently Pilatus does not like me.

Few, I think, will deny that it is a rational way for a young man to spend his holiday to see something of a foreign country, to try to increase a little his knowledge of other languages besides his own, and to indulge his taste for beautiful scenery. This latter is a taste which grows with most people, like looking at pictures. But there are those in whom the sense is completely absent, and who would as lief walk in Cambridgeshire as in Westmoreland. We have the following story from one of the members of the party.

Two gentlemen were going one gloriously fine day from Martigny

to Chamouni by the Col de Balme, and on the top of the mountain, as the whole of the beautiful valley of Chamouni opened out before their eyes, one of the two travellers insisted upon his friend going out of his way to admire the fair proportions of a fat pig who was standing at some little distance from them. Now this gentleman, one would think, had not much more appreciation of the beauties of nature than the pig who had excited his admiration so strongly.

As a rule, we may say that most tastes may be cultivated in young persons provided they are fairly intelligent. Travellers do not usually go abroad to look at museums, but even they will be appreciated if they are looked at long enough. How much more readily, then, can pleasure be obtained from natural objects, in which the artifice of man has had the smallest possible share, and which, when we look at them, seem to have been formed for the express purpose of giving delight! Who has seen the views from the Eggischhorn, or from the Piz Languard, who has been through the Via Mala, who has walked over both sides of the Splugen, which I would name as perhaps the finest altogether of all the passes, and who has seen Como and Lucerne, without gazing enrapt in wonder or in ecstasy, and enjoyed the truly delicious feeling of loving a beautiful object merely because it is beautiful! Or without going so far afield, there are in our own pleasant England landscapes which enchant all those who know what prettiness means. Scenery of the highest or grandest kind we have not, and our distant views are generally marred by a haze in the atmosphere. But our English country scenes charm us chiefly by the softness of their colour, the effects of light and shade, green fields—and nowhere do you see such turf as in England—green hedges, and green trees, streams of water running through meadows, or through woods and coppices, our country lanes lined with bush and briar, bringing forth their blossoms and their fruit in due season;—all these in an undulating country, in which, when the weather is fine, and we are not scorched by the heat of the sun nor our eyes dazzled by its light, give to our island a peculiarity of beauty that is specially its own. There are parts of France which have reminded me much of England: in Normandy, chiefly in the department of the Manche; also lower down in France, in the country about Limoges, Angoulême, and Périgueux. And in Normandy there is a certain likeness in the people to ourselves—a likeness chiefly, I think, in a want of brightness of manner, or, to speak more plainly, stolidity. I do not believe that the Frenchman is, measure him all round, so intelligent as the Englishman, but he certainly possesses in a superior degree the gift of knowing how to make

the most of what he has got. One perceives this in conversation, and Frenchwomen show it in the way they dress themselves and in their cooking.

A Londoner who is fairly strong upon his legs, and who wished not to go out of England, might take his month's holiday in a worse way than by walking from Dover to the Land's End. Railway stations are so abundant that he might get at his portmanteau as often as he liked, and, indeed, carry his small provision of clothes in a wallet or satchel instead of the heavier knapsack. Supposing the distance from Dover to the Land's End to be three hundred and sixty miles, the traveller who really wished to see what there was to be seen on the way, and not go slavishly every day by the shortest road between two places, would probably increase this distance to nearly five hundred miles. If he walked twenty miles a day, the whole journey would take him, say, twenty-five days. Twenty miles a day is not an enormous distance, but it is a good average if it be maintained for a length of time. But one day a week at least ought to be allowed for rest and for getting clothes washed. So that if a man will walk five hundred miles within a month, and do it all for his own amusement, no one will have a right to say of him that he has been lazy. There are those who will say that he has been wasting his time in a stupid way, turning himself into a mill-horse ; but in answer to that there is the question, in what way could he have spent his time better? He is engaged for eleven months of the year in sedentary occupation. He takes fresh air and wants to see the country, and he cannot afford to spend much money. Ten shillings a day will pay all his legitimate expenses on the road, and give him as much food to eat and beer to drink as he likes. He will want something more for his railway down to Dover, and from the Land's End back to London. Twenty pounds will pay for his trip handsomely ; and if he has been fortunate in his companion he will not have regretted the journey. Without going out of his route he will have seen four of our finest cathedrals, Canterbury, Winchester, Salisbury, and Exeter ; while Chichester and Wells may be reached at the expense of a couple of days out of the direct line. Then for scenery he will walk through some of the most beautiful spots in all England. Kent is a very pretty county ; and Surrey too, with the delightful walk along the Hog's Back lying directly in the way. Then all along from Farnham, in Surrey, to Honiton, in Devonshire, hardly a day can pass without its pleasures. Beyond Exeter there is the lovely village of Moreton Hampstead, than which it would be difficult to find a prettier spot anywhere in

any county. From there over Dartmoor to Tavistock, and he is soon in Cornwall. Four more days will take him to Penzance, and they will be days of regret that the pleasant holiday is coming to a close. Those who are apt to think that a holiday so spent has been wasted because the time might have been put to better account forget that everybody ought to be allowed to amuse himself in his own way.

The man who walks through a country is much more truly a traveller than another who sits in a railway carriage, or even than he who is drawn by horses. And he is also a more original traveller, not only because he is doing what others do not do, but, for a sounder reason, because he is really travelling among the people, observing their manners, seeing what they are like, learning what they are thinking about, and having with them that constant communication which alone can tell him how their pulse beats and what fibre they are made of. Until you know this, you only know the outsides of men, though, if you don't like them, perhaps the outsides may be enough. If you don't like the people you are travelling among your journey is robbed of half its pleasure. How few there are who enjoy a long railway journey! No wonder. One is rattled along at express speed, with the sole object of getting to the journey's end as speedily as possible, like a codfish sent as a present to a friend by Parcel Post. Every place you pass through seems the same. One railway terminus is like another, the refreshment-rooms, or the buffets, do not vary very much, and you cannot recollect anything; your chief pleasure is when you have done with the train for the day. Sitting for eight or ten hours in a train can be very fatiguing, and you are mentally bored to a fearful degree. The best traveller is not he who has gone the greatest number of miles, but rather he who makes himself acquainted with the country he goes through and with the people he sees. If he will be humble and go on foot, he has time to observe, and if he have any faculty of vision, his observations may be of use or of amusement to others. With the aid of a diary it is astonishing how long he will be able to remember places that he has seen in this way, and how vivid his recollections will be sometimes. I am sorry now that I never did keep a diary when I was knapsacking, for I might have put some curious things in it. One of my earliest recollections was being taken to some place in the mountains, a day's journey from Florence. We went into the village inn for lunch, and ate as much bread and butter and cheese as two hungry men and a boy would be likely to eat after a good morning's walk. A flask of wine, too, was on the table. When the landlord was asked

for the reckoning he became a little confused in his mind, and after a while he said : "Forty-five centessimi" (that was for all of us). But his calculation did not satisfy him, and he said, "I will go out and look at my books." He came in, holding up his two hands over his head and crying out : "Per Bacco ! it is *fifty* centessimi." Five-pence, then, in 1863, was enough to pay for our lunch ; and I am assured that in the old grand ducal days in Florence, now thirty years ago and more, five-pence, or a paul, as the coin was called, would have bought a good barndoor fowl.

I have always felt that going about with a knapsack has an advantage which helps to ease the traveller from the weight of his burden. The man who cannot afford to spend much money upon his holiday tour, if he will consent to carry his pack upon his back, can see quite as much as he who spends double or more by taking carriages, or mules with chaises à porteurs ; because he can use his legs he has all the advantages of him who can't or won't. We know the words : "Them's that's rich, they rides in chaises ; them's that's poor, they walks, by Jases." But I think the walker has the best of it. We all know how sweet is revenge, and when the pedestrian is standing on the top of a mountain by the side of one who has ridden there, it is not in human nature that he should not feel his advantage. He will recognise it to himself humbly, but still he will feel himself possessed of superior virtue. There are, no doubt, days when the weight on one's back is an unmitigated nuisance, and one would give much to be rid of it ; but in this as in other things one must take the evil with the good and draw the balance. I have been about with a knapsack a good deal, often for days together alone, having started alone and knowing that I should be alone, and the result in my mind, even at the time when the burden was sorest upon me, was that I was seeing mountains and valleys and things that were pleasant to my eyes, because I could walk through the country in which they lay and enjoy them, and that if I could not, or would not, have endured the labour I must have stopped at home. And after the work is done, what an exquisite delight one has in looking back upon it all ! The difficulties minimise themselves wonderfully as one is sitting smoking one's pipe after dinner, thinking with a clear recollection of every step that one took over a certain difficult place, or having in one's mind a general sense of satisfaction and enjoyment at having passed through beautiful scenery or having seen some of the grandest effects of nature. The more soothing influences of tobacco I need not mention ; they are sufficiently well known not to want my small advocacy. I have felt them, and have been comforted.

If you begin to pick holes in an old adage under the guise of its being a popular delusion, you are at once met with a host of defenders of the national faith ; but, as far as walking expeditions are concerned, I will not subscribe to the saying : "Two's company, and three's none." I have upon four occasions made one of three, and each one of us at different times found that the odd number was an advantage. I have five times gone with only one other, and though I should be ungracious and disloyal to hint a word against the companionship of any of these comrades, yet I have found for such purposes as are now in question three is a better number than two. Once I made one of four, and as that was one of my earliest experiences I do not like to condemn it very strongly. We were all as merry as grigs, but I remember that once we had to sleep two in a bed, and all in one room ; and we had not always enough to eat. This was because we went into little-frequented places and the innkeeper had not had notice given to him of four hungry lads of nineteen or twenty wanting supper at eight o'clock at night. But I have gone oftener alone than with others, and I must confess that going alone has its attractions. It would be invidious to name them, but I will mention one drawback. I have always found, when alone, that my knapsack tired me more quickly than when I have had a companion ; and I need not add that if a solitary traveller is really tired all pleasure of the day for him is gone. Horses, too, after hunting come home much better when in company with others than alone. I would say, let no man go alone until he is five or six and twenty at least, and after that let him do his best to find a companion.

Now, as to what to put into a knapsack. The less the better, of course. The art is not to put in as much as you can, but to leave out as much as you can ; for, after you have been walking for six hours every ounce tells its tale. Say you can get at your portmanteau once a week, your knapsack ought not to contain more than a nightshirt, a flannel shirt, three or four collars, six pocket handkerchiefs, two pairs of worsted socks, a pair of slippers, a couple of pairs of boot-laces, sponge, toothbrush, comb and hairbrush, soap, a small book, your tobacco, and a pair of light trousers. Those gentlemen who shave must decide for themselves whether they will carry their own razor, &c., or be shaved by the village barber ; I should recommend the latter. But recollecting that you start dressed, the articles above mentioned ought to serve all your needs for six or eight days. The knapsack, when packed, ought not to weigh 12 lbs. if it is to be carried by one person for any length of time. I was once advised on no account to go without quinine, as a most

valuable medicine, and which would also act as a "pick-me-up" in case of fatigue. Arnica, too, was suggested. Somebody else advised sticking-plaster (not a bad thing either to have with one, but scissors are then necessary, and there are at once two more things to look after). "I suppose you never travel without a brandy-flask?" was another question. "Always," was my answer. I took one with me once a long time ago, and one of my friends broke it twenty-four hours after we had left London. I believe now that he broke it on purpose, but had not the courage to say so, and that was his way of teaching me to do without it. I never want brandy in the mountains, and why should I burden myself with the extra weight of a flask? If the pedestrian wants to carry a medicine-chest on his back he should have strong shoulders. I have omitted any mention of a macintosh; they are unpleasant to walk in, and I should think the straps of the knapsack would tear them. I have always preferred to trust to Providence for fine weather, and, with a few exceptions, I have been well treated. I do take with me an extra pair of trousers—which I feel to be an infliction—and have some three or four times asked the landlord to lend me a coat. I prefer this to carrying a macintosh on my knapsack. Some men like to take a stout umbrella in place of a walking-stick. This will keep off wet partially, and the sun off your head and back. Everybody will please himself in what he takes or leaves behind, but if his load is a heavy one he may pay too dearly for it.

Walking well is often only an affair of boots. These should not only be comfortable and easy to your feet, but they should be well made. If not, you will have no peace (still less happiness) on the mountains. Once more I must combat a popular belief, which declares that an old and well-worn pair of boots are the best for much constant walking. I have not found it so. I prefer a pair that I have worn three or four times to those which have been soled twice, and have lost their shape by long wear. The newer boot supports the foot because it has not lost its shape, and is therefore less likely to make blisters on one's feet. My good friend Mr. Fituwell has made for me for twelve years, and I cannot call to mind having had a blister on my feet all that time. Another very important thing to recollect is, not to walk in darned socks. Nearly twenty-two years ago I started with sore feet from the Great St. Bernard, and walked down into Martigny. The distance was some eight or nine hours, I think. My feet were so torn afterwards that I could not put on a boot for three days. And all from those darned socks! Now I must not preach any more, for preaching is a bore, and often does no good.

One lecturer will give you golden rules as to eating and drinking, another will tell you how to sleep. Eat what you like, and sense will tell you to drink what you like. Gargling the throat, however, is better than swallowing much water, especially if you have to walk up hill afterwards. One of my friends used to eat a foot and a half of bread for breakfast, and immediately afterwards walk up a mountain in Switzerland with his knapsack as though nothing had happened. What is the use in wasting words to a fellow like that as to what he ought to eat? At the same time I envied him his capacity, and, indeed, his capability, for he was an excellent walker.

If any young man wants to learn how to walk let him set about it. If he likes it, the learning will come easy to him. It is a health-giving exercise, and sometimes it proves an exercise for one's temper, for the man who will be cheerful, agreeable, and in good pluck when he is really tired is either a good fellow or else he is an impostor.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

A VAGABOND QUEEN.

A FRIEND of M. Cherbuliez's was once at the Buen Retiro in Madrid, when Isabella II., Queen of Spain, was brought there to see the lions. Poor, delicate little thing as she was in those days—she was hardly five years old—she was clothed in royal splendour, with flying feathers, lace, and jewels; and as she drove up in a state coach, drawn by six horses, and surrounded by a squadron of guards, the Madrileños uncovered and bowed before her as if she was something infinitely precious, almost divine. When she walked in the garden, they followed her every movement with the tenderest anxiety; and if she stumbled, one might have thought from their faces that some dire calamity had befallen the nation. The little Queen, far from being discomposed by the attention lavished upon her, seemed to enjoy it, and clapped her hands and laughed with delight; evidently she was none the worse for the storms that had raged around her cradle.

Even at five years old that child, with her careless ringing laugh, had been the cause of no small amount of bloodshed. King Ferdinand, her father, had taken the precaution to annul the Salic Law as soon as he knew there was a prospect of his fourth wife bearing him a child; so that, if it should prove a girl, it might still inherit his crown; and, on October 10, 1830, when the tiny wailing infant was only a few minutes old, he exhibited it with proud exultation to his Ministers, bidding them salute it as Princess of Asturias. Don Carlos, his brother, however, was not the man to resign his claims without a struggle; and, two years later, when Ferdinand was lying unconscious, dying it was thought, he suddenly produced a decree, bearing the royal signature, which deprived the Infanta of her title, and acknowledged his right to the throne. But the Queen-Consort's Neapolitan training stood her in good stead at that time; no sooner did she know of the existence of this deed than she summoned Martinez de la Rosa, the leader of the Liberal party, to the palace, and told him that if he and his followers would support her daughter's claim, she, as Regent, would cordially consent to

whatever changes they might wish to make in the constitution. And she kept her word, for, during the months the King lay helpless, she, with Rosa's help, proved herself an ideal ruler. She pardoned all those—a goodly number we may be sure—who were in prison for political offences; professed herself scandalised to find the universities were closed, and ordered them to be re-opened; and then, declaring that she desired the aid of her good subjects in her arduous task of governing, summoned the Cortes. Probably, when Ferdinand recovered consciousness, he was not a little startled by the changes Cristina had wrought; but he had only time to declare Don Carlos's deed a forgery, and to assist at the ceremony of the Cortes doing homage to the Princess Isabella, before death came to put an end to his perplexities.

Both the Carlists and the Cristinos had for months been openly preparing for war; and, before the King's body was cold, the contest began. The Church, the peasantry, and most of the nobles favoured despotism and Don Carlos; whilst the middle classes, almost to a man, ranged themselves on the side of Constitutionalism and Isabella. The Baby-Queen was brought much to the fore in those early days, for her mother knew her very helplessness appealed with irresistible force to the chivalry of the Spaniards. Unluckily for her, she had no general able to cope with Zumalacarragui, the Carlist leader, of whose marvellous bravery and skill the wildest stories are still told in the Basque provinces. Cristina, although her forces were defeated in every engagement, continued the struggle with all the weapons her woman's wit could forge. In 1834 she granted a liberal constitution, but as it had been framed under the direction of Louis-Philippe, it did not add much to her popularity, and she was almost in despair when the cholera came to put a stop to the war, for the time at least. The next year, Zumalacarragui began again his sorties from his northern stronghold, but not with the same success as before; for Don Carlos had joined his camp, and, as James Stuart in Scotland a century before, he had contrived, by his cold, mistrustful demeanour, to extinguish the enthusiasm his general had kindled with such care. Zumalacarragui was killed whilst fighting before Bilbao, and his place was taken by Cabrera, a gallant young soldier who merited a better fate than to be the leader of a losing cause. A desultory warfare was kept up until 1840; but, although it was disfigured from time to time by ghastly, barbarous deeds—as when Espartero in cold blood shot a little five-year-old urchin, whom he dignified with the title of traitor—with the exception of the campaign in 1839, it was for the last three years little more than a mere *guerre pour vivre*. The



Spaniards, equally wearied of Don Carlos as of Cristina, continued fighting more for their own amusement and profit than with any thought of benefiting their parties. Upon one occasion, when Espartero was pursuing a Carlist army under Maroto, the latter suddenly appeared in the enemy's camp, and proposed that he and Espartero should throw with dice for the victory. Espartero agreed and won the throw. The next day, when the two armies were drawn up for battle, Maroto made a most touching speech, declaring that he could not, and would not, see Spaniards slay Spaniards, and ended by throwing himself into Espartero's arms. The soldiers followed the example of their leaders, and then they all marched together to Madrid, singing songs of brotherly love.

Nor were these Opera Comique touches lacking in the civil contests of the time. It is the custom in Madrid for the priests, during Holy Week, to lead the Corpus Christi in solemn procession through the streets. One year, however, in the early part of Isabella's reign, the popular feeling against the priests, who were all staunch Carlists, was so bitter, that they were warned by the authorities that, if they attempted to lead a procession, it would certainly be attacked. The priests were in despair, for, whilst they held that it would be impious to omit the procession, they by no means liked the prospect of an encounter with the angry populace. As the time drew near, however, a deputation of Extremos, that is, advanced Radicals, who were supposed to be Atheists of the blackest dye, waited upon the clerical directors to assure them that, far from wishing to disturb the procession, they were anxious to take part in it, always supposing their condition was agreed to. This condition was that the statue of their own special saint—one which, they observed, the clerical party had so far treated with scant courtesy, as it had never yet been seen in a procession—duly incensed and canopied, should accompany the Corpus Christi. The only reason assigned for the affection of the Extremos for this saint was that, in his statue, he was represented as wearing a Phrygian bonnet.

For some few years the only duty her sovereignty imposed upon Isabella was to bow and wave her little hand to her subjects as she drove amongst them ; but she was only nine when she was called upon to witness a stormy political contest ; for she was sitting by her mother's side when an uproarious crowd of Exaltos, as they called themselves, forced their way into the royal apartment, and compelled the Regent to restore the ideal constitution of the Democrats, the one passed in 1812. The child was too accustomed to crowds and noise to be frightened at the scene, and smiled as happily as ever, whilst

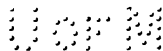


the Queen-Mother was signing the decree that made her country, in reality if not in name, a Republic. An hour later Cristina was tearing her hair with rage, for General Lebeau, with a French army, was at the gates of Madrid, and, if she had only known he was so near, she would have been torn by wild horses, as she expressed it, rather than have yielded to the Exaltos.

Queen Isabella must have had her childish brain sorely confused by these sudden changes ; she must have been puzzled, too, to know why Muñoz, the good-looking private of the guards, should lounge about all day in her mother's boudoir.

But a great change in her life was at hand. In October, 1839, the news that Don Carlos, with a victorious army, was marching for Madrid spread consternation through the palace ; and Queen Cristina with her children prepared for flight. But the Liberal party, in spite of its well-merited mistrust of the Regent, rallied loyally around the little Queen, and General Espartero, at the head of a small but enthusiastic army, marched against the Carlists and completely defeated them. But, little as she realised it at the time, this victory was as much a defeat for Cristina as for Don Carlos. Even whilst she was lavishing honours and rewards upon Espartero, he was quietly preparing to take all power from her hands ; and the dispute concerning the "fueros" gave him an opportunity for doing so. In 1840 the Basque provinces offered to acknowledge Isabella as Queen upon condition that their ancient privileges, "fueros," were restored to them, and Espartero insisted that the executive should not only accept these terms, but loyally keep to them. To this, however, Cristina refused her consent ; upon which Espartero told her he would dispense with it, and a violent scene ensued, during which Cristina said to Espartero : "Je t'ai fait noble, comte, duc, grand d'Espagne, mais je n'ai jamais pu faire de toi un gentilhomme."

After that it was, of course, war to the death between the two ; and Cristina fled for protection to O'Donnell, the commander of the forces in the north. Espartero, however, effectually checkmated her move by publishing the proofs of her secret marriage with Muñoz, and showing that, for years, she had been embezzling public money. Cristina not daring, when this was known, to return to Madrid, resigned the Regency and left Spain. The little Queen and her sister, who had been left in Madrid—Espartero had seen to that—were thus deprived of a mother's care ; no great loss, perhaps, in their case, although the life they were now condemned to lead in the great gloomy palace was none of the brightest or most wholesome, for neither the new Regent, nor Arguelles, the Queen's guardian, troubled



themselves about their royal charges. But Espartero's rule was short : in 1843 O'Donnell raised a rebellion and defeated him. The question then arose who should be Regent ; and, as it was found impossible to adjust the claims of the various candidates for that office, the Cortes determined to declare Isabella of age.

Little wonder Europe looked on in dismay, for Isabella was only thirteen, and stepped as it were straight from the nursery to the throne. Since the fall of Cristina, Isabella had been kept in the background ; and, although her guardian knew that sooner or later she would be called upon to play an important part in European affairs, he had allowed her to grow up in a state of ignorance that would have called down the scowls of the school inspector upon any little third standard child. In the pamphlet she published after her fall, she bitterly reproaches those who had had the care of her with their neglect ; and she had the right to do so ; for surely it was in a great measure their fault that, upon the day she was supposed to take the reins of government into her hands, she knew absolutely nothing—not even the leading events—of the history of her own country ; and, what was worse, her reasoning faculties were as undeveloped as when she was born. She enjoyed thoroughly, as any other child would have done, the pageants and ceremonies that followed the declaration of her majority ; not that even then her life was one of unalloyed pleasure. She was playing at royalty one afternoon, surrounded by her court, when Don Olozaga, who had replaced Arguelles, appeared and insisted upon seeing her alone. When her attendants were gone, he produced a decree for the dissolution of the Cortes and told her to sign it. Isabella had probably been warned against signing papers, unless presented by a Minister, for she refused ; upon which Don Olozaga locked the door of her apartment, and, seizing her hands, declared that *volens volens* she should sign the decree. The Queen's shrieks brought her ladies to the door, which, however, Olozaga did not open until he had obtained the signature he required.

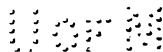
Narvacz put a stop to scandals of this sort by taking all power into his own hands. He allowed the Queen-Mother to return to Madrid upon condition of her undertaking not to interfere in State affairs. She established herself, with her three children and Muñoz, now Duke of Rianzarez and Grandee of Spain, in the royal palace, where, by adroit flattery and great demonstrations of affection, she soon contrived to reduce the indolent, good-natured, pleasure-loving Isabella to a state of utter subserviency to her will. Cristina's great



object was to obtain money for her penniless second family, and she was entirely unscrupulous as to the means she used.

At this time, although Isabella, between Narvaez and Cristina, was in Spain a mere cipher, in Europe she was a personage of importance, and all the diplomatists of the day were knitting their brows and puzzling their brains to find for her a suitable husband. Louis-Philippe was determined that one of his sons should be King-Consort of Spain, and despatched the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale to try their luck in winning the favour of the Queen ; but England at once declared herself shocked at such outrageous greediness, and the young men were forced to retire. Narvaez favoured the Count of Trepani, but Louis-Philippe put a stop to that match, and forced the Minister to resign. The Progressistas wished Isabella to marry a German prince ; the Moderados a French ; whilst the Ultramontanes held that one of her own cousins, a son of Don Carlos or of Donna Louise-Charlotte, would be the most suitable husband. Isabella was as wax in the skilful hands of her mother, and her mother was wholly under the influence of Louis-Philippe, who decided that the Queen should marry her cousin, Don Francis de Assis, on the same day that her sister, the heiress to the Crown, married his own son, the Duke of Montpensier ; and before Europe had time to remonstrate the two marriages were consummated.

Cristina could have given no more signal proof of her total lack of affection for her daughter than by marrying her to Don Francis, a man weak in body, still weaker in mind, and the most utterly worthless of all the *prétendus* who had presented themselves. At the time of her marriage Isabella was just sixteen, an age when much might yet have been made of her if her husband had been one whom she could either love or respect ; for, so far at least, although she had given no indication of great ability or strength of character, her conduct had been without reproach. But, once tied to a man whom she so thoroughly despised that she never even troubled to hide her contempt, she threw off all restraint. Narvaez had convinced her that, as a constitutional sovereign, her power in the State was rigidly limited, but she resolved that, in her own house, she would rule supreme. She exiled Don Francis without ceremony to a country residence. Cristina, who had lost all influence by bringing about the marriage, was given to understand that her interference would not be tolerated, and the Queen, little more than a child in years though she was, threw herself into a course of reckless gaiety that made the sovereigns of Europe stand aghast. Well might Prince Metternich exclaim : “*La Reine Isabelle est la révolution incarnée*”



dans sa forme la plus dangereuse." She banished all etiquette from her court, and, turning night into day, made it the scene of the wildest dissipation, while she openly showed her affection for General Serrano, the handsomest man in Spain ; and, when her Ministers remonstrated, threw herself into the arms of the Progresistas.

But violent fires soon burn out themselves ; the beau Serrano, who had assumed all the airs of a king, awoke one morning to find himself supplanted in the Queen's favour by Colonel Gandara, and at the same time Narvaez and the Moderados seized power. Narvaez was the only one of her Ministers who understood the art of managing the Queen ; to the hour of his death he always treated her as a spoiled child, who must be humoured, nay, petted, but at the same time made to understand that there were certain limits beyond which she would not be allowed to pass. Ambitious, and bent upon furthering his own schemes as he was, he served Isabella faithfully and was honestly sorry for her. With Queen Louisa for a grandmother, whether her grandfather was Godoy or King Charles ; the fawning, traitorous Ferdinand for a father ; and the sensual, dishonest Cristina for a mother, what chance had she in life ? Morally and intellectually she must have been born vitiated. Narvaez always maintained the wonder was, not that she should have inherited the vices of her ancestors, but rather that she should have so many good qualities which they certainly never possessed. He made short work with the more dissolute of her friends, but, recognising that the age for miracles was past, he did not attempt to elevate her on to a pinnacle of extraordinary virtue. Perhaps he was afraid of the crash with which she might fall down ; but he did insist, sternly too, that outward decency should be maintained at court. King Francis was summoned from his retreat, and told that he must take his place by his wife's side whenever she appeared in public, whilst the foreign ambassadors were made to understand that, in future, the Queen would receive them upon appointed days, not in a dressing-gown and bedroom slippers, but with all due state and ceremony.

Don Narvaez had a difficult part to play : the Camarilla, of course, pursued him with relentless animosity, and he offended many of his own followers by the reactionary measures he was forced to introduce for the sake of preserving order. In 1848 there was a serious insurrection in Spain, in connection with which, the English Ambassador, Sir Henry Bulwer, excited a furious burst of anger in Madrid by formally remonstrating with the Spanish executive for their unconstitutional mode of governing. Conservatives, Democrats, Republicans, nay Insurgents, all united in passionately demanding that the audacious



Englishman, who had dared to give advice unasked, should quit their country. He did so ; but three years later, when the Americans were threatening Cuba, the Spaniards awoke to the folly of having quarrelled with the only Power that could, or would, have helped them, and insisted upon the resignation of Narvaez, as he was Minister when the dispute took place. Ingratitude is not one of Isabella's failings, and she sobbed aloud when she must part with Narvaez, who at least had been a faithful friend to her : the Camarilla, however, openly rejoiced at his fall.

Until 1851 Queen Isabella was childless, but in that year she had a daughter, whose birth, in spite of the sneers and significant glances of the Montpensiers, was hailed with joy by the populace. The following year she had another daughter ; and, in 1857, a son, who later reigned as Alfonso XII.

Now that Narvaez's influence was removed, Isabella soon lapsed into her former courses ; a Camarilla of worthless persons gathered around her, who, by underhand means, overturned Ministry after Ministry, and, in the general confusion, Queen Cristina contrived to grasp a certain amount of power, which she used to carry on a system of such barefaced pillage that the whole population rose against her. Isabella was at the Escorial, twenty miles away, when she heard of the revolt ; but, although her course lay through the midst of the insurgents, she hastened back to Madrid, where there were nearly three hundred barricades in the streets, and men were fighting hand-to-hand, Liberty, Honesty, Morality being the war-cry. She was received in sullen silence, and found that her mother had taken refuge in the royal palace, her own having been pillaged and burnt by the mob. A revolution seemed imminent, for an angry crowd demanding the heads of Cristina and the Minister Luis surrounded the royal residence day and night, and Isabella's name was hissed. Espartero, as the Queen knew, was the one man in whom the Spaniards had implicit faith ; she, therefore, appointed him Minister, with almost dictatorial power, hoping that this measure would restore tranquillity. To a certain extent it did ; but Espartero was by no means anxious to take office, and, before he would consent to do so, he sent General Salazar to the Queen to insist upon certain conditions, amongst others the dismissal of the Camarilla. The General had evidently expected to find the Queen in the depth of despair, trembling for her throne, if not for her life ; but she, more accustomed to insurrections than he was, treated the whole affair as a huge joke, and laughed and chattered until the worthy man, whose morals were better than his manners, losing all patience at what he considered an

exhibition of criminal levity, turned upon her and administered a rebuke so sternly indignant that John Knox's noted speech is mildly courteous by the side of it. Her open immorality, he said, was a disgrace not only to her sex, but her country. Callous as she was this roused the Queen, who angrily ordered him from her presence, telling him that no one had ever dared to address such language to her before. Salazar replied quietly, "I have no doubt of it ; it is not often that truth is spoken in this palace," and held his ground.

The Queen, realising her helplessness, had a violent attack of hysterics, whereupon King Francis, who seems to have been hiding behind a curtain, suddenly appeared, not, however, to avenge the insult offered to his wife, but to suggest that it would be wise to postpone all further discussion until she was more calm. The General then retired, promising to return in the evening. Isabella declared that rather than accept aid from Espartero after this outrage she would abdicate. She even went so far as to summon *Le Corps Diplomatique* to receive the notification of her abdication. The French Ambassador was the first to arrive, and to him she told her tale, and declared her intention of leaving Madrid the next morning. He merely remarked : "Of course you will have to leave the Infanta behind."

Leave her child ! (At that time she had only one.) She had never thought of that, and, as she declared with sobs, would rather be dragged through the streets than separated from her child. This being the case, it was an easy task to make her accept whatever conditions the popular favourite chose to impose. Resolved not to do things by halves, with the childish recklessness that characterises so many of her actions, she issued a manifesto, in which she declared her perfect sympathy upon every point with Espartero ; and, not content even with that piece of folly, she lavished compliments and praise upon her good Madrileños for the gallantry with which they had fought. Did ever sovereign before or since praise rebels for being rebels ? The people received her manifesto coldly ; but when she appeared upon the balcony of the palace with Espartero and O'Donnell, the rebel general, she was cheered.

Cristina was still in the palace ; indeed, if she had ventured to leave it her life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase, for the mob, although reconciled to Isabella, was by no means prepared to pardon her mother, and, at the *Sancta Cristina*, hung the whole city with black. Cristina's presence was a source of continual danger to Espartero, for the people insisted upon her being brought to trial, and to this he could not ask the Queen to consent. To calm the

mob that was keeping watch over all the exits of the palace, he pledged his word that the Queen-Mother should not leave Madrid furtively—an empty promise, seeing the lady declared: “I will leave Madrid as a queen, or I will remain there.” Later, when the excitement was somewhat allayed, he evaded his pledge by taking her out, not furtively, but publicly, surrounded by an army, he himself riding by her side. Espartero then set to work to despatch the Camarilla: in one day every servant in the palace, from the confidential friend to the kitchen-maid, was dismissed. By this time Isabella was twenty-four—old enough to realise to the full the importance of her actions; yet, within a few months of this revolt, she began to intrigue against the man who had saved her; and, as if bent upon seeking compensation for her impotence as a sovereign by abusing her liberty as a wife, she made her court the scene of worse disorders even than before. Favourite followed favourite in quick succession (amongst them Emilio Arrieto the composer, and Tirso Obregon the singer), King Francis the while standing by as a placid spectator. In no other country in Europe would such conduct have been tolerated; and, even in Spain, Isabella was perhaps the one woman able to win for it toleration. For, strange to say, whilst other sovereigns were struggling so hard, and often in vain, to win the love of their people, this truly vagabond queen, whose whole course was a public scandal, was for years a popular idol. It is difficult to understand why the Spaniards, a proud, sensitive people, should have submitted so long to a ruler whom they could not respect: her good-hearted, happy-go-lucky nature seemed to cast a charm over them. Her total lack of reticence appealed to them; they could follow so easily all the workings of her mind, whether, with childish petulance, she was reproaching her Ministers with betraying her, or confessing with remorse she had wronged them. If her sins were open, so was her repentance; year by year, when Holy Week came round, this woman, who for the other fifty-one weeks had been outraging every law, human and divine, kneeled in church for the hour together, and with loud sobs and groans proclaimed her sorrow for the past, her resolution to make atonement in the future. Her subjects, seeing her sorrow, sorrowed too, and, when Easter Day arrived, were as convinced as she was that a new era in her life was at hand.

The Maundy Thursday ceremony never failed to win for her hearty adherents: she washed the feet of the beggars with such manifest zeal; spoke to them such kindly, loving words; served them with food as if she thought it a privilege to do so; and, at the close of the feast, cleared the table with a dexterity that showed her

heart was in her work. Her splendid robes—she always wore full court dress upon these occasions—seemed to enhance the touching humility of her attitude ; and, although the freethinking part of the community scoffed at what they called the popish mummery of the whole affair, that was not the feeling with which the bulk of the population regarded it. One year, whilst she was serving at table, a diamond fell from her head-dress on to the plate of one of the beggars : a dozen hands were stretched out to restore the jewel, but the Queen motioned to the man to keep it, remarking simply, “ It has fallen to him by lot.” Her generosity was unbounded : it is not in her nature to say “ No ” to a beggar ; whilst the one point upon which she made a firm stand against her Ministers was in insisting upon her right to exercise mercy, and the hardest struggle she ever had with them was *à propos* of a pardon granted at the request of Restori. A queen has many chances of doing little gracious acts, and Isabella never failed to seize each one as it came in her way ; not, however, for the sake of winning popularity, but simply to follow the bent of her own nature, which, as she showed the other day, is still unchanged, for she of all Paris was the first to remember that Prado’s victim needed help and comfort.

It was to such acts as these that Isabella owed the burst of enthusiastic loyalty that so astonished Europe when Martin Marino attempted to stab her on the steps of the Otocha Church. The first words she uttered after she had received the wound were : “ My child, my Isabella ! ” (the Infanta was with her) ; the next, “ I don’t wish the man to be punished.” The citizens of Madrid, however, insisted upon Marino’s execution, and even burnt his body themselves when the executioner refused to do so. As the Queen drove in state to church to return thanks for her escape, the people embraced her horses in the intensity of their enthusiasm. But an outburst of loyalty in Spain is always followed by a period of discontent, and, a very few months later, the royal march was hissed in Madrid. The Spaniards certainly had just cause of complaint. Cristina returned again and again to Madrid, always bringing mischief in her train ; another Camarilla had formed around the Queen, which plotted indiscriminately against whatever Minister was in power ; whilst the sovereign herself, as all the world could see, was a mere puppet in the hands of the ruling favourite of the day and Père Cleret, her confessor. The army, too, was a dangerous element in the State, the generals in turn indulging in Pronunciamientos against any Minister they disapproved of, until playing at Pronunciamientos became a favourite sport of the boys at Toledo—the Woolwich of Spain—and

the very name of "a Spanish Minister" a jest in Europe. If a Pronunciamiento proved a failure, its author was promptly shot ; if a success, with equal promptitude he was complimented, rewarded, and made a Minister by Isabella, who, always maintaining her rôle of constitutional monarch, signed with ostentation whatever decrees the successful rebel might desire, until the day when he in his turn fell before the Pronunciamiento of his rival. Espartero had completely withdrawn from public life ; Narvaez and O'Donnell again and again replaced each other as Minister, each being too powerful to allow the other to rule, but not powerful enough to rule himself. Meanwhile finances fell into a state of hopeless confusion, and business was at a standstill. At length, in December, 1866, Narvaez, wearied of struggling in the face of so many obstacles to govern constitutionally, suddenly dissolved the Cortes, arrested 123 members, and transported the president, Don Rosa, with 35 of his followers. The nation, feeling for the moment that despotism was preferable to anarchy, condoned the *coup d'état*, and for seventeen months enjoyed peace. In November, 1867, however, O'Donnell died ; and, as if he who had followed him always in office must do so now in death, Narvaez died five months later, and Don Gonzales Bravo was asked by the Queen to form a Ministry.

A more unfortunate choice could not have been made ; Bravo was an absolutist of the narrowest type, and without any of the qualifications of a ruler. As he was a civilian, the army regarded his appointment as an insult ; and he, instead of trying to rally the citizens to his side, irritated them by a series of petty prosecutions. The Duke of Montpensier and his family were exiled because they were supposed to view the course of the executive with critical eyes. *Gil Blas*—the Spanish *Punch*—was suspended for casually remarking that it preferred thin women to fat ones : this being construed into an insult to the Queen, who was decidedly *embonpoint* ; and the *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* was not allowed to be played in Madrid, lest the populace should discover a resemblance between La Duchesse and the Queen. The Press Laws were enforced with unheard-of vigour, freedom of discussion was prohibited, and, what touched the Madrileños most of all, clerical bigotry was allowed to run rampant. They had pardoned much to their Queen, they had allowed her court and life to be the scandal of Europe ; but, when they found she was plotting to restore to the Church, their bitterest foe, its old prestige, its forfeited revenues, and the control of the education of their children, they felt the time had come for a change, not of Ministers, but of sovereigns, A pretext for an insurrection is

never lacking when required. Bravo issued a decree empowering mayors and governors of towns, upon their own responsibility, to exile for forty days all men whom they held to be dangerous, and, carrying out the same theory, he himself seized the leading military chiefs, and amongst them Marshal Serrano. The country rose to a man against such senseless tyranny ; General Prim hastened back from London to direct the popular movement, and Admiral Tapete and the navy joined the people.

Isabella, with Marfori, her latest favourite, was staying at St. Sebastian when the news of the revolt reached her. Thinking it was only another Pronunciamiento, she tried to pacify the people by dismissing Bravo and appointing Don Conchas in his place. Conchas' first despatch ought to have opened her eyes to the danger ; he advised her to return to Madrid at once, warning her at the same time, however, that if she appeared with Marfori at her side, he would not answer for the consequences. Divided between the desire of returning to Madrid and the dislike of leaving Marfori, she lingered at St. Sebastian in a state bordering on distraction, appealing to everyone—always excepting her husband—whom she met for advice. "If I could wear breeches," she cried again and again, "I would return to my capital at once." In this she was wrong, for, if she had only known it, womanhood, as the present Queen-Regent has shown, is the surest weapon in Spain. The Spaniards are a long-suffering race, and, even at the eleventh hour, if she had trusted herself entirely to them and shown that, for their sake, she was willing to leave both favourite and confessor, they might have given her one last chance. But whilst she was hesitating her hour of grace passed, for Serrano defeated at Alcolea what few troops had remained faithful to her, and then she knew she must leave Spain. Flushed with weeping, her dress all in disorder, no gloves on her hands, and a little straw toque with a flaming red feather on her head, she crossed the French frontier, September 30, 1868.

There was no anger and no regret, but perhaps just a touch of scorn, in the faces of the people of St. Sebastian as they watched the departure of their Queen. She evidently preferred to rely upon foreign aid—"Napoleonic aid," they said, with a sneer—for the recovery of her crown rather than upon her own subjects. *Tanto peor para ella.*

JAN WINN.

ARCADIAN EXTREMES.

OF all the varieties of human life that of the agriculturist, or husbandman, is the most ancient, even as it is the most honourable and independent. Emerson expressed the general conclusion on the subject when he said, "The farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land." It is one of the happiest of avocations ; an almost universally desired pursuit. As the Author of *The Seasons* declared,

In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind.

There are many striking instances of this ; for although, as we are told, "the disposition of Ulysses inclined him to war, rather than to the more lucrative, but more secure, method of life, by agriculture and husbandry, " yet there were those who, like Cyrus of Persia, obtained great pleasure from working on the land ; and others who, like the Roman Cincinnatus, when freed from the toils and perplexities of war and rulership, have gone back to the fields with a great joy in their hearts, have disdained the gifts of power, have " seized the plough, and greatly independent lived."

Now, although agriculture is one of the oldest of human arts, so old indeed that it dates long before the dawn of history, it has not in any appreciable degree lost its hold upon human affection, and it never will lose that hold so long as the hearts of men are ready to respond to what Sir Walter Scott called nature's genial glow. But the life of the farmer is not altogether an existence of unalloyed arcadian sweetness. It is not all poetry. Even as " every white will have its black," according to the ballad of " Sir Carline," and as " every sweet will have its sour," so the pursuit of the agriculturist has its acetous and prosaic side. He can live greatly independent, as compared with many others of the human family, but none are so immediately dependent as he is upon forces over which he has little or no control. He is the bond-slave, or, to put it mildly, he is the subject of the weather, and sometimes he can only signify his freedom by an

independent grumble. Not that he works blindly. As a matter of fact, he strives for definite results in a most specific way, and, consequently, he prizes the results of his labour in a higher degree than most others do. With the farmer, work and the result of it largely coincide. And yet he is influenced more nearly and more acutely than others—to give an instance—by the condition of the weather, say by a spell of drought, or by an excess of rain; and he is influenced at once, for a timely rainfall may raise fiftyfold the value of his harvest, or a storm of untimely hail may cut off the possibility of any harvest at all.

In the month of May of this passing year of 1889 a clear exemplification of the poetry and prose of the farmer's life was afforded in the shire of Worcester. For three-fourths of the month the promise of May was all that heart of agriculturist could wish, but all at once the spell was broken, the poetry was turned to prose, even to prose of the most serious kind. On the afternoon of the 24th of the month a hail-storm of unprecedented violence, so far as the experience of the present generation goes, occurred in the Worcestershire part of the basin of the river Severn. The thunder could hardly be heard for the noise of the hail. Some of the stones appeared to the observers to be as large as walnuts, and as they were rushing along in a slanting direction, the vegetation was literally cut into shreds. In one short hour the promise of the season was completely broken to many a hard-working farmer. As an eye-witness prosaically said, "More ruthless effects of a storm could not be imagined than met the eye in the districts where it was at its worst." Well may the farmer study the thermometer and the sky! Well may he strive to read the indications at evening's close or at morning's dawn!

A still more striking instance of extremes in Arcadian life occurred on the second day of the following June in the Lancashire district. There was a charming morning, a beautiful noon, and a calm evening; and yet between whiles there were terrible storms. It was, to parody Dryden's couplet,

A day so various that it seem'd to be,
Not one, but all the year's epitome.

The lightning was intense, the thunder was deafening, and the rain came down in torrents. The most remarkable feature in the variety was the exceptional fall of hailstones. Indeed, in many cases they were pieces of ice of large size, which, on reaching the hard parts of the ground, broke with a noise like the report of a pistol. It was quite a fusilade while it lasted. Scores of stones two and three

inches in circumference, and nearly as large as hen's eggs, were picked up within a few yards.

The farmer, taking broad views of his life, knows that, as one has said,

Wise is Nature's plan,
Who, in her realm, as in the soul of man,
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud noon
With dewy evening's soft and sacred lull.

He cannot shut his eyes to the damage, for it is obtrusively near, and it touches him persistently, so he may be pardoned if he sometimes gets a little anxious as he thinks of the harvest days.

There is, however, a good deal of poetry in the life of the farmer. Certainly the opportunity is there. Isaac D'Israeli in one of his papers declares that "an astronomer rapt in abstraction, while he gazes on a star, must feel more exquisite delight than a farmer who is conducting his team ;" but he is far too absolute, for there is much to appeal to the emotion of the farmer. How striking are the processes going on about him ! The grass, so very humble among the productions, growing along the roadside and over the meadows and upon the hills, clothing the landscape, refreshing with its greenness, fragrant as it falls before the scythe, and afterwards how delicious when it is borne homewards to be the food for the humble creatures that serve us ! Who at such a time is not ready to cry out, with Nick Bottom the weaver, "Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow" ? But it is more than interesting. As Earl Russell affirmed, "The heart of the farmer insensibly expands, from his minute acquaintance with multifarious objects, all in themselves original ; whilst that degree of retirement in which he is placed from the bustling haunts of mankind keeps alive in his breast his natural affections, unblunted by an extensive and perpetual intercourse with man in a more enlarged, and therefore in a more corrupt, state of society. His habits become his principles, and he is ready to risk his life to maintain them." This is the opportunity, if it is not always realized.

Co-operation with the forces of nature is the work of the farmer, and the very thought of it is harmonising. Those Divine forces, so powerful and so infinite, are everywhere, and work everywhere upon the material of the world. What is the earth the farmer turns with the plough and rouses with the harrow ? It is the storehouse of life. He commits the precious grain to it, and, as Goethe wrote, "Smoothly and lightly the golden seed by the furrow is covered." Nowhere else but in the dark, dull ground would it grow, but there

it meets with the conditions of life. The farmer cannot create the harvest. The seed is as dead as granite to all unaided demands. So he works in unison, in confident co-operation, and he waits in faith for the result. By the way of experience he has learnt the lesson the Dorsetshire poet expressed: "Ay, 'work and wait's' the wisest way, for 'work and wait' will win the day." He buries his seed in the soil, and he sleeps at night, and he goes to work in other fields by day. The very procedure is rhythmical. Soon the tender green appears upon the naked earth, and then the shoot, the stalk, the ear, and then the full corn in the ear, and then "it stands in all the splendours of its garments green and yellow." The farmer shares in the production of an awe-inspiring epic. Divinest influences move within the soil, responsively the seed he has planted opens, there comes forth life, beauty, loveliness, and the result is as useful as it is charming. Such is the poetry of agricultural life.

Of course the farmer, like everybody else, will lay stress on the darker and prosaic extreme of his occupation, and it is well that he should not altogether forget it; but the aggregate amount of his anxiety will depend upon the character of the motives whereby he lives. Well for him is it if he can truly say

I never met a grief half-way,
In thinking every day a blight was nigh.

And better than all for him is it if he is content with doing the nearest duty, and is willing to leave the result in higher Hands than his own. It will conduce largely to the harmony of his mind and heart if he can bring himself to be satisfied with the striking of averages. Between the two extremes the bulk of good will always lie. It cannot but be expected that there will be moments in his yearly round when he will cry out with Queen Margaret, "Who can be patient in such extremes?" In the harmoniously poetic extreme he will rejoice; in the worst extreme, the prosaic and inharmonious one, he will sorrow; but if he is really wise he will "lump them a' thegither," knowing that he cannot avoid them, and in the worst extremes he will be resolute. Then the extremes will meet and justify each other, for they teach him that in nature and human nature alike they conduce to the general good.

Let the Arcadian have confidence in his work. He was of the first of men and he will be of the last. When the civilised savage comes to view the ruins of our cities he will find the farmer hard at work in the fields of Arcady. His occupation will never be gone, for he cannot be dispensed with. The ground is the great storehouse

after all else is gone, and the agricolist holds the key of it in his hand. He may magnify his office surely, and do so without offence, for his table is large, and the peoples of all the world throng to his feast. He is still the husbandman in the vast farm-garden.

Well may he labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower.

LANDLEY LEYBURN

A ROYAL BOOK-BURNER.

DESPITE Mr. D'Israeli's able defence of him, the fashion has survived of speaking disdainfully of James I. and all his works. The military men of his day, hating him for that wise love of peace which saved us at least from one war on the Continent, complained of a king who preferred to wage war with the pen than the pike, and vented his anger on paper instead of with powder. But for all that the patron and friend of Ben Jonson, and the constant promoter of arts and letters, was one of the best literary workmen of his time ; nor will anyone who dips into his works fail to put them aside without a considerably higher estimate than he had before of the ability of the most learned king that ever occupied the British throne—a monarch unapproached by any of his successors, save William III., in any sort of intellectual power.

Yet here our admiration for James I. must perforce stop. For of many of his ideas the only excuse is that they were those of his age ; and this is an excuse that is fatal to a claim to the highest order of merit. All men to some extent are the sport and victims of their intellectual surroundings ; but it is the mark of superiority to rise above them, and this James I. often failed to do. He cannot, for instance, in this respect compare with a man whose works he persecuted, namely, with Reginald Scot, who in 1584 published his immortal "Discoverie of Witchcraft," a book which, alike for its motive as its matter, occupies one of the highest places in the history of the literature of Europe.

Yet Scot was only a Kentish country gentleman, who gave himself up solely, says Wood, to solid reading and the perusal of obscure but neglected authors, diversifying his studies with agriculture, and so producing the first extant treatise on hops. Nevertheless, he is among the heroes of the world, greater for me at least than any one of our most famous generals, for it was at the risk of his life that he wrote, as he says himself, "in behalf of the poor, the aged, and the simple" ; and if he has no monument in our English Pantheon, he has a better and more abiding one in the hearts of all the well-wishers of humanity.

For his reading led him to the assault of one of the best established, most sacred, yet most stupid, of the superstitions of mankind ; and to have exposed both the folly of the belief, and the cruelty of the legal punishments, of witchcraft, more justly entitles his memory to honour than the capture of stormed cities or the butchery of thousands of his fellow-beings on a battlefield.

How trite is the argument that this or that belief must be true because so many generations have believed it, so many countries, so many famous men, as if error, like stolen property, gained a title from prescription of time ! Scot pierced this pretension with a single sentence : "Truth must not be measured by time, for every old opinion is not sound." "My great adversaries," he says, "are young ignorance and old custom. For what folly soever tract of time hath fostered, it is so superstitiously pursued of some as though no error could be acquainted with custom." Beliefs, indeed, are rendered suspect by the very extent of their currency and acceptance.

But Scot had a greater adversary than even young ignorance or old custom ; and that was King James, who, whilst King of Scotland, wrote his "Demonologie" against Scot's ideas (1597). James' mind was strictly Bible-bound, and for him the disbelief in witches savoured of Sadduceism, or the denial of spirits. Yet Scot had taken care to guard himself, for he wrote : "I deny not that there are witches or images ; but I detest the idolatrous opinions conceived of them." Nor can James have carefully read Scot, for, tacked on to the "Discoverie" is a "Discourse of Devils and Spirits," which to the simplest Sadducee would have been the veriest trash. Scot, for instance, says of the devil that "God created him purposely to destroy. I take his substance to be such as no man can by learning define, nor by wisdom search out ;" a conclusion surely as wise as the theology is curious. Anyhow it is the very reverse of Sadduceean. It is said that one of the first proceedings of James' reign was to have all the copies of Scot's book burnt that could be seized, and undoubtedly one of the first of his Acts of Parliament was the statute that made all the devices of witchcraft punishable with death as felony, without benefit of clergy.

But about the burning there is room for doubt. There is no English contemporary testimony of the fact. Voet, a professor of theology in Holland, is its only known contemporary witness ; but he may have assumed the suppression of the book to have been identical with its burning ; a common assumption, but a no less common mistake. On the other hand many books undoubtedly were burnt under James that are not mentioned by name ; and the great

rarity of the first edition of the book, and its absence from some of our principal libraries, supports the possibility of its having been among them.¹ But, to quote Mr. D'Israeli: "On the King's arrival in England, having discovered the numerous impostures and illusions which he had often referred to as authorities, he grew suspicious of the whole system of Dæmonologie, and at length recanted it entirely. With the same conscientious zeal James had written the book, the King condemned it; and the sovereign separated himself from the author, in the cause of truth; but the Clergy and the Parliament persisted in making the imaginary crime felony by the statute." So that if James really burnt the book, he must have burnt it to please others, not himself; and though he may have done so, the presumption is rather that he did not.

The wonder is that Scot himself escaped the real or supposed fate of his book. Pleasing indeed is it to know that he lived out his days undisturbed to the end (1599) with his family and among his hops and flowers in Kent; not before he had lived to see his book make a perceptible impression on the magistracy and even on the clergy of his time, till a perceptible check was given to his ideas by the "Demonologie." But at all events he had given superstition a reeling blow, from which it never wholly recovered, and to which it ultimately succumbed. More than this can few men hope to do, and to have done so much is ample cause for contentment.

Fundamental questions of all sorts were growing critical in the reign of James, who had not only the clearest ideas of their answer, but the firmest determination to have them, if possible, answered in his own way. The principal ones were: The relationship of the King to his subjects; of the Pope to kings; of the Established Church to Puritanism and Catholicism. And on the leading political and religious questions of his day James caused certain books to be burnt which advocated opinions contrary to his own—a mode of reasoning that reflects less credit on his philosophy than does his conduct in most other respects.

But the first book that was burnt for its sentiments on Prerogative was one which the King was believed personally to approve. This was probably the gist of its offence, for it appeared about the time that the King made his very supercilious speech to the Commons in answer to their complaints about the High Commission and other grievances.

I allude to the famous "Interpreter" (1607) by Cowell, Doctor of Civil Law at Cambridge, which, written at the instigation of Arch-

¹ That is Mr. Nicholson's conclusion in his preface to Scot; yet, if the book was burnt, it is highly improbable that the common hangman officiated.

bishop Bancroft, was dedicated to him, and caused a storm little dreamt of by its author. Sir E. Coke disliked Cowell, whom he nick-named Cow-heel, and naturally disliked him still more for writing slightingly of Littleton and the Common Law. He caused Parliament to take the matter up, with the result that Cowell was imprisoned and came near to hanging; ¹ James only saving his life by suppressing his book by proclamation, for which the Commons returned thanks to him with great exultation over their victory.

For Cowell had taken too strongly the high monarchical line, and the episode of his book is really the first engagement in the great war between Prerogative and People which raged through the seventeenth century. "I hold it uncontrollable," he wrote, "that the King of England is an absolute king." "Though it be a merciful policy, and also a politic policy (not alterable without great peril) to make laws by the consent of the whole realm . . . yet simply to bind the prince to or by these laws were repugnant to the nature and custom of an absolute monarchy." "For those regalities which are of the higher nature there is not one that belonged to the most absolute prince in the world which doth not also belong to our King." But the book was condemned, not only for its sins against the Subject, but for passages that were said to pinch on the authority of the King. Yet, considered merely as a Law Dictionary, it is still one of the best in our language.

In the King's proclamation against the "Interpreter" are some passages that curiously illustrate the mind of its author. He thus complains of the growing freedom of thought. "From the very highest mysteries of the Godhead and the most inscrutable counsels in the Trinitie to the very lowest pit of Hell and the confused action of the divells there, there is nothing now unsearched into by the curiositie of men's braines;" so that "it is no wonder that they do not spare to wade in all the deepest mysteries that belong to the persons or the state of Kinges and Princes, that are gods upon earth." King James' attitude to Free Thought reminds one of the legendary contention between Canute and the sea. No one has ever repeated the latter experiment, but how many thousands still disquiet themselves, as James did, against the progress of the human mind!

In the proclamation itself there is no actual mention of burning, all persons in possession of the book being ordered to deliver their copies to the Lord Mayor or County Sheriffs "for the further order of its utter suppression" (March 25, 1610); neither is there any allusion to burning in the Parliamentary journals, nor in the letters

¹ Winwood's Memorials, I. 125.

relating to the subject in "Winwood's Memorials." The contemporary evidence of the fact is, however, supplied by Sir H. Spelman, who says in his "Glossarium" (under the word Tenure) that Cowell's book was publicly burnt. Otherwise, James' proclamations were not always attended to (by one, for instance, he prohibited hunting); and Roger Coke says that, the books being out, "the proclamation could not call them in, but only served to make them more taken notice of."¹

That books were often suppressed or called in without being burnt is well shown by Heylyn's remark about Mocket's book (presently referred to), that "it was thought fit not only to call it in, but to expiate the errors of it in a public flame."² Among works thus suppressed without being burnt may be mentioned Bishop Thornborough's two books in favour of the union between England and Scotland (1604), Lord Coke's Speech and Charge at the Norwich Assizes (1607), and Sir W. Raleigh's first volume of the "History of the World" (1614). I suspect that Scot's "Discoverie" was likewise only suppressed, and that Voet erroneously thought that this involved and implied a public burning.

But it was not for long that James had saved Cowell's life, for the latter's death the following year, and soon after the resignation of his professorship, is said by Fuller to have been hastened by the trouble about his book. The King throughout behaved with great judgment, nor is it so true that he surrendered Cowell to his enemies, as that he saved him from imminent personal peril. Men like Cowell and Blackwood and Bancroft were probably more monarchical than the monarch himself; and, though James held high notions of his powers, and could even hint at being a god upon earth, his subjects were more ready to accept his divinity than he was to force it upon them. It was not quite for nothing that James had had for his tutor the republican George Buchanan, one of the first opponents of monarchical absolutism in his famous "De Jure Regni apud Scotos"; nor did he ever quite forget the noble words in which at his first Parliament he thus defined for ever the position of a constitutional king: "That I am a servant it is most true, that as I am head and governor of all the people in my dominion who are my natural vassals and subjects, considering them in numbers and distinct ranks: so if we will take the whole people as one body and mass, then, as the head is ordained for the body and not the body for the head, so must a righteous king know himself to be ordained for his people

¹ Detection of Court and State of England. (1696) I. 30.

² Life of Laud. 70.

and not his people for him. . . . I will never be ashamed to confess it my principal honour to be the great servant of the Common-wealth."

And in this very matter of Cowell's book James not only denied any preference for the civil over the common law, but professed "that, although he knew how great and large a king's rights and prerogatives were, yet that he would never affect nor seek to extend his, beyond the prescription and limits of the municipal laws and customs of this realm."¹

A few years later Sir Walter Raleigh's first volume of his "History of the World" was called in at the King's command, "especially for being too saucy in censuring princes." This fate its wonderful author took greatly to heart, as he had hoped thereby to please the King extraordinarily;² and, considering the terms in which he pointed the contrast between James and our previous rulers in his preface, one cannot but share his astonishment.

This would seem to indicate that the King grew more sensitive about his position as time went on; and this conclusion is corroborated by his extraordinary conduct in reference to the works of David Paræus, the learned Protestant professor of divinity at Heidelberg. One can conceive no mortal soul ever reading those three vast folios of closely printed Latin in which Paræus commented on the Old and New Testament; but in those days people must have read everything. At all events it was discovered that in his commentary on Romans XIII. Paræus had contended at great length and detail in favour of the people's right to restrain even by force of arms tyrannical violence on the part of the superior magistrate. On March 22, 1622, therefore, the Archbishop of Canterbury and twelve bishops, at the King's request, represented this doctrine to be most dangerous and seditious; and, accordingly, on July 1, the books of Paræus were publicly burnt after a sermon by the Bishop of London; and about the same time the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, ever on the side of the Divine right, proved their loyalty by condemning and burning the book, perhaps the only book whose condemnation never tempted to its perusal. But that very same year (August 22, 1622) the King found it necessary to issue directions concerning preaching and preachers, so freely was the Puritanical side of the community then beginning to express itself about the royal prerogative.

As connected with the question of the prerogative must be mentioned, as burnt by James' order, the "*Doctrina et Politia Ecclesiæ*

¹ Winwood's Memorials. III. 136.

² Letter of January 5, 1614, in Court and Times of James I.

Anglicanæ" (1616), a Latin translation of the English Prayer Book, as well as of Jewell's Apology and Newell's Catechism, by Richard Mocket, then warden of All Souls'. Mocket was chaplain to Archbishop Abbot, and wished to recommend the formularies and doctrines of the Church of England to foreign nations. History does not, indeed, record any deep impression as made on foreign nations by the book; though Heylyn asserts that it had given no small reputation to the Church of England beyond the seas (Laud 70); but it does record the fact of its being publicly burnt, as well as give some intimations of the reason. Fuller says that the main objection to it was that Mocket had proved himself a better chaplain than subject, touching James in one of his tenderest points, in contending for the right of the Archbishop of Canterbury to confirm the election of bishops in his province. Mocket also gave such extracts from the Homilies as seemed to have a Calvinistic leaning; and treated fast days as only of political institution. For such reasons the book was burnt by public edict, a censure which the writer took so much to heart that, as Fuller says, being "so much defeated in his expectation to find punishment where he looked for preferment, as if his life were bound up by sympathy in his book, he ended his days soon after." Poor Mocket was only forty when he died, succumbing, like Cowell, to the rough reception accorded to his book.

Mocket's book is not one to read, but to treasure as a sort of *Iusus naturæ* in the literary world; for it would certainly have seemed safe antecedently to wager a million to one that no warden of All Souls' would ever write a book that would be subjected to the indignity of fire; and, in spite of his example, I would still wager a million to one that a similar fate will never befall any literary work of Mocket's successors. Mocket's book, therefore, has a certain distinction which is all its own; but those who do not love the Church of England without it will hardly be led to such love by reading Mocket. And Mocket himself, if we follow Fuller, seems to have wished to make his love for the Church a vehicle to his own preferment; but as, perhaps, in that respect he does not stand alone, I should be sorry that the implied reproach should rest as any stain upon his memory.

Next to the question of the rights of kings over their subjects, the most important one of that time was concerning the rights of popes over kings—a question which, having been intensified by the Reformation, naturally came to a crisis after the Gunpowder Plot. James I. then instituted an oath of allegiance as a test of Catholic loyalty, and many Catholics took the oath without scruple, including

the Archpriest, Blackwell. Cardinal Bellarmine thereupon wrote a letter of rebuke to the latter, and Pope Paul V. sent a brief forbidding Catholics either to take the oath or to attend Protestant churches (October, 1606). But it is remarkable that, so little did the Catholics believe in the authenticity of this brief, that another—and an angry one—had to come from Rome the following September, to confirm and enforce it. King James very fairly took umbrage at the action and claims of the Pope, and spent six days in making notes which he wished the Bishop of Winchester to use in a reply to the Pope and the Cardinal. But when the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely saw the notes, they thought them answer enough, and so the King's "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance" came to light, but without his name, the author, among other reasons, deeming it beneath his dignity to contend in argument with a cardinal. As the Cardinal responded, the King took a stronger measure, and under his own name wrote, in a single week, his "Premonition to all most Mighty Monarchs," wherein he exposed with great force the danger to all States from the pretensions of the Papacy. Then, at Paul's invitation, Suarez penned that vast folio (778 pp.), the "*Defensio Catholicæ fidei contra Anglicanæ sectæ errores*" (1613), as the counterblast to James' apology. Considering the subject, it was certainly written with singular moderation; and James would have done better to have left the book to the natural penalty of its immense bulk. As it was, he ordered it to be burnt at London, and at Oxford and Cambridge; forbade his subjects to read it, under severe penalties; and wrote to Philip III. of Spain to complain of his Jesuit subject. But Philip, of course, only expressed his sympathy with the latter, and exhorted James to return to the Faith. The Parliament of Paris also consigned the book to the flames in 1614, as it had a few years before Bellarmine's "*Tractatus de Potestate summi Pontificis in Temporalibus*," in which the same high pretensions were claimed for the Pope as were claimed by Suarez.

The question at issue remains, of course, a burning one to this day. To James I., however, is due the credit of having been one of the earliest and ablest champions against the Temporal Power; and therefore, side by side on our shelves with Bellarmine and Suarez should stand copies of the "Apology" and the "Premonition"—both of them works which cannot fail to raise the King many degrees in the estimation of all who read them.

But we have yet to see James as a theologian, for on his divinity he prided himself no less than on his king-craft. The burning of

Legatt at Smithfield and of Wightman at Lichfield for heretical opinions is a sad blot on the King's memory ; for it would seem that he personally pressed the bishops to proceed to this extremity, in the case of Legatt at least. Nor in the case of poor Conrad Vorst did he manifest more toleration or dignity. It was no concern of his if Vorst was appointed by the States to succeed Arminius as Professor of Theology at Leyden ; yet, deeming his duty as Defender of the Faith to be bound by no seas, he actually interfered to prevent it, and rendered Vorst's life a burden to him. He might as justly have protested against the choice of a Grand Lama of Thibet.

Vorst's book, the "Tractatus Theologicus de Deo," an ugly, square, brown book of 500 pages, is as unreadable as it is unprepossessing. Bayle says that it was shown to the King whilst out hunting, and that he forthwith read it with such energy as to be able to despatch within an hour to his resident at the Hague a detailed list of its heresies. Nothing in his reign seems to have excited him so much. Not only did he have it publicly burnt in St. Paul's Churchyard (October, 1611), and at Oxford and Cambridge, but he entreated the States, under the pain of the loss of his friendship, to banish Vorst from their dominions altogether. No heretic, he said, ever better deserved to be burnt, but that he would leave to their Christian wisdom. "Such a Disquisition deserved the punishment of the Inquisition." If Vorst remained, no English youths should repair to "so infected a place" as the University of Leyden.

The States resented at first the interference of the King of England, and supported Vorst, but the ultimate result of James' prolonged agitation was that in 1619 the National Synod of Dort declared Vorst's works to be impious and blasphemous, and their author unworthy to be an orthodox professor. He was accordingly banished from the University and from Holland for life, and died three years afterwards, fully justified by his persecution in his original reluctance to exchange his country living for the dignity of a professorship of theology.

Bayle thinks he was fairly chargeable with Socinian views, but what most offended James was his metaphysical speculations on the Divine attributes. I will quote from Vorst two passages which vexed the royal soul, and should teach us to rejoice that the reign of such discussions shows signs of passing away :

Is there a quantity in God?
 There is ; but not a physical quantity,
 But a supernatural quantity ;
 One nevertheless that is plainly imperceptible to us,
 And merely spiritual.

Or again :

Hath God a body ?

If we will speak properly, He has none ; yet is it no absurdity, speaking improperly, to ascribe a body unto God, that is, as the word is taken improperly and generally (and yet not very absurdly) for a true substance, in a large signification, or, if you will, abusive.

The above are the principal books whose names have come down to us as burnt in the reign of James, and the initiation of such burning seems always to have come from the King himself. As yet the Star Chamber and Court of High Commission do not appear to have assumed the direction of this lesser but not unimportant department of government. Nor is there yet any mention of the hangman ; the mere burning by any menial official being as yet thought stigma enough. It is also remarkable that the books which chiefly roused James' anger to the burning point were the works of foreigners—of Paræus, Suarez, and Vorst. After James our country was too much occupied in burning its own books and pamphlets to burden itself with the additional labour of burning its neighbours' ; the instances that occur are comparatively few and far between. But it is clear that, whatever were James' real views as to the limits of his political prerogative, in the field of literature he meant to play and did play the despot. Pity that one who could so deftly wield his pen should have rested his final argument on the bonfire !

J. A. FARRER.

ST. SPIRIDION'S DAY.

WHAT scene more lovely can be imagined than Corfu in early morning, ere the spring sunshine has become too intense for aught but idleness, and when the island lies sleeping upon a silvery, opalescent sea—its grey forts, rising up between green gardens and dark cyprus groves, picturesquely surmounting the clustering town beneath?

But on St. Spiridion's Day the town of Corfu does not lie long asleep, and at an early hour the country folk from the towns and villages around come in a-foot or in vehicles to adore and reverence their patron saint. The town is filled with them, in their rich and brilliant costume, and as one strolls amid the streets the eye lights continually upon women majestic in carriage, handsome in face, and dressed in every hue that texture has assumed.

We pass up through the town and across the wide open square or esplanade of La Spianata, and out of the awakening town into the precincts of the old fortress where once British redcoats held sway, but where now, amid the grey decaying buildings, flowers force their way: sweet peas and geraniums, calceolarias, marigolds, and roses; some of them perpetuating the days of English rule, with a sweet homely scent of the cottage flowers of England. Strange to see capping these flowers the giant leaves of the prickly pear, its uncouth, grotesque form rising to a good height, some of the single leaves—if we may call them leaves—measuring two feet in length. From the summit of this old battery we were still reminded it was St. Spiridion's Day, for groups of brilliantly dressed peasantry were also scrambling up the deserted bastions; but the wondrous beauty of the view that lay beneath us drew our eyes from closely noting these, and made us linger over the scene until they had all departed, including a Perkin Middlewick-like Englishman, who had muttered, "Don't see much to see here," as he surmounted the fortress, and we were left in silence to rest our eyes on sea and mountain.

In the early morning light how delicately tender were the hues

of earth and sea ! Away to the north-east stretched forth a panorama of mountain and lake-like sea ; low, sloping points of hill-land sweeping darkly down to the varied *nuances* of the water, dark in shadow but softly blue in sunlight. To the north lay the little, low, flat island of Bido, or Vido, that once bristled with cannon ; and beyond this rose two mountain-peaks connected with a low, flat table-land. Just beneath us to the right was the pink roof of the east bastion rising above the grey rock, all surrounded with green trees and dark cypresses ; and away from this to the east opened out the wider sea and deep depths far into the mountain recesses of Albania, lying here in shadow, there in light ; low rolling waves and folds of moving cloud lay over them ; and here and there glittering sand reflects back the morning sun ; whilst patches of tender faint blue, and deep soft blue of clear sky gave a sweet, soft beauty to the scene. Away to the south-east the wider sea and low spit of Cape Bianco stretches away, and leads round to the west in higher, rounded, broken heights, all now dark in shade ; and nearer, sheltered by these, is a widening peninsula, all wooded and cypressed, and dotted with white and brown houses, spreading away towards the low plain on which lies the town. All richly green around it, but one small square of clustered houses alone being without the intermixed green and trees. So much does Corfu in the beauty of this verdure differ from Greece in its arid plains and hillsides and lack of foliage. Here, near the town, the hues of the lake-like water are broken up by a few ships lying in the harbour, and the well-built houses in the square beneath, all of different shades, and with green sunblinds, do not jar with Nature's vivid tones. But the increasing heat of the sun reminded us that if we would take the drive we had planned ere attending the special service in honour of St. Spiridion, we must leave this view and hasten again into the town.

As we descended into the square we found the rich costumes increasing in number, as the country people came flocking in to honour their saint—he whose body had been miraculously preserved to them for 1,500 years, and whose hand subscribed to the creed of Nicœa, yet weekly said or sung in all our own churches. One stately woman passed us, as we stood looking through the archway in the square at the perfect picture of mountains framed by it, all glorious in a costume that consisted of a very full black dress, a deep blue apron, with worked and coloured borders ; a black jacket, with gold embroidery ; a golden bodice, and in her wealth of hair, wide red ribbons, weaved in alternately with the folds of hair ; over this thrown negligently was a bright yellow gauze veil, falling down over

the back. The children were, alas ! mostly in European dress, as the children in any dull city, but some were dressed as their mothers. Another tasteful dress was that of a woman sitting under the piazza. The same full dress ; but of blue, with white apron and white bodice ; with masses of gold plates and trinkets glittering in the white stomacher ; a black jacket, and pink ribbons wound amidst the hair, and over all, half-veiling all, a graceful, gauze-like, white veil.

But we left regretfully, studying these costumes, and drove out past the obelisk and little round temple set up to commemorate the return of Sir Thomas Maitland in 1816, and the High Commissioner Howard in 1843, and so past the English burying-ground and along a most lovely bit of the esplanade, where the cool sea laved the grey shore with its translucent crystal waters. The retrospect from here of the citadel was most lovely, but our eyes were ever attracted as we got outside the town by the stately walk of the island women ; erect and queenlike, with an air of majestic freedom, they bore themselves in a blaze of colour—purple and gold, pink and white, red and yellow, and all these colours half-hid by the graceful, ample veils. No such beauty had we seen in Greece as amidst these islanders, and easily would they bear off the prize of beauty from most European people.

As we passed through some villages little children ran after us with bunches of most lovely roses in their hands, one truly pretty black-eyed girl saying, "I speak English," to tempt us with roses that were all too tempting and irresistible in their great beauty.

All around us was a wealth of culture, fruit, and flowers, that was intoxicating in its richness. Green hedges, half-hid in blossom of syringa and roses and convolvulus, gardens of orange-trees with glossy leaves and scented flowers and ruddy fruit, contrasted with the gnarled, ridged, grey trunks of ancient olive-trees, all twisted and hoary with grey-green lichen. One hedge was composed of rose-trees, in fullest flower, and aloes ; but a little distance beyond were masses of ferns and lilies, and then again a hedgerow of delicate but immense Marshal Niel roses.

Through such beauty we passed until we halted at the view of views, so it is said even in Corfu.

From the terraced roadway we looked down on two tiny little moles running out into the sea, and resting on its deep, still, silver shield of water, with a white wall round its soft green slopes, rises a tiny island with dark cypress-trees pointing heavenward, and amid these lies the white and dark red roofed monastery. Beyond the soft still stretch of water, on whose bosom this island seems to gently

lie, rise up the broken yet gently undefined lines of mountains, clear and yet mist-veiled with rich atmospheric mist. The rocky cliffs of deep muddy brown above the lower hills of the Decca add yet colour to the scene ; and, above all, the exquisite blue of the yet vapour-flecked morning sky, harmonising yet contrasting with the silvery, silent sea beneath. The little island, tradition asserts, is the ship that bore Odysseus to Ithaca, and that Poseidon in his anger turned into stone. Pontikenisi, or Mouse Island, it is now called. But we had to turn away even from this view, fit in its beauty to emblematised Paradise, and again we drove on through hedges of syringa making the air faint with sensuous odour ; the green slopes on either side here and there sprinkled and strewn with the red and white blooms of the cistus rose ; and between these we met women with stately walk and rich dresses, with skirts of blue, and red and yellow belts, and white bodices, and ever the full, graceful veil and ribbons wound amidst the hair. Pretty, fair-haired children now and then passed us as we drove on to the gates of Monrepos, the king's summer residence. From these gates we could again have halted long and dwelt upon the view, so deliciously lovely was the peep between the rich foliage and green hedges ; and as we descended the hill, the view of the tower and old fortress, and in the distance the double plateaued peaks of St. Salvatore, formed another variation that was most charming.

The cultivation around here of melons, and peas, and vegetables was highly productive ; but we learnt it was mostly done by Maltese, the Greeks only caring to do the easier work of olive and currant cultivation ; and yet everything seemed to grow in such luxuriance that the labour of vegetable cultivation must be very slight.

To obtain another view of the open plain on which the town partly stands, and the whole circle of mountains that environ it, we drove on from the slopes of the hill on which stands Monrepos towards the racecourse, and learnt as we passed on of the life led by Greek and Maltese settlers. Living is very cheap : bread a penny a pound, eggs fourpence or sixpence a dozen, wine a penny a pint, and even meat but sixpence a pound ; so that the Greek who is content with slight food and his wine need earn but little to enjoy his life at ease.

From the plain where the races were held we gained a wonderful view of the whole circle of mountains around us—marvellously lovely and beautiful. The distant Benitza, as it sounded to our ears, though spelt Benizze, lay in deep purple. This little spot is famous for its beautiful women, and probably it was some from there we had

been admiring. The great pile of St. Decca rose up in soft filmy haze to a sky that was most beautiful in cloud and colour; and as we halted and looked, a group of women passed by us in all the glory of many colours, seated on gaily decked mules.

Thus the eye was ever lighting upon the richest combinations of colour and form; pictures composed themselves as never artist imagined them. At one spot was a rather narrow road lined on each side by the tall grotesque forms of mighty prickly pears some fifteen feet in height, and one tiny human figure stood in the centre of the dusty road, between these dark green, giant fronds—a speck of colour on the sandy road: a little girl with a pink petticoat, a green apron, a bright yellow jacket, and a deep red headdress; so insouciantly daringly is every colour worn, and yet it harmonises with the scene around.

We were indebted, we were told, for the good roads we had driven over to the English; and there seems a sort of half-suppressed regret at the loss of the English occupation. "The English taxed us," say the natives, "but we had much for our money: good roads and good trade. Now we are taxed but we get nothing for our money." And we, as we looked at the beauty and wealth of nature around us, miserable, could not help regretting that this jewel of the southern sea did not still rest under English rule. Such beauty seemed to create the desire of possession.

As we neared the town on our return, the groups of peasants became more frequent, and formed a series of pictures between the hedges of prickly pear, and one "bit" that would have delighted such an artist as Carl Haag was that of a handsome woman leaning out of a tiny latticed window; her brilliant dress thrown into relief by the light wall of the house, half in deep shadow, and the intense shadow of the room behind her. We went into the town by the Porta Reala with the Lion of St. Mark over it, and all around this gate were groups of peasantry arriving and descending from their mules or country carts to worship at the shrine of St. Spiridion or take part in the procession.

We passed on up to the church door, and with some difficulty and by the aid of the police, who made a way for us, we entered the dark building, which was packed with crowds of worshippers. All were pressing forward to the central dome or choir, and urging forward to some steps that led up to a little platform, on which stood the case in which rested, in an upright position, the remains of the saint. A way was made for us to ascend to this platform by the way the faithful descended, and we thus easily gained the feet of the saint.

A hole was left in the foot of the case large enough for a head to be placed in position to kiss the swathed feet, and this all the islanders and Greeks did. We stooped down for a moment, and then took advantage of this *coin d'avantage*, over the heads of all, to look down on the strange scene in this semi-dark, incense-filled building.

Far in its darkest corners gleamed the white bodices and gold earrings and many-coloured ribbons and veils of the strong, comely, stalwart women. Pretty children clung to their bright aprons; a goodly sprinkling of men were amongst them, and on all their faces was fixed a look of extreme anxiety to get up to the saint and kiss his feet. We had not time long to overlook the crowd; the pressing devotees' anxious faces told us we were perhaps blocking some eager worshipper from his or her soul's desire, and we moved down amid the worshippers, with time to think over the strange scene and the life of him who after 1,500 years, still draws many unto him.

This St. Spiridion was a shepherd in Cyprus, who remained a shepherd after he became a bishop, and who, to glean from all the marvellous and miraculous stories related of him, was an honest and honourable man. What language he would have used to some writers of the present day we may judge from the story that he rebuked a preacher in Cyprus who substituted the more elegant word "couch" for our Saviour's homely word "bed." "What!" he said, "are you better than He who said 'bed,' that you are ashamed to use His words?" He was tortured by Diocletian, and though he lived was rendered lame and sightless; and it was thus that he attended the Council of Nicœa, where he bluntly told those assembled there that "Christ and His apostles left us not a system of logic, nor a vain conceit, but a naked truth, to be guarded by faith and good works." His body was removed from Cyprus to Constantinople, and thence, in 1489, to Corfu; and three times yearly he is borne in procession around the town, and many on those occasions believe themselves to be cured by his intervention.

But a movement was taking place in the crowd, and the procession was forming whilst a Kyrie Eleison was being chanted. The people fell back to allow those taking part in the procession to pass out, and we, in the crush, found ourselves again outside the church, in the midst of a group of women who had their hair worked up in folds to a high point, interwoven, as the others, with ribbons, and with the usual veil half-hiding it.

We did not follow the procession, for our ship was awaiting us, and we were compelled to leave the interesting artistic scene.

After Greece, what had astounded us in Corfu was the cultivation.

About, in his *Grèce Contemporaine* remarks that "the Ionian Islands are better cultivated and more flourishing than any part of the kingdom of Greece," and he adds, "the islands are traversed by admirable roads." So much the Corfiotes owe to England; but as the fortresses are decaying so also are the roads, and the cultivation is, it appears, mostly kept up by the Maltese and imported labour.

We rowed out to our ship over a sea of turquoise hue, and long as we steamed out from the harbour did we look back at this lovely, beautiful, rich, and luxuriant isle. We had but gained a glimpse of its beauties upon a favourable day; but these swift hours had shown us how many a week might be passed in exploring its inner recesses and lingering amidst its comely natives. Of the fruit of the island we bore away oranges of the most luscious description, measuring $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference; and the presence of the numerous Maltese in the island modifies many of the ills one has to bear with on the Greek mainland. Corfu is not so well known to Englishmen now as it was twenty-five years ago, but to get a sketch of it, as we had done on St. Spiridion's Day, was a memorable pleasure.

JAMES BAKER.

EUCALYPTUS, PINE, AND CAMPHOR FORESTS.

DR. SCHOMBURGK has pointed out that in Australia, mignonette, sweet verbena, jasmine, rose, lavender, *Acacia Jamesiana*, heliotrope, rosemary, peppermint, violet, wallflower, laurel, orange, and sweet-scented geranium grow exceedingly well—perhaps with greater luxuriance than elsewhere, so that the Southern Continent promises to supply, in addition to eucalyptus oil, vast quantities of other essential oils, which, by their distribution and use, lead to the hygienic results which it will be our object to deal with.

Speaking of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, the late Professor Bentley, who had made a special study of it, as well as of other members of the same genus, said: "In a lecture on the 'Eucalyptus,' which I delivered at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, four years ago, I stated my reasons for believing that the emanations from the leaves of eucalyptus groves had some influence in destroying marshy miasms, and thus improving the healthiness of the district. Since then the very interesting researches of Kingzett have proved that under the influence of air and moisture both peroxide of hydrogen and camphoric acid are formed from volatile oils—the former is a powerful disinfectant, and the latter is an antiseptic; and hence I think there can now be no doubt that the healthy influence of eucalyptus-trees is due, to some extent at least, and probably more than we imagine, to the volatile emanations from the leaves under the influence of air and moisture, possessing direct disinfectant and antiseptic properties, and thus destroying the injurious effects of paludal miasms."

The word "eucalyptus" is derived from *eu*, "well," and *kalypto*, "to cover," and is appropriately chosen.

Writing of the foliage of the eucalyptus, Mr. H. N. Draper observes: that it is unlike anything in our islands; it is pendulous, quivering, and evergreen; and the peculiar whitish appearance of one side of the leaves—due to a fatty or resinous secretion—is very characteristic. Till the tree is from three to five years old, the leaves

grow horizontally, but afterwards they assume a pendent position. Instead of having one of their surfaces towards the sky and the other towards the earth, they are often placed with their edges in those directions, so that both sides are equally exposed to the light. It has been suggested that this arrangement of its leaves may have something to do with the large amount of water exhaled by the eucalyptus into the atmosphere. M. Vallée has calculated that a square yard of the leaves of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, weighing about $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., gives off four pints, or five pounds of water, in twelve hours. This rapid evaporation or transudation is greatly promoted by the very numerous *stomata* or breathing spores, of which there are 350 on the under surface of each leaf. The flowers resemble those of the myrtle; as for the seeds, they are tiny, and 160,000 plants can be raised from a single pound weight. The eucalyptus sheds its bark annually, but as this process is not confined to any one season, but extends over the whole year, the trunk always presents a rough and ragged appearance. In Australia, this forest giant commonly attains a girth of 16 to 80 feet, and a height of 160 to 200 feet, but monsters are recorded which have reached 420 feet in height. These vegetable Goliaths are often without a branch until the top is reached, and that is capped with radiating branches full of foliage. A plank 148 feet long was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Eucalyptus oil, which is obtained from the different species, and of these there are more than one hundred and thirty-five, practically has one and the same composition, although the odour, which is generally rich and camphoraceous, differs a little according to the variety. The oil is chiefly stored in pellucid glands spread through the leaves; they may be seen by holding the leaves up to the light; but the oil is distributed more or less throughout the whole substance of the tree as well.

M. Cloez has computed that ten kilos. of fresh leaves, from the branches of a eucalyptus killed by frost at the end of 1867, furnished by distillation with water 275 grammes, or 2.5 per cent. by weight of oil. In another experiment, eight kilos. of dry leaves, gathered at Hyères, gave, after keeping them a month, 489 grammes, or 6 per cent.; but from perfectly dry leaves, which had been kept five years, he only obtained 1.5 per cent. of oil.

The eucalyptus is a genus belonging to the sub-order *Leptospermeæ*, natural order *Myrtaceæ*; it contains a large number of species, mostly natives of Australia, and, along with trees of nearly-allied genera, is one of the most characteristic features of the vegetation of that part of the world: the genus also occurs, although much

more sparingly, in the Malayan Archipelago. The trees of this genus have entire and leathery leaves, in which, as mentioned above, a notable quantity of volatile, aromatic oil is present. Many species are rich in resinous secretions, and from their abundance in its texture the *Eucalyptus globulus* is commonly known as the Blue Gum-tree. Eucalyptus-trees grow very rapidly, and their timber, when green, is soft, so that they are easily felled, split or sawn; but when dry the wood becomes very hard. As regards eucalyptus timber, a test mentioned by Mr. Bosisto showed that the blue gum-tree wood carried 14 lbs. more than English oak, and $17\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. more than Indian teak to the square inch. It is used for an immense variety of purposes, amongst others shipbuilding. The bark of many species is charged with tannin and is becoming an article of commerce. Some kinds of eucalyptus bark are said to be twice as strong as oak bark, and the rind of certain species is remarkable for its hardness. A peculiarity of the genus is that some species throw off their outer bark in longitudinal ribbon-like strips, which hang down from their stems and branches in a very singular and unsightly manner.

Among the resinous secretions of this genus is Botany Bay kino, used in medicine as a substitute for ordinary kino; it is the product of *Eucalyptus resinifera*, a species with ovato-lanceolate leaves, which is known in Australia as the Red Gum-tree and Iron Bark-tree; it is very lofty, and reaches a height of 150 to 200 feet. When its bark is wounded, a red juice flows freely, and hardens in the air into masses of irregular shape, inodorous, transparent, and almost black when large, but of a beautiful ruby-red when in small, thin fragments. Botany Bay kino is said to consist chiefly of a peculiar principle called *Eucalyptin*, analogous to tannin. About sixty gallons of juice may be obtained from a single tree, which, in the course of a year, amounts to as much as five hundred pounds of kino. *Eucalyptus robusta*, or Stringy Bark-tree, is another forest giant, and yields a most beautiful red gum, which is found in large cavities in its stem between the concentric circles of wood. *Eucalyptus mamifera* yields, from its leaves, an exudation resembling manna, but less nauseous, and having similar medicinal properties; it contains a saccharine-like substance differing from *mannite*, *glucose*, and all other previously known kinds of sugar. Another saccharine exudation, from the leaves of *Eucalyptus dumosa*, is sometimes seen spread like snow over large districts, and is used by the natives as food. The Tasmanian or Blue Gum-tree, one of the *Eucalypti*, has, in recent years, made a great reputation for its uses in drying marshy soils, and so preventing malarious disease: it grows extremely rapidly, and this may in part account for its

drying powers, the latter in their turn may partly account for its salubrious properties ; although these are in the main attributable to the chemical products which are formed in the air by the action of atmospheric oxygen upon volatilised eucalyptus oil which is given off from the tree. It has been tried with decidedly beneficial effects at the Cape of Good Hope, in Algeria, the Roman Campagna, and elsewhere ; unfortunately it will not bear a sharp spell of frost, so that it cannot be grown in this country in the open air. Individuals, certainly, have safely passed through half-a-dozen winters, to be killed by a few days' hard frost in the next severe season.

Mr. Draper had, at one time, twenty-five healthy saplings of the *globulus*, five years old, ten to sixteen feet high, growing near Dublin ; one, indeed, was twenty-five feet high, its stem had a circumference of twenty-two inches ; but though he kept them through four ordinary winters, they were all killed by the very cold weather of 1878-79.

The eucalyptus is indigenous to the temperate parts of Australia and Tasmania, where the thermometer ranges from 52° to 72° F. As Mr. Bosisto has very happily said, it extends over the greater portions of those countries, but is absent from the other islands of the south, except a few species in New Guinea.

In a lecture on " Forest Culture," Baron von Mueller, the famous botanist, pointed out that Mr. Bosisto, of Melbourne, was largely exporting eucalyptus oil, and producing about 700 lbs. a month. Since then Mr. Bosisto, who has been most industriously carrying on this business, has given still greater attention to the hygienic uses of the eucalyptus. He soon became convinced that those properties had some connection with the essential oil, and set himself to ascertain what he could as to the quantity of oil and its probable sanitary uses. Supposing that it got into the atmosphere through evaporation aided by warm winds, what then ? According to him, the evidence of oil evaporation may thus be stated : That the desert scrub gums, after a winter of average rainfall, supply the air with a continuous and even quantity of aromatic vapour, and keep up their vitality throughout the summer, and that a short season of rain and a long dry summer diminishes the formation of oil and lessens exhalation ; but, on the other hand, the species growing towards the sea increase their quantity after the short winter. It is said that, when travelling in the bush, the aroma of the volatile oil can easily be detected in the atmosphere.

It was in 1854 that Mr. Joseph Bosisto set up the first still for the preparation of eucalyptus oil, since that time the industry has attained respectable dimensions, the factories now comprising, among

others, two stills each of 5,000 gallons' working capacity, and two of 3,500 gallons. One factory is thirty or forty miles east-south-east of Melbourne, at "Emerald," where twenty-two tons of leaves are subjected to distillation every week: the other factory is between Lake Hindmarsh and the town of Dimboola, where about twenty-five tons of twigs and leaves are treated every week for the extraction of the essential oil. The stills are of wood, lined and fitted with copper heads.

That characteristic and very unsightly feature of Australian scenery "scrub," averaging in height not more than eight feet, covers many millions of acres, and is so dense that it almost shuts out sun and sky. It is interesting to remember that in one kind of scrub there is in the stem about half a pint of almost pure water. Mr. Bosisto reduces the whole tribe of *Eucalypti* to eight types.

Attention should be called to the report of Mr. Skeene, setting forth the distribution of eucalyptus forestry over Australia, and using these figures, Mr. Bosisto calculated that the Mallee scrub in the colony of Victoria would retain in its leaves, at one time, 4,843,873,000 gallons of oil, and the sea-district species 280,891,000 gallons. In another calculation, extending to the whole of New South Wales and South Australia, he showed that 96,877,440,000 gallons of oil are held continually, at one time, in the leaves of the trees massed together, and occupying a belt of country over which hot winds blow. In the face of these figures, few would hesitate to accept the conclusion that forced itself upon Mr. Bosisto, and which was finally confirmed by Mr. Kingzett, that the eucalyptus, as a fever-destroying tree, owes its power to the oil which finds its way into the atmosphere. This oil has antiseptic properties: these, however, are enormously intensified, and become disinfectant and oxidant in character, as soon as the oil is oxidised by atmospheric oxygen in contact with moisture. This admits of easy explanation now that the chemistry of the subject has been thoroughly worked out. It is probable that every molecule of oil of turpentine, or oil of eucalyptus, or camphor oil gives rise in this process of oxidation to a molecule of peroxide of hydrogen, and one of soluble camphor, the latter having the approximate formula of $C_{10}H_{16}O_2$. Mr. Kingzett then calculated that 96,897,440,000 gallons of eucalyptus oil must produce in the atmosphere surrounding the forests 92,785,023 tons of peroxide of hydrogen, and 507,587,945 tons of soluble camphor, not to mention other products of oxidation. This quantity of peroxide of hydrogen is capable of oxidising a correspondingly large amount of organic matter, rendering it harmless—for instance, vegetable matter

which may be undergoing decomposition and producing malarial fever. This oxidation by means of peroxide of hydrogen leads to its becoming thoroughly antisepted, thereby removing malarial poison; in this way peroxide of hydrogen could part with nearly half its weight of nascent oxygen. Again, the antiseptic properties of such an immense quantity of camphor can be conceived, if we remember that a solution containing only a few grammes to the litre is, as determined by experiment, strong enough to preserve almost indefinitely animal matter from decomposition. We have not met with figures showing the weight of foliage per tree from which the sanitary value of a single tree could be estimated; but no doubt it is very considerable. In view of these facts, as bearing on the climate of Australia, which is reputed to be the healthiest in the world, it is not surprising that the death-rate from phthisis is not, even including the cases of death among persons visiting that continent for the benefit of their health, one-half that of the mother country.

What is true of the eucalyptus and its oil is also, on a much more extensive scale, true of the pine-tree and its turpentine. That this is so is evident from the very large quantity of turpentine which finds its way into commerce; and even this amount, vast as it is, is a mere fraction of that produced in nature. Oil of turpentine is contained in the wood, bark, leaves, and other parts of the *Coniferae*, and the method by which it is distilled from the exudations of pines and firs will be dealt with below. According to Planchon, the French oil of turpentine is chiefly produced by the *Pinus maritima* and the *Pinus pinaster*; the German oil is yielded by *Pinus sylvestris*, *Abies pectinata*, and *Abies excelsa*; the Venetian oil is extracted from *Larix Europaea*; and the English oil is yielded by American turpentine produced by *Pinus tæda* and *Pinus Australis*. Dr. R. Godeffroy adds that the German oil is also obtained from *Pinus vulgaris*, *Pinus picea*, and *Pinus rotunda*. He observes that pine-cone oil, the *oleum abietis pini* of commerce, is obtained by distilling with water the cones of *Abies pectinata*; dwarf pine oil by distilling in the same way the young tops and cones of *Pinus pumilio*; and pine-leaf oil from the leaves of *Pinus sylvestris* or *Pinus abies*. The Swedish oil of turpentine is, according to Morel, obtained by distilling the wood itself; it is distinguished by its odour, and by the presence of certain empyreumatic substances. All these oils are grouped together under the common head of oil of turpentine; they differ to some extent in their boiling-point—which averages 160° C.—specific gravity, and action on polarised light, but in an ultimate chemical sense they are identical and merely represent so many different isomeric forms

of terpene ($C_{10}H_{16}$). As produced in nature, they are accompanied by certain oxidised bodies, and the natural resins and gums are no doubt formed by the action of atmospheric oxygen on the terpenes in the trees. The process by which turpentine is generally obtained consists in tapping the trees periodically, and collecting the crude or *brute* turpentine, which is a thick, resinous mass, and is afterwards subjected to distillation, either with water or steam.

No one now dreams of disputing that the hygienic value of the pine is much greater than that of the eucalyptus, and the pine has a much wider natural distribution. Russia alone has 500,000,000 acres of forests largely consisting of pine-trees; while an important industry is carried on in the turpentine products yielded by the pines and firs of that vast Empire, and of France, Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, and Austria. But the European trade is not so large as the American, which now furnishes most of the turpentine found in commerce. In illustration of the extent of the pine forests of America, it is interesting to mention a remarkable shower of pollen grains, which fell in the north-eastern part of Pennsylvania on the morning of March 17, 1879, and which extended over an area of more than 2,500 square miles. This pollen was that of the *Pinus Australis*, and came from the Southern States; it was supposed to have been carried more than 500 miles. Curiously enough, a similar occurrence was, a few years ago, noticed at Windsor, Slough, and in that neighbourhood generally. In this case the pollen, which was probably derived from *Pinus sylvestris*, was blown from Windsor Forest, and was at first thought by the people residing in the district to be sulphur.

Even in our own little country pine woods abound, and are found not only in Scotland, but scattered over the entire kingdom, and they are to be seen as near London as Bournemouth, Upton, and Weybridge. From the vast extent of pine forests distributed all the world over, an incalculable quantity of turpentine oil must find its way into the atmosphere, just in the same manner as the volatile oil of the eucalyptus. This process of oil evaporation goes on far more rapidly in warm climates, and is much more noticeable in summer than winter. Anyone who has visited Arcachon, or our own woods at St. George's Hills, Weybridge, in summer, must have been invigorated by a deliciously aromatic perfume. On a warm day, the air is balmy with the odour of the oil, which is being incessantly poured into it. What is done by pine and eucalyptus forests on such a scale is carried on in miniature by every plant and flower which owes its perfume to the essential oil which it secretes.

Governing bodies and the general public should never lose sight of the value of eucalyptus and pine plantations. Valleys and swamps may, by their agency, be freed from malarial fever ; and in place of a poisonous atmosphere, they substitute balminess and purity, at once luxurious and health-giving.

In conclusion, it can hardly fail to interest our readers to glance at the industries carried on on a turpentine farm. It has been said that the pine of the South Atlantic States is to Southerners what the palm is to the South American and the bamboo to the Chinaman. They build houses of it, and construct rude furniture, fences, carts, and farming implements with it; they use it for heating and lighting, and they live on the profits of the extraction of turpentine, resin, pitch, and tar from it. The turpentine industry has gradually extended from the pine forests of North Carolina, southwards from Wilmington, through South Carolina, into Georgia, where it now has its head-quarters, and it also extends to Florida, where convicts are employed in "turpentineing." Savannah is the principal port of the United States from which the exportation of turpentine is carried on. In 1885, 2,800,838 gallons were shipped, of the value of £183,402, and in 1886, 3,498,244 gallons, worth £229,302. From Wilmington, in 1886, £145,714 worth of spirit of turpentine was sent. From North Carolina, the turpentine annually exported amounts to about 5,300,000 gallons, and the resin to 550,000 barrels.

There are several kinds of pine, including the white, spruce, yellow, Roumany, and pitch; the last differs slightly from the yellow, and is the only one valuable for "boxing."

Extracting turpentine does not destroy the value of the tree for lumbering, and large saw-mills are often found in close proximity to turpentine orchards. The lands on which these forests flourish are practically worthless, and "boxing" the pitch-pine trees for the gum is the only industry of those districts.

It is said that the owners of these lands generally lease the "privilege" for the business, and receive about 125 dollars for each crop of 10,000 boxes. These boxes are cavities, of which there may be one to four, cut in each tree near the ground; they hold about a quart apiece. Each crop of 10,000 boxes only requires the attention of one man during the season, which lasts from March to September. If the bark above the box is hacked away a little every fortnight, about three quarts of pitch or gum is obtained from each box during the season. After successive hackings, all the bark within reach is removed, and the quality of the gum gradually falls off—that is, it yields less turpentine.

We will now go on to the final part of our subject. The crystalline substance *camphor* ($C_{10}H_{16}O$), and its properties, are too well known to need description; it exists ready formed in the *Laurus camphora*, a plant indigenous in Japan, Java, Sumatra, and Borneo. Other trees also yield it. Three modifications of camphor are known to chemists, and these are distinguished one from another by their action on polarised light. Camphor is more or less volatile according to the conditions to which it is exposed; but we are only aware of one attempt to determine the amount of loss which it undergoes when exposed to the air. Mr. J. C. Folger has proved that the percentage of loss in different samples varies widely; it ranged, in his observations during ten weeks, from $11\frac{1}{2}$ to more than 84 per cent., according to the solidity of the substance, the amount of surface exposed, and the state of the atmosphere. During these observations the temperature ranged from 61° to 80° F.

Camphor is soluble in alcohol, ether, and many other liquids, but water only dissolves one-thousandth part of it, acquiring its distinctive taste and odour; it melts at 175° C. and boils at 204° C.; its specific gravity ranges from 0.986 to 0.996; it burns in air with a heavy, smoky flame.

The manufacture of camphor is an important industry in the Island of Kio-Shin, and from Nagasaki, in 1882, 15,186.18 piculs (of 133.3 lbs. each) were exported, valued at 227,792 dollars; this was in addition to the quantities sent from other parts inaccessible to foreign visitors.

The camphor-tree grows most abundantly in those provinces of the islands of Shikoko and Kinshin which have a southern sea-coast; it is found alike on high ground and in valleys; and is a hardy, slow-growing, but long-lived tree, which flourishes in all situations, and often attains an enormous size, many specimens measuring 10 to 12 feet in diameter, and it is said that they have been sometimes known to reach as much as 20 feet. As a rule, they run up 20 or 30 feet without limbs, and then throw out branches in all directions, forming well-proportioned, beautiful trees, which are evergreen and very ornamental.

Camphor-tree wood is valuable for many purposes, such as ship-building, whilst the roots are used for making ships' knees. The amount of camphor yielded by a tree varies according to its age; a tree one hundred years old is tolerably rich in it.

The manufacture is conducted as follows. The trunk and large stems are cut into small pieces, and are then placed in a wooden tub fitted with a perforated bottom. This tub is next put over a metal

pot, which is charged with water, and is heated by a slow fire. Over this wooden tub a clean light cover is placed, from which a bamboo pipe leads into another tub. Through this bamboo pipe steam, camphor, and volatilised oil flow. The second tub is connected with a third, which is divided by a floor into two compartments, one above the other. The oil and water make their way to the lower floor, while the upper is provided with a layer of straw which intercepts the crystals of camphor as they are deposited in cooling. The camphor is afterwards packed for the market in tubs holding one picul. The water is in due course separated from the oil by a faucet, and the oil is used by the natives for lighting purposes. It is also a remedy for rheumatism, whilst the oxidised wood is dried and is useful as fuel.

From this description it will be seen that camphor is extracted from camphor oil, which, in its turn, is produced in the camphor-tree, just as turpentine is formed in the pine and oil of eucalyptus in the eucalyptus. Moreover, from a chemical standpoint, camphor oil is practically identical with oil of turpentine and oil of eucalyptus: that is, it consists of what chemists call terpene, which has an oxidised substance dissolved in it.

We were thoroughly familiar with the pungent and, on the whole, agreeable odour of the products of eucalyptus, pine, and camphor trees, and had read a great deal on the subject, when we received a letter from a friend at Tunbridge Wells, asking us to visit the largest factory in the world where these natural products are prepared for disinfecting purposes—that of the Sanitas Company, Bethnal Green. Though we were half afraid that we should find it difficult to follow the complicated steps in the process which converts the crude products of nature into the finished and valuable manufactures of man, we decided to go. The inventor of the processes, who is also the managing director of the company, Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., was personally a stranger to us; but, fortified with a good introduction from our friend, we presented ourselves at his office one bright June afternoon, and were most courteously received. Mr. Kingzett, we soon discovered, was no common man, but an able and profound chemist, who had for many years enlarged, by his investigations, our knowledge of science. He had also found time since 1877 to superintend the manufacture of those health-giving products which, under the name of Sanitas, are becoming familiar to the whole world.

Among Mr. Kingzett's literary works there is a most interesting and valuable one entitled "Nature's Hygiene," in which he shows

that the purification of the air is, in great measure, carried out in nature by the oxidation of the oils of turpentine, eucalyptus, and camphor, which, as we have explained at some length, are given off by the forests of which a description has been attempted in these pages. It occurred to him that if these principles could be made readily accessible, disinfection could be carried on in private houses, hospitals, and domestic offices with a rapidity and precision otherwise unattainable. To carry this into practice, he subjects the essential oils to an artificial process of oxidation, conducted in exact imitation of that carried on in pine, eucalyptus, and camphor forests, so that the many articles prepared at his works contain large quantities of the powerful chemical agents which are found in the atmosphere of natural forests.

It is not pretended that Mr. Kingzett was the first to discover the disinfectant properties of peroxide of hydrogen, for they had long been known to chemists; but its preparation was so costly that it could not be used for sanitary purposes. He discovered the antiseptic properties of the peroxide of hydrogen, identified the purifying principle of the pine and the eucalyptus, and devised a cheap and efficient method of preparation. To carry out the latter, he undertook, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Maximilian Zingler, a series of manufacturing experiments. He commenced by exposing a large quantity of turpentine, floating on water, to a hot blast—much as molten iron is exposed to in the Bessemer “converter.” The result was the production of a watery solution, consisting of peroxide of hydrogen, camphoric acid, camphor, thymol, and other chemical bodies, and an oxidised oil, rich in camphoric peroxide. To these products a fancy name, “Sanitas,” was given, and great perfection has been gradually attained in conducting the process. In all its forms “Sanitas” is an excellent oxidising agent, a powerful disinfectant, and a strong antiseptic, owing its singular properties to peroxide of hydrogen, and its preservative value chiefly to camphoraceous ingredients, but partly also to the peroxide of hydrogen. And it should be added that, while Mr. Kingzett was the first to satisfactorily explain the hygienic properties of the trees and plants which secrete essential oils or perfumes, his products, we believe, alone contain the healthful principles to which these hygienic properties are due.

TABLE TALK.

CONCORDANCES.

I HAVE always regarded concordances as among the most serviceable of books. It is difficult to fancy what was done before Mr. Cowden-Clarke gave us a Concordance to Shakspeare. This had, of course, been preceded by Cruden's Concordance to the Old and New Testaments, which again was to some extent based upon the still older Concordance to the Vulgate of Luca and Phalesius. One of the chief advantages of certain editions of the classic poets consists in the *indices verborum* with which they are accompanied, and Cicero and some other writers, Latin or Greek, have in late years been rendered accessible by similar works. Among English poets Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Cowper have found writers zealous enough to note the occurrence of every word, and about half the poems of Lord Tennyson have been similarly honoured. Something like national disgrace would have been incurred had Scotland supplied no concordance to Burns. An erudite Scot, in the person of Mr. J. B. Reid, M.A., has thrown himself into the breach, and "A Complete Word and Phrase Concordance to the Poems and Songs of Robert Burns"¹ is the result. So far as English readers are concerned the boon is of exceptional value, though it is not wholly as a concordance that the book is acceptable. It is in all respects a glossary also. Of Hogg and Allan Ramsay, and even of Allan Cunningham, Englishmen know a little. Whenever Scottish poetry is quoted, however, the pretty safe assumption is that it is from Burns. To be able, however, to trace it to its source, and also to understand it when thus traced, is a matter for keen congratulation, and the handsome volume deserves a warm welcome. A glossary to Shelley is in progress. One to Wordsworth is now the great desideratum. In the case of poets less voluminous, as, for instance, Keats, the task of research is comparatively easy. To search for a line in Wordsworth is, however, a penalty that the Afreet or the Ogre might impose upon the victim he sought to deride. I do not despair of finding a volunteer forthcoming.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Glasgow: Kerr & Richardson.

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*BACKING CUPID: A TALE OF
ROYAL ASCOT.*

BY CHARLES T. C. JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS," "GALLOPING DAYS AT
THE DEANERY," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

"I'M sorry to hear you've been alarmed," Sir Thomas said seriously, as Mr. Payne's dusty figure approached the door.

"Oh! it was a merciful escape, I can tell you, Sir Thomas!—a merciful escape! If it hadn't been for Mr. Toker's wonderful skill in driving we should all have been killed, I'm certain. I never saw anything more terrible than the behaviour of those infuriated horses! I really should like to ask for a glass of brandy and water!"

The glass of brandy and water was procured, and then a fly (with a proviso that the horse should be warranted quiet) was ordered from the nearest public-house away across the green; for Mr. Payne, as Toker had anticipated, vowed he would never mount a drag again, and then the tennis-players came in from their game, and people began getting ready for the start to the Races in real earnest.

Only Toker and Sir Thomas had no preparations to make, and lounged about the hall, smoking, till the team and passengers were ready, and Mr. Payne recruited himself with his brandy and water on a sofa in the library. Hugh was the first to make an appearance in the hall.

"Well, my boy, did you enjoy your tennis? Good game, eh?" asked Toker, lounging up to him.

"Excellent game—what a funking you've given old Payne! He looked like a ghost as he struggled up the avenue."

"Wonder it *wasn't* his ghost. I say, old fellow, we precious near made a mess of it, I tell you. Team clean bolted—more than I bargained for—pulled the coach about a good'un. I'd no idea it had so much 'stability' as the yachting men call it. Saw you were wasting the precious minutes playing tennis—'love set,' I suppose, eh?" and Mr. Toker strolled out and began adjusting the bits of his team which had come round whilst he was speaking.

It was a very happy coach-load that proceeded soberly down the avenue of "The Willows," and turned scientifically into the road ten minutes later. Very happily arranged too, for Lady Hurcomb (God bless her!) insisted on sitting with her husband, and so it was Rose Milne who took the seat beside Toker; and Ethel and Hugh Leslie, forgetting all about the existence of such a being as Raymond Payne, chatted away as they sat next each other oblivious of everything else.

The sun shone brightly, the horses trotted gaily along, going well up to their bits; the grooms behind took alternate turns at the inspiriting horn, and wound out blasts that went echoing away over the verdant hills and dales of the royal county, and Mr. Toker was in paradise.

"Do you bet much?" Rose Milne asked him as they trotted along.

"I lose a certain sum per annum," Toker replied, resignedly; "when I've lost that sum I stop."

"Don't you ever win, then?"

"I *have* won, once or twice. But it's the rarest circumstance in the world. I'll tell you my horses to-day when we get a card; you'll see they'll all lose—it's quite proverbial. Nobody likes to back any horse that *I* back. If any fellow finds he *has* backed my horse, he rushes into the ring, and hedges wildly at once—strange thing, isn't it?"

"You take it very calmly, Mr. Toker."

"I take most things calmly, Miss Milne. No good bothering, is it?"

"But why do you suppose you're so unlucky?"

"Well, you see I pull off a great many things for other people. Whatever I take up for other people I pull through to a certainty, so I suppose it's the balancing of the scales. The scales are always balancing, I believe, Miss Milne."

Miss Milne looked away over the brilliant prospect and laughed.

"That's a strange idea," she said.

"Yes, perhaps so; but it's extremely useful sometimes—I expect

it will be so this week. By the way, I am going to leave you all a good deal under the care of Sir Thomas to-day. I've more than ordinary business in the ring to do. You'll be quite safe with Sir Thomas, and I'm sure you won't mind."

"We shall be quite safe, and will *try* not to mind," and she looked at him so mischievously that he was obliged to tell himself once more that it was very civil of her, and all that, but that she really didn't want him, and there was an end of it.

Meantime, while the horn blew echoing blasts, and the horses' feet beat rhythmically on the white dusty road, Hugh Leslie was making the very best use of his twenty minutes with Ethel Mirion. In spite of the cricketing talk, and the tennis playing, she had managed somehow to tell him how matters stood between herself and the detestable Raymond Payne, and Hugh couldn't help asking her, under cover of the lace-bordered sunshade as they bowled along, whether there wasn't a hope of throwing the old fellow over.

"I don't see that there's the very slightest chance of it," the girl said, sadly. "You see I'm so terribly in a corner. They've used such arguments, and pressed them home—what can I do? My hope is that I shall get measles or scarlet fever, or something terrible of that sort, before the year is out, and die of it."

"Don't be so silly, Ethel!" Hugh answered, looking very tenderly at her beneath the sunshade's shelter. "But how on earth were you so weak as to give the promise as to a year hence?"

"A year hence seemed such a long time; and how could I tell I was ever going to see *you* again? Hadn't you gone off vowing you were going to start for New Zealand next day? Hadn't you, Hugh? And what a terrible rage you were in that day!"

"Wouldn't any man be in a rage to be told that there was no objection to him, save a pecuniary one? What could be more annoying? I should just like to see the man who wouldn't be in a rage at such a thing as that."

"It's no use talking, Hugh—not the least. I shall have to do something desperate when the time comes; but as to thinking about *you*, poor old fellow, why it's simply absurd!"

"We shall see," Hugh replied, hopefully. "Toker has taken the matter up, and has a scheme—I don't know what till to-night—but I'll tell you when I do know. What a terribly short drive it seems; here we are, on the course—only just in time, too."

"Hugh," the girl said, anxiously, whilst the drag was being arranged on the alignment of the other drags, "Hugh, you won't bet to-day, will you?"

"Why, what does it matter, Ethel?" the man replied, laughing. 'I've at the outside only a couple of thou or so to lose; besides, I live by it—I'm obliged to. I really don't care for it, but I'm obliged to do it—positively obliged to do it to exist."

Miss Mirion looked after him very sadly, as the tall, well-dressed figure disappeared in the crowd, making its way across the course towards the magic enclosure—the Ring.

Toker looked after the figure, too, as he bought race-cards for the whole party, and distributed them. "I'll keep him out of mischief," he said very low in Ethel's ear. "Nobody ever comes to harm when Harry Toker has him in tow; trust him to me—you can, safely."

Then Ethel looked up with a grateful smile, and told him that she would.

So Toker wended on into the Ring in turn, and out of it and into the Paddock, and was in close consultation with all sorts of the most remarkable looking beings all through that day. If he had the making or marring of a fortune in his head he couldn't have been more occupied or more anxious. How he managed to tear himself away from Rose Milne for so great a portion of the day was more than Lady Hurcomb could imagine. But he did so tear himself away, only returning to the coach for luncheon, after which meal, and the champagne attending it, Mr. Payne evinced a tendency to sleep, and finally retreated inside the drag, and there snored audibly, at peace.

The shouting and bustle, the rush of the horses with their gay-clad jockeys; the surging of the crowd across the course the instant they were gone by; the niggers, the heat, and the glare of the sun on the varied gowns of the ladies—all these things, and the fact that Hugh wasn't with her so much as he might have been, combined to give Ethel Mirion a headache at last. Sir Thomas did all he could in the way of sweepstakes and good nature to keep life in the party, an endeavour in which he was loyally supported by his wife, but it flagged somehow in spite of him.

"I'll tell you what it is, Tom," Lady Hurcomb whispered him as the horses were being put in for the homeward journey; "I'll tell you what it is, Tom: we had better have a picnic to Burnham Beeches tomorrow; that will be the best thing to do with them, and come here again on Thursday for the Cup Race. Don't you think so?"

And Sir Thomas said he did.

There had been a good many different visitors to Toker's drag, especially about luncheon time; and marvellous as all drags are in the matter of convenience, no drag ever designed by man held half so

many things that were "exactly what I wanted, don't you know," as that blue one with the red wheels belonging to Mr. Toker.

An unlimited cellar ; an ice-house ; a larder nobody ever got near the bottom of ; a cigar divan—all these things those red wheels carried in a mysterious manner, hid from sight, but in excellent condition notwithstanding.

The horses were got in at last. Toker and Hugh Leslie came across from the Ring for the last time, and climbed to their places, the two grooms stood, ready for the word to let them go, at the horses' heads.

"Bless me ! where's Payne ?" Toker asked, looking round at the last moment and failing to perceive that gentleman.

"Oh, he's inside, fast asleep ; let him alone," Hugh said, laughing ; "he'll get back all right so."

Everybody agreed it would be an excellent joke to take Mr. Payne home safely in his sleep, and so the word was given, and the team started gaily homeward.

But the turf that had to be traversed before the road was reached was rough and jolty, and Mr. Payne received such a shaking in his dreams that they were shaken out of his brain altogether, and that apparatus became wide awake.

"Hi ! HI !" he exclaimed in great alarm, thrusting his head out of window. "I'll walk, I'd much rather ; pull up, please, pray pull up."

Toker, laughing, pulled up as quickly as he could, but before the coach was entirely at a standstill the door flew open, and Mr. Payne's rotund little figure shot out with an energy that, with the motion of the coach, caused it to gyrate once or twice on reaching mother earth, in the very strangest way.

"Thank you, I much prefer walking. I shan't be long," were the last audible words of Mr. Payne as the drag rushed away from him.

It was the one little incident required to give life to the party, and after its occurrence everybody began talking quite happily in an instant.

The positions were the same as on the outward journey, and Rose Milne, looking up at Jehu beside her, said, laughing :

"How well you bear your losses, Mr. Toker ! I noticed most carefully, and each horse you had backed lost, though 'Steam-engine' *nearly* won, didn't he ?"

"Yes, very near thing that. I was in the Ring when that race was run, wasn't I ? I thought for a moment that luck was going to smile ; but luck never *does* smile on me personally. I've given up all idea of it. What a hot day it has been !"

"Glorious weather. How very rude Mr. Payne will think everybody! We all seem to take advantage of him somehow or other."

"You should have seen him this morning! Never saw such a lark, he was terrified. I thought he'd have a fit."

"I don't wonder; *I* should have been frightened; anybody would but *you*. What makes you so brave?" Rose asked, looking up at him with those mischievous eyes again.

There was so much encouragement in the glance that poor Toker had to repeat his formula over more than once to prevent himself feeling too happy.

They all enjoyed that quiet evening very much. Mr. Raymond Payne became very colloquial after dinner, the effect, in a great measure, of various "refreshers" taken at wayside places of entertainment whilst walking home.

He took Toker aside, and asked him confidentially what he thought of Ethel, and whether she "wasn't a smart sort of girl, hey?" and "wouldn't she make a nice little wife, hey?"

To both of which questions Mr. Toker replied, with deep gravity, that he thought she would, that he *had* thought she would from the first instant of seeing her, and that he envied the man (whom he knew very well) who would possess such a treasure.

After hearing these flattering remarks Mr. Payne dropped suddenly asleep in an easy-chair, and slept the remainder of the evening.

Perhaps Rose thought she might have to refuse a certain individual once more if she got in his way that night; so she kept out of his way studiously, and couldn't be induced to leave Lady Hurcomb on any pretence. Ethel and Hugh had the best of it, a long way, that night, for they roamed about the old garden, telling each other fairy tales.

"Come, old fellow," Toker said, when they parted at last; "come, old fellow, *I* want you now; come into my room and we'll settle all about the future."

"Oh, the future!" Hugh exclaimed, sighing. But he followed Toker upstairs gladly enough.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a peculiarity of Mr. Toker that he always re-arranged the furniture of any room he had to inhabit for any length of time—any private room, that is—and a further peculiarity of Mr. Toker was that the alterations always were improvements, and always struck people, often enough owners, as such. "Hang me, Toker!" somebody would say, "I've had this room as it was when you took

possession of it, for fifteen years, and it never once occurred to me that a little alteration of the furniture could make such an amazing improvement in it. What a wonderful fellow you are !” And Toker would only laugh his complacent little laugh and say casually: “Think it’s an improvement? So do I. Glad you don’t object to the change,” and the matter would drop forthwith.

This same mysterious power had been brought to bear upon the bedroom at “The Willows.” Quite an ordinary apartment when Toker went into it, his skilful alterations had made it a very soul and centre of comfort, and Hugh Leslie looked round in surprise as he followed the conjurer inside the door. Sitting one each side the wide open window with a lamp on a table between and a little behind them, cigars of Toker’s famous sort were soon lighted, and Leslie remaining silent Toker commenced :

“Precious queer start this, old fellow ! Never saw anything quite like it. The guileless innocence of the old man is simply amazing ! He’s got no more idea we’re undermining him than he has of flying. Told me to-night confidentially that one of the blessings of ‘aving made a pile,’ was that when you were sweet upon a girl you were sure of her. ‘No fear of her bolting, sir, hey? Don’t tell me of a loadstone, sir. Gold, sir, gold is the best loadstone in the world !’ So *he* said. *I* could have told him gold don’t always draw, but I didn’t. Thought it best to leave him happy—was I right ?”

“Suppose so ; but I should like to punch the old brute’s head.”

“Not a bit of it ; he’ll give her up without a murmur. *I’ll* take care of that. Now look here, you’re a deuce of a fellow to bet, I know ; you’re always at it.”

Hugh leaned back in his chair, emitted a long line of smoke and said : “Obliged to.”

Toker looked at him for a moment thoughtfully, changed his plan of attack, and asked at last :

“You’ve nothing to be called a regular income, I suppose? Excuse the personality, I’ve a reason.”

“Nothing to be called at all regular, only something confoundedly irregular,” Leslie answered.

“I’m going to put a question plainly, more personal than the last : Are you so gone on this fair one that you want to marry her—you’re *certain* of it? Certain it’s no passing fancy, no butterfly love, eh?” asked Toker, puffing at his cigar between the words.

“My dear fellow, certain and positive ! Think a moment ; my affection has survived three years of separation : isn’t that sufficient?”

“As things go, for they go precious oddly, I suppose it is,” Toker

replied, taking his cigar out of his mouth for the purpose. "Yes. May take that as conclusive. Now listen: strangely enough I know something of what love is, or ought to be; though I'm precious near forty—nearer than I like. You've another ten or twelve years to run before you'll reach that period of wisdom and weariness. If your love is worth the name, you'd be willing to stake everything you have on the chance of winning the object of it—are you?"

"Of course I am, at any moment; only tell me how," Hugh began excitedly, but Toker stopped him.

"More personal questions—how much would that "all" amount to?"

"I daresay, altogether, a couple or three thou."

"Well, then, look here; but first, *what are* you on for the Gold Cup on Thursday?"

"The favourite; she's sure to win, it's a gift to her."

"You stand to win on Telephone—Is that it?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Oh, nothing much; three or four hundred."

"Then you won't win," said Toker complacently—puffing. "You won't for two reasons, or rather there are two chances against you."

"What are they?"

"First, and sufficient, one—the favourite will be beaten. Second confirmatory one—I'm backing the favourite, too. Any horse I back is as much bound to lose as the sun is bound to rise to-morrow morning."

"Hang it all! What's to be done?" asked Leslie, dubiously.

"What I tell you. The Gold Cup will be won by a "dark" horse, appropriately, for your case, named Cupid. You could get any price about him—40 to 1—anything. But some whisper has got abroad, and his price is shorter—15 or 12 to 1—to-day. I've long wished to do you a good turn. I'm determined to pull your affair through. Supposing I win you thirty thousand. I want you to make me a promise: that you'll *never*, so long as you live, back a horse again—do you agree?"

"Of course I agree. I promise most solemnly, on my honour. But how's it to be done? Is your information sound? And then I haven't credit to back Cupid to that extent."

"Tell you the information is beyond question. To make it a certainty I doubled my money on the favourite to-day in the Ring. I shall lose a pot of money if Telephone don't win, and therefore Telephone is sure to lose—don't you see?"

"But how am I to manage?" asked Hugh, still doubtfully.

"That's easily arranged. I'll introduce you to two or three men, and you can back Cupid to the tune of thirty thou. See?"

"You're awfully good, old fellow, you are indeed; but suppose, only suppose, Cupid loses?"

"Then I'll make good the three thou you've lost through my advice, and we'll have to think matters over again—it will delay the affair, of course—but I tell you Cupid *must* win."

Hugh Leslie didn't feel so sure as Mr. Toker on the point, but he tried to express his thanks for Mr. Toker's kindness—a proceeding which Mr. Toker promptly stopped.

"Don't," he said, raising his hand, "it's nothing at all. I'm always squaring fellows' affairs off for them; but you had better find out whether the goddess will be content with thirty thou—whether her people will."

"I'm sure *she* will: I think *they* will. They hadn't the least objection to me—only to my poverty."

"Happy lot! *You've* never been *played at*," Mr. Toker soliloquised, looking at his friend through the clouds of his cigar smoke.

"Never, certainly, and *you* have?"

"All my life," replied Toker, sadly. "All my life I've been played at by people I didn't want—didn't want the least little bit—and the somebody I did want—but it's no use talking."

"Oh! tell me about the somebody you did want! Do you carry a spirit-stove about in your dressing case—what! and whisky! You *are* a fellow!"

For Mr. Toker had risen and begun to brew grog on a plan prepared for the shortest notice.

"Carry most things—carry even a heart—though you wouldn't think it," replied Toker, mixing a compound; making an extraordinary picture so, with the whisky bottle in his hand, and an expression half-sad, half-comical, on his face. "Carry a heart—and a precious heavy one sometimes, I can tell you!"

"You see you're a lucky dog in spite of pecuniary drawbacks," Toker went on, as Leslie, too overcome by mingled feelings to speak, remained silent. "You want a certain girl, and that certain girl wants you—and there you are—it makes all the difference—next to whether you want the girl, whether the girl wants you—*all* the difference, my boy."

And Mr. Toker, having mixed his liquor, handed his friend a glass, and stood another on the table beside himself.

"I should have thought any woman, who *was* a woman, would have wanted you—only think!" Leslie said. He couldn't invent any other reply.

"Yes, I've thought of it hundreds of times, but it's no use *when she don't want you!*"

They talked on a good long while after that, but Toker couldn't see any gleam of day upon his own horizon, though he had brought so many sunrises to the horizons of other people.

"It's no use," he said, stifling a further attempt at thanks on Leslie's part, as they were parting for the night, "it's no use thinking about it; but there have been so many that I didn't want bothering me all through life; it would really almost annoy some men, but I shall sleep sound enough. I always do. We shall have to do that backing to-morrow, remember," and so they parted.

Lady Hurcomb's idea of the morrow's picnic was a happy one when made, but to it the meteorological fates said a most decided "No!"

There was only a little baby breeze fluttering the leaves, and wafting flower incense far and wide when the party at "The Willows" went to bed; but that little baby breeze suddenly grew into a great angry man in the night, and raged so fiercely at Nature in general that Nature became frightened, and in a sudden lull in which the wind seemed waiting for a reply, Nature, being quite unable to make any other, burst out crying with a pent-up, passionate summer force, and cried all night and all next day—floods of tears.

The party assembled at the breakfast table glanced out ruefully on streaming skies and dripping verdure. All Nature looked surprisingly beautiful, the blossoms bending down their heads, and all that was green taking a richer hue that morning, as though a magic paint-brush had been at work in the darkness, and touched the dust-faded foliage into fresher tints. Nature was having a very good cry indeed, and evinced no tendency to leave off, and, therefore, Lady Hurcomb, looking out and seeing no signs of abatement, "supposed the ladies would stay at home that day." And, the ladies agreeing readily, it was settled so.

"That suits us capitally!" Toker said, quite contented. "We shall be able to get our business settled undisturbed. Deuced odd situation! Toker, always advising young fellows to avoid the turf like poison, now advising a fellow to lay his bottom dollar on Cupid! Well! somebody says something about strong diseases requiring strong remedies; or if he doesn't he ought to. Come along, Leslie! let us 'put it to the touch.' Haven't you brought a mackintosh with you?"

"Hang me if I have! I shall be wet through," Hugh answered.

"Ah! I always have a spare one or two in the coach; always useful—take up very little space—I'll soon rig you out;" and Mr.

Toker began diving into the recesses of the named vehicle, which was already at the door.

Sir Thomas, it appeared, didn't see the force of going out in such a soaking day. No. He'd rather not. If it cleared he and Mr. Payne would turn up later. If it kept on raining they would stick to the billiard-table.

Everybody came out to see the coach start, and stood in the shelter of the great white porch, in an air marvellously sweetened by the rain, and filled with a hundred mingled perfumes, moistened earth pervading and predominating all.

"You drive, old fellow," Toker said quietly to Hugh before they took their seats. "Show her you have a few accomplishments, and I know she'll like to see you do it."

So Leslie, who was no mean performer, took the ribbons, gathered his horses together, and trotted away down the avenue to the great admiration of the assembled group upon the doorstep.

It was not till seven o'clock that evening that Nature got the better of her fit of crying; not till long after the two adventurous ones returned, moist, but marvellously cheery.

"Have you lost as much money as usual to-day, Mr. Toker?" Rose asked, as he chanced to stand a moment by her in the hall on his return.

"Can't say I've maintained my form to-day—fact is, I haven't been backing anything for to-day's racing," he said, and he spoke the truth; he was in quite deeply enough over the morrow's event.

"Oh!" sighed Hugh Leslie to his friend that night.

"What's the matter now, old fellow?"

"If Cupid *only* wins to-morrow!"

"Cupid's *sure* to win. Don't Cupid *always* win—when *I* don't back him?" replied Toker.

"Cupid won't win to-morrow though, I'd swear it," Leslie returned, sadly. "It is too much to ask."

"Pure rubbish!" returned Toker, bidding his friend good-night, with a hearty hand-shake. "So far as *other* people are concerned, my experience is that the more they ask of Cupid the more they'll receive. Good-night—you see she wants *you*."

CHAPTER IX.

"WHAT do you think Toker has been doing, Ada?" Sir Thomas asked that same night as husband and wife were alone together.

"I don't know; nothing very desperate, I hope. He hasn't

made much progress with his championship of Hugh Leslie's affair, I fancy."

"Because he's been working in the dark hitherto, that's why you don't see any visible sign," laughed Sir Thomas. "But he has been working very potently in secret. He told me all about it while you and Rose were at the piano to-night. He said he thought we ought to know that by to-morrow night Hugh Leslie might have won a fortune."

"What! Is he backing some horse, then?"

"Yes, and under Toker's special directions. This horse, Cupid, is, Toker thinks, safe for the Gold Cup, and Toker's got Leslie to back him for thirty thousand pounds. If it *weren't* Toker's doing I should say it was madness, but one never can tell what Toker's up to, and he's so often right."

"But thirty thousand will not help Hugh Leslie with the Mirions," Lady Hurcomb said rather sadly. "I wish he *could* win it, and that it *would*. This horrible old Raymond Payne (who certainly takes too much at dinner, don't you think so?) has at least three or four times thirty thousand. I know the Mirions; they'll never give their consent to such an exchange of partners; they'll say it's an exchange that is nothing short of robbery," and Lady Hurcomb laughed.

"Yes, that's all very well, but you haven't heard all Toker's plans yet. If Cupid wins to-morrow, he's going to make Raymond Payne write to Ethel's father and say he has altered his mind and don't intend to marry. *Then* they'll be glad enough to get Hugh Leslie's thirty thousand, eh?"

Lady Hurcomb thought under those circumstances perhaps they would, and said so—if Raymond Payne could be induced to write the letter. "It's terribly good of poor old Toker to take so much trouble," she added. "I shall tell Rose Milne about it in the morning, and it may influence her favourably towards him."

"Do you think there's any chance for him in that quarter?" Sir Thomas asked.

"Really, Tom, I can't tell you. Sometimes I think there is, sometimes I think there isn't a bit. You see Rose Milne is such a strange girl. I believe, though, that if he only bothers her long enough that she'll say 'Yes' some day. It's a great pity she has so large an income. There are she and Toker each rendered miserable by too much money. Seems very strange, doesn't it, when so many people in the world are actually starving? I suppose it's Harry's theory of balances again."

Sir Thomas supposed it must be.

The gayest morning shone down upon "The Willows" and all the country round next day—the very brightest morning, with a hundred

birds singing joyfully all round, and a hundred perfumes in the hazy air, and all the flowers with their heads up exhaling them; and the grand old river, at its best, rolling silently by like Time, the rose-leaves and the stray stalks and stems upon it men's lives, floating on and out, to the great Unknown.

So fine a morning was it that it lured two people out of doors long before anybody else, save servants, was stirring—two people who met with the most conventional greeting beside the river's brink, and strolled away together side by side, happy so.

But Hugh Leslie at least laid aside all his conventionalism very soon, and said tenderly:

"If we could only walk on beside each other like this always, for ever!"

And the Open English Face looked up into his, not over openly though, for it felt very bashful just then, and answered:

"What's the use of wishing that, when we both of us know there's no possibility of such a thing?"

"There's just the bare possibility of such a thing, Ethel—the very barest in the world. Toker and I have laid our heads together; there's just the very barest chance of my winning thirty thousand pounds to-day, Ethel."

"Oh, Hugh! Is there really? But what is there a chance of your losing?" asked the Open English Face with the practical sense of woman.

"Just nothing at all! What do you think of that?"

"I don't know what to think of it, only I'm sure I shan't be able to see the Race. Which is it?"

"The Cup Race, and the horse, strangely enough, is named Cupid; but it's all owing to Toker; he has been my very best friend all through, better than anybody will ever know."

They stood still, those two, close beside the river, silent. The sunlight danced and sparkled on the stream, the shadows of the trees fell flickering there where the little eddies dimpled it, and then the new-born spark of hope in Ethel's heart sank with calmer reflection.

"But, if you *do* win, there are my people in the way. It's a hopeless case, Hugh, quite hopeless; we had better acknowledge the worst at once."

"There's the strongest chance. Toker has promised to go down and settle it all with your people if Cupid only pulls it off to-day. If he only does!"

"If he only does," repeated Ethel softly. "But then there's this horrible old Raymond Payne to be got rid of," she added.

"There Toker comes in again. He's going to get Payne to write and tell your father he has changed his mind and won't marry; he's going to get that letter out of Raymond Payne to-night—if Cupid only wins!"

And then the lovers wandered on again, through fairyland, longing that Cupid *might* win (as if he hadn't won far too much already!), till the breakfast bell called them indoors, with the very slightest appetites, for breakfast.

"It's really very good of Toker; he's a wonderful fellow," Rose Milne said, during the space intervening between that meal and the coming round of the drag.

Lady Hurcomb and Rose Milne were wandering about the garden in the glorious freshness of the summer morning, and Lady Hurcomb had told her what Toker proposed. "And has not Mr. Payne any idea of what is going forward?"

"Not the least in the world; that's the joke of the whole thing. It *is* droll, isn't it? And how anxious I am that Cupid wins! I shall positively cry if he doesn't, and yet I've a strong suspicion that he *won't* win. Things never *do* come off when one wishes for them so much!"

"She's a jolly little girl. I hope Cupid will win too. What a terrible excitement Mr. Toker has provided for us! What a terrible excitement Sir Thomas has provided for us in taking this place for the Race week! What made him do it? He doesn't care for racing, does he?"

"Not a bit; but he's always doing something one doesn't expect, and he came in a month ago and told me what he'd done. Who is that in the boat-house?"

They had approached the boat-house in their wanderings, and Lady Hurcomb's question arose from a sound of movement within.

"Why, it's Toker carpentering something. What are you doing, Harry?" asked his cousin, stooping down and looking through the lattice sides of the boat-house as she spoke.

Mr. Toker, kneeling in the bottom of a boat in his shirt sleeves, looked up at the question, and then got up:

"A little idea that occurred to me, that's all," he said casually, putting on his coat and getting out of the boat on to the bank beside the ladies. "What a glorious day it is! How splendidly that rain of yesterday will have laid the dust! Nothing *could* be better."

"What is going to win the Gold Cup, Mr. Toker?" Rose Milne asked looking at him with a sparkle in her eye. "Can you tell me?"

"What do you *want* to win it?"

"Why, Cupid of course, we're all on Cupid, every one of us."

"Except myself. I'm on Telephone, which makes you all quite safe. Besides Cupid always wins when other people back him."

He looked at her, but she wouldn't catch his eye; she said it was time to be getting ready, and turned her head away to say it.

Toker wasn't surprised; he took it as quietly as possible. "Yes," he said, "I think it is. We must get a good place *to-day* of all days."

"I say, old fellow," Sir Thomas said, laying a hand upon Toker's shoulder as they stood looking over the team whilst the ladies were cloaking upstairs, "I say, old fellow; I wish I felt half so certain about Cupid winning as you do—I do indeed—but I've grave doubts."

"Thank goodness," said Mr. Payne innocently, overhearing the last remark, "thank goodness, I don't care a brass farthing *which* way it goes! That's the fruits of not betting—Cupid or Telephone, Slowcoach or Greased Lightning—it's all the same to me *to-day*!"

"And I congratulate you upon the fact," said Toker pleasantly. "It's a great thing to see a race with a steady pulse, and no sledgehammer thundering away at your ribs, which is the happy position you'll be in *to-day*. Is your fly ordered?"

"Yes, and waiting. I am sorry I can't go alongside of Ethel, but I daresay she won't mind for once in a way, hey?" and Mr. Payne chuckled.

"Won't mind a bit on such a day," Toker replied, smiling his pleasant smile, and Mr. Payne retreated to his fly happy.

So it fell out that all "The Willows" party, with the one exception of Mr. Payne, drove away to Ascot races with the very deepest anxiety and excitement at their hearts—fearful and yet longing for the great race to be lost and won.

All the features of Tuesday's meeting were exaggerated that day. There were brighter sunshine and brighter dresses; noisier throngs and greater traffic. The vehicles—thick in every road—got entangled into one congested mass just short of the immortal heath; the whole wheeled wealth of London seemed centred there, and omnibuses—labelled "Bank 6d."—looked strangely incongruous amongst the glorious green of the Berkshire foliage.

From the Grand Stand on the top of the heath's highest ground the covered contrivances for seeing the races tailed off into canvas tents of doubtful stability, and even at the extreme end into sixpenny shows of fat women and thin men—to be lavishly patronised later in the day by those peculiar people taking an interest in such things.

With many a skilful turn and "cut in" Mr. Toker brought his drag to anchor at last not very far from the telegraph board opposite the Grand Stand—the fatal board whereon the winning numbers go up so slowly when we have backed a winner, and so soon when we have done the other thing.

"This is glorious!" Rose Milne said, standing up when the horses were out and everything arranged. "That rain yesterday seems to have *washed* the whole thing; it's all so much cleaner than on Tuesday."

From the top of the drag a fine view could be obtained right and left of the course—green and broad and smooth. No better place than where Mr. Toker's drag stood to see the finish, for the judge's box was only fifty yards off on the right, and the gates at the end of "The New Mile," where so many starts took place, were dimly visible—even without a glass—away at the bottom of the gently descending course on the left.

"Yes, good place this," Mr. Toker said, standing up, too, and taking a comprehensive survey. "No" (to an itinerant photographer making frantic overtures), "no, I'm *not* a general, and I won't be photographed—do you hear? I tell you I *won't!* Go away!"

The man went reluctantly, and as he disappeared Mr. Payne came walking up, apparently hot, and climbed on to the drag.

"Dear me! there are the horses going down for the first race. Only just in time," he said, taking a seat where Lady Hurcomb made room for him beside her. "Why, how is it that you gentlemen aren't going into the Ring to back something, hey?"

"Did all our backing yesterday, Mr. Payne," Toker replied; and then everybody laughed—Mr. Payne couldn't conceive what at. It was rather a nervous sort of laugh though; and even cool, jovial Sir Thomas stroked his pointed red beard more often than usual as he stood up and looked about him. It was with the greatest difficulty in the world that—the first two important races over—Toker could persuade his friends to eat any of the luncheon he had insisted on providing, in the interval kindly allowed by the stewards for refreshment; but he pressed them, and handed about the most surprising dainties for such a place, and talked quite as happily as though the Cup Race was an hour old, and Cupid had come in ahead of all opponents.

"Pity we weren't here a little earlier—missed the Royal Procession—but you saw that Tuesday. Master of the Buckhounds riding in front, full hunting costume—Huntsmen—fellow or two in green, looking as though they only rode Ascot week, and weren't over sure of sticking on—cane-sided landaus, four greys each—Prince, with his back to horses—very bald when he raises his hat, which he

does constantly—foreign notabilities and others—that's all—fine sight though—where's the lobster salad ? ”

Everybody was obliged to cheer up under Mr. Toker's genial flow of spirits, but everybody was very restless, and jumped at Toker's later suggestion to walk across the course and take a look at the dresses on the lawn. On the lawn behind the Grand Stand luncheon was in full swing, and Toker and his friends received half-a-dozen invitations to join as many different tables in as many minutes. But he declined, and they passed on and looked at the prizes displayed under an awning there ; then thought of getting back, for the next race was the fatal one of the day.

“Why, where's Payne ? ” Toker inquired, collecting his forces for the move back to the drag.

“He hasn't been with us all the time,” Sir Thomas answered. “When luncheon was over he said one race was very like another, and that he thought he'd get inside again, as on Tuesday, and take a nap there. He's snoring at this instant, I've not the least doubt.”

So it proved. When they all got back to the drag (Ethel and Hugh Leslie being a trifle later than the others in their return), Mr. Toker softly opened the door, and regarded the calm features of Mr. Payne sound asleep and happy, with his hand resting affectionately upon the neck of an unopened bottle of champagne.

Mr. Toker carefully shut him up again and mounted to the roof. The saddling-bell had already sounded, and he had not been aloft long before the horses began to straggle past on their way to the starting post.

Cupid, whose owner's colours were appropriately yellow, was a light chestnut, and he went down to the post last, cantering and sideways, reaching at his rider in most unsatisfactory fashion. Telephone, who preceded him, was as sober as a judge (a bay horse, colours pink). He trotted along with the peculiar corky action of a thoroughbred, and looked so self-possessed that the occupants of Mr. Toker's drag felt they hated him on the instant.

“Now,” said Mr. Toker complacently, pulling round his glass sling and taking his glasses out, “perhaps I can focus them best. I'll report progress.”

So saying, Mr. Toker took up an elevated position, with a foot upon two different seats, and, adjusting his glasses, turned them upon the starting point.

The crowds were silenced for the time in the excitement of the moment. Every coign of vantage was occupied, every head was turned in the direction of the little flag of fate that fluttered, held out horizontally, fifty yards ahead of the line of impatient horses.

"What are they doing now?" Lady Hurcomb asked anxiously.

"Not in line yet—now, they're better—that's it," said Mr. Toker quite calmly. "Eh!—false start—all got to be done over again. It's Cupid causing all the trouble; he always does. Now they're in line again—now——"

"They're off!" roars the crowd in one mighty shout, drowning Mr. Toker's words.

"Yes, they are," he repeats, quite unmoved. "Star making the running—deuced fast, too—Cupid and Telephone in the crowd—all close together. Star still leading—Cupid on the left—Telephone close by. Excellent race! Excellent! Here they come—bravo—altogether—capital. Here they are!"

Toker shut up his glasses. There is an approaching thunder of hoofs upon turf—a wild, kaleidoscopic rush of mingled colour—a terrific shout from the crowd, and some ten or twelve horses pass like an equine whirlwind, and cries of "Telephone"—"Cupid"—"Telephone"—"No, Cupid"—"No——"

All the horses are so close together that to tell the winner, till the numbers go up, is almost impossible.

"Which is it?" Lady Hurcomb asks, with her usually rosy face quite pale with excitement. "Which is it, Harry?"

Mr. Toker, who is lighting a cigar, points as best he can to the telegraph-board above him. Half a minute and then—Yes—number eight drops into its place, and Cupid has won!

Then Toker and Sir Thomas and Lady Hurcomb and Rose Milne, are turning happy faces to Hugh Leslie, and trying all at once to shake Hugh Leslie's hand—all, except Ethel, who leans back in her seat, pale and faint from the recent excitement.

"Champagne at once," shouts Toker to one of his attendant grooms, "the bottle Mr. Payne's taking care of. Hugh, old fellow, I'm immensely delighted. I am, upon my life! I told you Cupid would win when anybody but I backed him!"

Hugh Leslie couldn't speak, but he squeezed Toker's hand and Toker understood him.

"What's all this noise about? Anything gone wrong?" inquired Mr. Payne at the moment, putting his head out of the coach-window, rather annoyed at being disturbed in his sleep.

"Nothing wrong; only Cupid has won the Gold Cup, that's all," Toker answered cheerily.

"That don't concern *me* much, at any rate," replied Payne, preparing to continue his nap.

"It would have been more in his line, though, to have won the

Gold Ring, wouldn't it, hey?" and with this little witticism, and an accompanying chuckle, Mr. Payne relapsed.

What a glorious, uproarious, victorious party they were outside that coach for the remainder of that afternoon! Even Toker hadn't seen so much jollity focussed before! Only one little shadow, as Mr. Payne was transhipped to his fly at the start for home—one little shadow, and that Mr. Payne's shadow!

"Leave him to me—I've a plan—I'll get that letter out of him to-night," Toker said confidently when the subject was mentioned.

It wasn't till they were nearly home that Rose Milne suddenly recollected something, and said: "Oh, Mr. Toker, I suppose, by the way, you've quite maintained your record of losing to-day?"

Then said Toker happily: "I've beat it hollow, Miss Milne; but there was a reason in what I did!"

CHAPTER X.

THE happy party got back to "The Willows" quite early. They really didn't seem to care about the remaining races, and, indeed, didn't stay for the last one, thereby avoiding the crush and delay of departure.

It was after there had been an uncommonly jolly tea-party, under the shelter of an old branching elm-tree close to the river, that Mr. Toker undertook his final work for the cause he had taken in hand so enthusiastically.

"You're a connoisseur of cigars, Mr. Payne," he said pleasantly; "come for a stroll with me and try this one."

Mr. Payne, very much impressed by the continued civility of Toker's Entire, responded readily, and the two were soon walking along beside the river, puffing excellent tobacco vigorously.

"I've something to say to you, that's why I asked you to come here with me," Toker said, plunging into his subject very suddenly.

"Oh!" Mr. Payne responded, looking up in some surprise as he toddled along beside the well-dressed figure of Toker.

"Yes. It's like this, you see. Hugh Leslie is a great friend of mine, and a very nice young fellow he is. Now, you know what young men are; they're liable to fall in love at short notice. Hugh Leslie has fallen in love, though not exactly at short notice, for he has known the girl for some three or four years. Now, I want your advice, Mr. Payne, I want you to tell me what I'm to do, for the girl is pledged, though not actually engaged, to somebody else."

Mr. Payne was practical or nothing.

"What's the girl's name?" he asked.

Mr. Toker hesitated a minute, considering, and then said:

"Her name, Mr. Payne, is Ethel Mirion."

"Oh! I say now, hold hard!" Mr. Payne exclaimed, pulling up in his walk, and looking into Toker's face to detect a joke there.

"Come, I say, you know, that's putting it *rather* strong, ain't it?"

"No stronger than the truth, Mr. Payne."

"What's the use of telling me about it, then?" returned Payne with some irritation. "I can't 'elp his likes and dislikes."

"Look here, Mr. Payne, I'm going to be quite candid with you, I'm going to ask a great favour of you; I'm going to ask you to give her up."

"Give her up!" exclaimed Mr. Payne in disgusted anger. "Give her up! Why, the fellow's a pauper!"

"Excuse me, he's not; he won thirty thousand pounds odd on Cupid to-day."

"So *that's* what you were all laughing about, was it?" inquired Mr. Payne, with the light breaking.

"Yes."

"Then I tell you once for all, Mr. Toker, much as I respect you, for you've behaved very 'andsome—I mean handsome—to me; I tell you once for all I won't give the girl up on any account."

"Is that final?"

"Quite final. What would the girl think?"

"Excuse me again; I don't think the girl would object. But she's under a pledge to her parents, and I think she'll not like to break that pledge without your consent. Why don't you say you'll write a letter to her parents, and give the girl up? Come, Mr. Payne, *do*."

"Not a bit of use asking me, Mr. Toker, for I won't think of such a thing. I tell you I *won't*—there!"

Toker tried all his persuasive powers during that walk, but it wasn't the least use. Mr. Payne had the whip hand, and he meant to keep it.

Toker was really very near being annoyed. It was such a silly thing to stop one in a great design, and yet, Ethel Mirion being a strange sort of a girl, and the Open English Face not lending itself (even for its own gratification) to an untruthful action, Mr. Toker's scheme was nearly at a dead-lock after all.

But not quite. Mr. Toker had anticipated some such contingency as the arisen one, and arranged an even more deep-laid scheme.

Though slightly annoyed he hid it. "Well, we're friends at any rate," he said, offering Mr. Payne a hand which Mr. Payne readily grasped.

"Oh! Mr. Toker, we're friends right enough," he said, shaking the hand warmly. "Oh! yes, I should think we were; I'm proud to know you, Mr. Toker."

So they strolled back to the group on the lawn amicably enough by-and-by.

Toker saw Ethel's eyes upon him anxiously, and he felt quite sorry; and when, five minutes later, Hugh Leslie took him aside and asked if he'd settled it yet, he was quite distressed.

"Not yet," he replied, "but I shall, you'll see, some time to-night; don't bother yourself, old fellow. We must distract people's attentions—what can we do?—a game of tennis? Or, yes, I have it, a pull up the river? There's two hours to dinner-time yet; let us ask them."

Everybody was charmed at the proposal—everybody save Mr. Payne, who seemed rather inclined to back out of it.

"I can't swim—and that water looks precious deep," he protested.

"Nonsense," said Toker cheerily as ever. "Look here—we can't all go in one boat." *I* can swim like a fish, Mr. Payne—you trust yourself to me, we'll go alone. Sir Thomas and Leslie can pull the others—eh?"

Mr. Payne didn't altogether like the arrangement, but it seemed the safest under the circumstances, and after what Toker had told him he didn't like the idea of staying behind. So it was arranged. The men went indoors and put on flannels—all save Mr. Payne, who didn't possess any—and the ladies altered their costumes, and then Mr. Toker got the first boat-load off and prepared to follow with his single passenger.

"Dear me! that's a very little boat, ain't it?" inquired Payne rather anxiously, as Toker selected one and placed a pair of sculls in it.

"All the lighter to pull. Now then take care—sit down at once—that's it. What a glorious evening!"

With a little skilful manipulation the boat was in mid stream in no time, and following gaily in wake of the larger craft. A very pleasant party they made going down stream, and calling out messages to each other, and chaffing and feeling desperately happy in spite of the fat little figure in Toker's boat, who held on by each gunwale and looked about him rather cautiously, stating, however, at intervals that "the motion was very smooth," and the "sensation very pleasant."

Going down stream both boats kept very close together, but from some cause when they turned and pulled against the stream Toker

couldn't make any headway at all, and so it fell out that, with many derisive laughs, which finally couldn't be heard, the larger party drew away from him altogether, and disappeared round a bend of the river.

The sun got low behind the trees on the bank, back-grounding them with a sheet of gold; scents of gardens, woods, and fields, floated in the cool evening air, the boat proceeded with very slow strokes of Mr. Toker's sculls, and Mr. Payne thought they might have a cigar.

The cigars were lighted forthwith, and Mr. Payne, for the first time, he said, feeling fully at his ease, leaned back in the cushions and puffed happily.

It was while in this position that he became suddenly aware of a decided coldness at his feet, and, looking down, to his dismay discovered two or three inches of water in the boat.

"It's all right—quite usual, I assure you—don't be alarmed—put your feet upon the seat," Toker said when his attention was drawn to the circumstance.

Mr. Payne did as he was requested, and tried to feel really comfortable once more, but he couldn't do it.

He looked down again presently, and saw the water certainly rising very rapidly indeed.

"We really 'ad better pull to the bank," he said in great alarm, "it's a-rising 'igher every minute!"

Then Toker, looking down, exclaimed in great surprise: "Bless me, so it is! Yes, we'd better make for the bank, certainly. You'd better take off your hat—lucky it's a hard felt one—and begin to bale, Mr. Payne, at once, or we shall be swamped."

Mr. Payne was not slow to take the hint. Snatching off his hat he began baling in real earnest, exclaiming all the time: "Pull to the bank, Mr. Toker!—pull to the bank, sir! It's gaining on me, it is—fast!"

It was a remarkable circumstance that Mr. Toker, usually so handy, in endeavouring to pull to the bank, suddenly dropped a scull, which drifted out of reach in no time, accompanied by a groan of agony from Mr. Payne.

It was an unfortunate accident, for the next instant the river was adorned by the unusual spectacle of a light boat going round and round in mid stream, with an elderly gentleman frantically baling out water that gained upon him visibly every second—an old gentleman who kept asking in a tone of agony:

"Oh! Mr. Toker, sir! Oh! can't you think of anything? *Can't* you?"

A form of address to which Mr. Toker made reply, actually with difficulty concealing a smile :

"I suggest swimming ; that's what it will be a case of directly."

"But I can't swim a stroke. I told you so before we started," cried poor Payne, baling more frantically than ever in his excitement.

Toker assured him it couldn't last much longer, and it didn't. Gradually the boat settled lower and lower in the water, and finally slipped from beneath Mr. Payne's feet, and he found himself with a sudden difficulty of breathing, a great rush of water in his ears, and a sense of being on a through journey to New Zealand the shortest way. Then the motion suddenly changed, and his head popped up above the surface for an instant to recognise Toker's head close by, apparently without a body.

"Oh !" roared Payne, who appeared to be boxing an imaginary foe with great fierceness. "Oh !"

"All right, old fellow," said Toker, getting a grasp of his collar, "keep still, or I shall drop you again ; there's no necessity for fighting."

"Save me, I'll do anything if you save me," Mr. Payne gurgled with the dread of another rapid New Zealand passage upon him. "Anything, Mr. Toker--there's absolutely *no bottom* to this river !"

"I *think* I may be able to save you," said Toker, making the effort of keeping the rotund little figure afloat appear much greater than it really was.

"I'll do anything if you will," pleaded Payne still in gasps and gurgles.

"You'll give the girl up? You'll write the letter?" inquired Toker.

"Anything but that, Mr. Toker, sir--anything but that--Oh Lord !"

For Toker had somehow let the speaker go, and there was another rapid passage below and an equally rapid return.

"I'll write it--I'll give her up--I'll give anything up if you'll only save me," gurgled poor Payne on coming to the surface once more.

"I'll try, if you keep quite still--that's better," and Mr. Toker, who had really been nearing the bank all the time, struggled into shallow water with a few masterful strokes.

"Oh !" exclaimed Payne standing, a dripping scarecrow, upon the bank and trembling in every limb. "Oh, Mr. Toker, you've saved my life."

"Well," replied Toker quietly, "I rather think I have. Whatever

your other points may be you're no swimmer ; but come along, it's only a mile or so to walk, and then I advise you to change as quick as you can."

"I will, thankful to do it—to be *able* to do it," replied Payne, and so, side by side, the two began trudging rapidly towards "The Willows."

It was with the greatest amazement that those waiting for them there saw their arrival in so unusual a condition.

"What ! been in ?" Sir Thomas asked, smiling a little in spite of himself at Payne's woe-begone appearance.

"Yes, we've been in," replied Toker calmly; "I'm off to change."

"And there's actually *no bottom* to that river; and *I'm* off to change," added Mr. Payne sadly.

Nobody could understand it at all. How *had* they managed it ? Such a good oarsman as Toker was—it seemed simply amazing.

It took the whole evening to talk about it, and it wasn't till a late hour that Toker took Hugh Leslie aside and showed him the much-coveted letter to Ethel's parents, renouncing all claims to Ethel's hand. Then Hugh began to understand it.

"But how on earth did you swamp the boat ?" he asked.

"Well, there *are* such things as forethought and corks," Toker said quietly; "and there *is* such a thing as fitting a cork in so that you can easily kick it out with your toe. Lord, the poor old fellow *was* frightened! He won't forget his visit to 'The Willows' for a long time. Well, here's the letter, let us step out to the box and post it. He has stamped and addressed it, you see, and if there's any further difficulty I'll run down there, but there'll be *no* difficulty, take my word for it. Look here, you'd better find out Ethel and tell her it's all right. I'm going to tell Sir Thomas and Lady Hurcomb, they're all about the gardens somewhere, you're sure to see them in this moonlight. I'll come part of the way; and, I say, Payne's going back to London to-morrow."

Then it was that Hugh Leslie grasped Toker's hand, with a great gratitude, far too big for words, at his heart, and they went out into the moonlit garden together in silence.

"Toker, you're a magician—ain't he, Ada ?" asked Sir Thomas laughing, when Toker had made full explanations of what he had done.

"I was quite on your side all through, and I'm glad the old fellow's going to-morrow," Lady Hurcomb said. "Where is he now ?"

"In bed with a strong internal application of hot brandy and water," Toker answered, calmly as usual. "Well, we'll have a jolly day at the Races to-morrow, at all events."

"Yes," laughed Lady Hurcomb, "we shall be two-and-two tomorrow."

"I tell you, darling, that I have seen the letter—have seen it posted; and Toker swears he will go down into Devonshire if there's any trouble. *Now*, what do you say?"

Then the Open English Face looked up for one happy, flashing instant, and said "Yes."

It *was* a jolly day at the Races, that last Friday. They were all in such high spirits. There were jokes and sweepstakes, and all sorts of enjoyment and fun rampant among that Willows party all that day. And then there was a leisurely drive home through the perfumed air afterwards. Then there was dinner, though nobody ate very much—save, perhaps, Sir Thomas, whose appetite didn't seem at all affected; and then there was the moonlit garden, which was best of all.

Ethel and Hugh had strolled away together into the shadow-land (the happy shadow-land only—and no other). Sir Thomas and his wife sat just outside the drawing-room window, on a rustic seat; and Rose Milne was actually wandering about in the dim distance with Toker.

"I wonder what he's saying to her?" Sir Thomas hazarded.

Lady Hurcomb laughed, and said she was more interested and anxious about what *she* was saying to *him*.

But it wasn't very much if it could have been heard, and only had reference to some unnamed third person.

"I can't imagine how that mysterious Somebody can care in the least, one way or the other, Mr. Toker."

"Will you let him tell you in his own proper person, Miss Milne?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Toker," with a sudden hardening of a voice that had been hitherto quite playful, "and I'm going to say something else. I've heard of that Somebody so many times from you (this is the third) that I am utterly tired of him and bored by him and I refuse to hear of him again. And now I'll find Lady Hurcomb."

So they went back and found Lady Hurcomb, and so, for Mr. Toker, the Race week ended; even something more than the Race week ended—something he was weak enough to cry for in the solitude of his own room that night.

But he got the better of his grief by-and-by, and then he told himself, quite fiercely:

"It's no use, Toker, not a bit ; because, you see, *she don't want you* ; and there's an end of it."

He was a bit "down" all that night though ; but in the morning, when a letter reached him from Lord Cayenne, saying that her ladyship had bolted, and that he wanted Toker *at once*, Toker was himself again then and there.

"Wouldn't they all *drive* back with him on his drag ? No. Please don't thank *him*—everybody, too. It quite overcame him—it did, *indeed*. But he couldn't wait—he really couldn't. Good-bye once more—*everybody*."

And so the red wheels glittered away in the sun, and the grooms got up behind in perfect time. Mr. Toker drove back to London alone, smoking a very big cigar, and, Lady Hurcomb, looking after him, said she was very glad they sent for Toker, and everyone agreed heartily in the sentiment.

But, as he drove along through the varied landscape, a strange thought came into Mr. Toker's head, and he wondered whether it were possible, in the great scheme of life, that some people's destiny should be to make many hearts rejoice, but to carry about their own hearts sad.

(*The End.*)

EARLY MORMONISM.

IN the month of April, 1830, six young and illiterate men met in an American village, and formed themselves into a new religious sect based on "visions" seen by one of their number, and on the contents of an ancient book discovered and translated by the same man. Three of the new church belonged to one family, and two also of the other three were brothers. All were poor and ignorant, if not superstitious; and if some authorities are to be credited, they had previously led somewhat shady lives. We might feel inclined to smile at their ambitious step, were it not for its remarkable results.

For within little more than a year the church numbered 2,000 members; seven years afterwards the number was 15,000, and missionaries had been sent to all parts of America and Europe, making 1,000 converts in England in five months; four years longer still, and its members were almost the sole owners and inhabitants of a beautiful city with a population of 20,000, whose temple was (to quote a hostile journal) the most beautiful, most costly, and most noble building in America; and the church which fifty-nine years ago had only six members, is to-day fully 200,000 strong.

Yet the sect had to struggle from its very birth with persecution of the most persistent kind. Four times before its fifteenth birthday its adherents were driven from their homes—twice by mob violence, twice by the military of a prejudiced or misinformed Government; and in one instance a small settlement of them was murdered in cold blood—men, women, and children—by their own country's troops, acting under an "exterminating order" issued by the Governor of the State. A few years afterwards the two leaders of the church were assassinated when under the pledged protection of the Governor of another State, and guarded by his troops; and then followed a weary pilgrimage of 20,000 men, women, and children over 1,400 miles of almost unexplored country, accomplished through a degree of privation, exposure, and toil that dotted the line of march with graves, and shattered the health of hundreds, only to be ended by

their settlement in a great salt desert, where for some years they had a pitiful struggle for existence.

The fact that in later days the sect has adopted a corrupt doctrine undreamed of by its martyr founders¹ cannot destroy the romantic history of its youth ; and it is with those early and more pleasing days of Mormonism that we shall deal in the present article. To discuss modern Mormonism, with its politics and polygamy, would require a large volume, and be quite beyond our purpose.

The Church of Latter-day Saints, or Mormons, was founded by Joseph Smith, the son of a small farmer in the State of New York. In an account written by himself we learn that when fourteen years of age he was influenced by a religious revival near his home, and began to reflect on sacred things. Soon afterwards he beheld a "vision," in which he was forbidden to join any religious sect, as they were all corrupt, and he, Smith, had been chosen by God to refound a pure Christian church, such as existed in apostolic days. The vision recurred at intervals during the next eight years, and the details of the new sect were gradually unfolded to the embryo prophet. The existence of an ancient record was also revealed ; and Joseph, acting on information thus received, dug into the ground on a hill-top, and there discovered a golden book engraved with mysterious characters.

Apart from the story of the visions, there seems to be sufficient reason for our crediting the discovery of this golden book, as Smith's description of it tallies very well with the appearance of ancient "glyphs" which were subsequently discovered in different parts of America. These glyphs are thin metal plates, engraved with characters and fastened together with rings substantially as described by Smith a few years before any other person discovered one. Doubtless Smith accidentally unearthed one of these books of glyphs and adding to this fact his intense belief in the supernatural, inherited from both parents, we can easily understand that he soon came to regard his discovery as providential. With his mind full of his strange volume, the "visions" would follow naturally in a man of his temperament, and thus perhaps the greatest falsehood in his statement lies in the chronological order of the events described.

It is singular, however, that he was unable to produce the book a year or two afterwards, and on one occasion is said to have denied that it ever existed. In his own biography he says that an angel bore

¹ Polygamy was not introduced until some years after Joseph Smith's death ; and although the "revelation" bears his name, there is good reason to believe that it is a forgery of the later Mormons.

away the golden plates as soon as he had "translated" the engraved characters. Probably he destroyed them himself to prevent their being forcibly taken to an expert, who would have exposed his fraud, as he tells of several determined attempts to rob him of them. His denial of the existence of the book was, if ever made, probably intended to check the hostile curiosity which drove him from his home very soon after he announced his discovery.

On the front page of the Book of Mormon is the sworn statement of eight men to whom Smith showed the golden book, and there seems no reason to doubt their testimony, as they never retracted it in after years, although there were strong inducements to do so, and no counter-reasons for adhering to it if false.

Being in possession of the book, this Mahomet of the West soon made his plans and set to work. His first step was to "translate" the record on the plates, which he did nominally by divine aid. Then he found a man who was rich and credulous enough to pay for the printing of the translation, which was published as the Book of Mormon, the sacred volume *par excellence* of the Saints.

About the same time he made half a dozen converts to his doctrines, and with them he founded his sect. Thus it was that the Book of Mormon and the infant Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came upon the world's stage together.

On examining the Book of Mormon, we find that it has two or three leading features which we should be led to expect by our knowledge of Smith's character and his discovery of the plates.

We note, firstly, that the record is alleged to be a history of the ancient races of America, which strikes us as a very natural assumption. Secondly, as our scribe suffers from religious mania, it is not wonderful that his ancient people should be descended from a Scriptural race, and accordingly we find he simply revives the old theory that the ancient Americans were of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel. Still bearing in mind the religious tendencies of our "translator," we feel no surprise that the Book of Mormon is entirely pseudo-Scriptural in language and in the way it mingles history, prophecy, and moral counsel in its pages. Lastly, knowing Smith's lack of education, we look for no literary merit; nor do we find any, for the grammar is frequently at fault, and the majestic diction of the Old Testament is often badly imitated.

Yet in other respects the book is certainly very remarkable, and shows that the writer was not without a crude form of genius. Indeed, the early anti-Mormons, who delighted to taunt Smith with his confessed ignorance, were somewhat perplexed as to how he

could have written the book, and they readily believed a charge of theft which was made against him.

According to this accusation, the manuscript was stolen from a printing office by a confederate of Smith, and was originally a novel written by an antiquary. Apparently strong evidence was brought forward, and the case seemed, to the non-Mormon world, proved beyond dispute. But within the last few years a most unexpected light has been shed on the almost forgotten controversy by the discovery of the long-lost manuscript—said to have been stolen for Smith—in a printer's lumber-room at Honolulu. It bears not the slightest resemblance to the Book of Mormon, and thus convicts several early anti-Mormons of reckless perjury.

The Book of Mormon contains a professed history of America, and its colonisation by two bands of Israelites in B.C. 2100 and B.C. 600 respectively. The supposed authors are contemporaries of the events they relate, and from one of them the book takes its name. Before the extinction of his race, the last of these scribes hid the complete record in the place where it was found by Smith.

Interwoven with the historical matter is moral precept, prophecy, and doctrinal matter.

It must not be supposed that the Latter-day Saints have no other scripture than the Book of Mormon ; for they accept the Bible just as every orthodox Christian does, except that they believe it admits of a supplement harmonising with and expanding its doctrines. Moreover, they consider sacred the Book of Doctrines and Covenants, a collection of "revelations" on various subjects from the pen of Joseph Smith.

A word seems necessary here on the doctrines contained in the above books. Briefly, the Mormon faith is that primitive Christianity was the true faith, but the Church became corrupt during the second and subsequent centuries, thus losing Divine favour and breaking the chain of apostolic succession by the wickedness of its ministers. Joseph Smith's mission was to organise a new and only true church on the lost apostolic lines, and, having been himself ordained by an angel, to transmit his powers to others. Hence the officers of the Mormon church, and the form of government, are professedly an exact copy of those of apostolic times ; the rites also claim the same antiquity.

In its early days, Mormonism seemed to differ little from any other sect which was characterised by the enthusiasm of its adherents. An educated apostate,¹ who has lately written against her former

¹ Mrs. Stenhouse.

faith, gives a graphic account of the Mormon community at South-ampton as she knew it in 1849. Describing a service, she says :—

“The congregation sang with an energy and enthusiasm which made the room shake again. Self and the outer world were forgotten, and an ecstasy of rapture seemed to possess the souls of all present. . . . The saving love of Christ, the glory and fulness of the everlasting Gospel, the gifts and graces of the Spirit, together with repentance, baptism, and faith, were the points on which the Mormon teachers touched.”

Here are the heads of a sermon : “The visions of bygone ages had been again vouchsafed to man ; angels had visibly descended to earth ; God had raised up, in a mighty way, a prophet as of old, to preach the new dispensation ; gifts of prophecy and healing were now, as in the days of the Apostles, witnesses to the power of God. . . . All were freely invited to come and cast away their sins ere it should be too late, and the fullest offers of pardon, grace, sanctification, and blessings in this world and the next, were presented to every repentant soul.”

Again we read : “Then arose Brother Edwards, a well-trying champion of the faith, and to him everybody listened with profound attention, eagerly drinking in his every utterance. I could almost, even now (twenty-five years after), imagine that he was really inspired. *Then* I firmly believed he was. His voice thrilled with an earnestness that seemed to us something more than the mere excitement of the soul. A burning fire seemed to flash from his large expressive eyes ; his features were lighted up with that animation which gives a saint-like halo to the earnest face when fired with indignation or pleading soul-felt truths ; while his whole frame seemed to glow with the glory of a land beyond this earth. . . . One sister, an elderly woman, unable to control her emotion, burst out with that Mormon hymn—

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning,

which I have heard some old Nauvoo Saints declare produced upon the people in those days an enthusiasm similar to that which moves the heart of every true Frenchman when he listens to the soul-stirring notes of the ‘Marseillaise.’

“I have often heard in magnificent cathedrals, hoary with the dust of time, and in vast places of amusement dedicated specially to music and song, the outpouring of that glorious flood which a chorus of a thousand well-trained singers can alone send forth. I have felt sometimes that entrancing state of ecstasy which thrilled the soul of

the Seer in Patmos, as he listened to the melody of the angelic throng—"the voice of many waters, and the peal of mighty thunders, and the notes of harpers harping upon their harps"; but never, even when surrounded by all that was best calculated to produce a sentiment of devotion in my mind—never did I experience so rapt a feeling of communion with 'the armies of heaven' as I felt in that unadorned meeting-room, surrounded by those plain but earnest and united people. Nor was I alone in this. The feeling was contagious. There was not one present who did not sympathise."

This is the testimony of an apostate, written a quarter of a century after the scenes it describes. Have we not in such meetings as these the explanation of the wonderful growth of Mormonism in its early days, and the reason why the Saints suffered years of persecution rather than give up the faith?

After a pleasing description of the influence of Mormonism on family life in her father's home, she adds: "Whatever explanation may yet be given to Mormonism in America, one thing I know—the facts of its early history in Europe are among the most pleasant reminiscences of my life."

Yet another extract showing what proselytising work was like in those days—Mrs. Stenhouse's own subsequent experience as a missionary's wife in Switzerland: "I might relate stories—alas! too true—of cold and want, of days, and even almost an entire week, passed at one time without food, stories which for painful detail would eclipse romance As I look back to those dark, painful times, I feel that it was by little short of a miracle that our lives were spared. Our faith alone saved us People who have heard with a sneer of Mormon missionaries and their work would perhaps have realised that faith may be sincere, though mistaken, if they had seen us at that time."

Indeed, the Saints could never have increased so wonderfully in numbers if they had not been zealous missionaries. The church in England was 27,000 strong in 1850, thirteen years after its foundation, yet only represented a fourth of the total membership in America and elsewhere; and this remarkable growth was mainly due to those earnest men who went forth without scrip or purse to every part of the civilised globe. It has been truly said that the secret of the success of the Mormon missions was devotion and self-abnegation on the part of the missionaries, and a self-sacrificing disposition on the part of the people. In the narrative already quoted are given touching details of the privations endured by these apostles who earned their living as best they could, working their way and preach-

ing their gospel at the same time. To say that they were simply a band of impostors is ridiculous: they at any rate believed what they taught, and they sacrificed all to impart that faith to others.

It was entirely from among the Protestant sects that Mormonism drew its converts. The infidel who scorned the Bible was not the man to be convinced by the Book of Mormon, and the Romanist trusted his infallible priesthood too much to be led away by any new heresy. The Protestant, however, deeply religious, yet free from the trammels of priestcraft, easily accepted a faith built on Scriptural texts, which amplified his own and gave him welcome shelter from the "varying winds of doctrine" under a present-day revelation.

We have already seen how the infant church of the Mormons began its career with only six members. The first work of the little band was to preach and proselytise, and their number grew with marvellous rapidity, greatly helped by the reported occurrence of a few miraculous events. To every credulous or wonder-loving mind Mormonism offered many attractions, and deeply religious men of all sects felt a bond of sympathy between themselves and these apparently single-hearted preachers, who set forth the old doctrines in a new guise with so much fervour. An inevitable result of this success soon followed: to many people Smith's doctrine was unpardonable blasphemy, and the bold move of this obscure farmer was an infamous outrage on all they held most sacred. Consequently there began a system of persecution in which, as is generally the case, the lowest classes, who really cared least, joined eagerly for the sake of excitement. Thus were set in motion the two conflicting forces which ebbed and flowed around Joseph Smith and his church until his tragic and martyr-like death—devotion and hatred.

We cannot give here a history of the long struggle of Mormonism in America during its stormy youth. Space forbids us to relate in detail how in nine years the Saints were three times driven naked from their homes at the worst time of the year, twice by mob violence and once by the infamous order of Governor Boggs, who sent United States troops to "exterminate the Mormons by God," and whose order was obeyed by one corps to the extent of massacring a score of Saints at Haun's Mill; the whole sect being saved only by the refusal of the officers to obey the order. Nor do we intend to trace out how, in spite of their losses and hardships, the Mormons multiplied in numbers and wealth, only after all to have their beloved prophet brutally murdered, and to be themselves soon afterwards driven forth from their homes and lands to

seek their fortunes afresh beyond the great plains and the Rocky Mountains.

Such a study is full of interest, and teaches many lessons, but we may not dwell on it here. All we can do is to generalise the incidents, and endeavour to discover the undercurrents which caused these events, and the peculiar circumstances which led up to them.

The earliest opposition to the Mormon sect was by fanatical orthodoxy, but this soon became partially eclipsed by other grounds for resentment—the first of which was the emphatic stand taken by the Saints against the then sacred institution of slavery.

The sect had hardly celebrated its third birthday before it made a bitter enemy of the pro-slavery party in Missouri (its then headquarters) by its public declaration of strong sympathy with the black man. Ill-feeling toward the Saints already prevailed, and this last offence brought matters to a crisis. Within a month of the publication of the article on "Free People of Colour," a mass meeting of the non-Mormons of Jackson County was held "to adopt measures to rid ourselves of the sect of fanatics called Mormons." The principal resolution was to demand the immediate suppression of the newspaper which had published the exasperating article, and on the editor refusing to comply without consideration, the mob at once razed the printing office to the ground.

But other sources of difficulty arose beside questions of religion and slavery. Before the new sect had been in existence more than a year or two, its members began to drift together into a few localities, partly from fellow-feeling and partly from a greater sense of security from religious intolerance; and soon it was not only the Mormon religion which gave offence, but the Mormon community. For the Saints always clung to each other through thick and thin, and co-operation—though not then organised—was thoroughly practised among them. An outsider who was unfortunate enough to quarrel with one of this clannish sect soon found to his cost that he had disagreed with the whole body; nor was this all, for the Saints understood the dignity of labour, and thus quickly rose to be a financial power among their neighbours, and their combined wealth and numbers made them dangerous rivals; while their public influence was greatly increased by the absolute unanimity of their political and municipal vote.

The sect which was chastened by adversity was unable to resist the temptations of prosperity, and the incurable Mormon weaknesses—prominent in the Prophet, reflected in his followers—came to

the fore : a boastful spirit, overbearing demeanour, and insolent pride.

(Of this we have an example in the Mormon nomination of Smith for the Presidency of the United States. The Prophet allowed it because, as he said, "it riled his enemies.")

The resentment thus roused was made to rankle still more by the Saints declaring that ere long the whole of the State would be theirs, and not a Gentile in it, in fulfilment of a prophecy in the Book of Mormon. This boastful assertion, just at a time when the sect was thriving so well as to give it a tinge of plausibility, was—added to the existing grievances—irritant beyond measure.

Nor was this all ; many men, seeing the wonderful prosperity of the Mormons, joined their ranks instead of opposing them, hoping thereby to share their good fortune. Some even aspired to high office in the church. Sooner or later they found the ruse to be a failure ; or the church detected their insincerity, and promptly expelled them. The excommunicated and apostate Mormons generally vented their disappointment in bitter opposition to the community they had once supported, and it is among the unprincipled class of apostates that we always find the most bitter and vindictive enemies of the Saints.

Still another cause helped to deepen the hostility, for in every place a community which differs widely from its neighbours is sure to encounter ill-will at the hands of the ignorant—especially if it be rich enough to excite envy.

Why this should be the case is hard to say, yet the fact seems abundantly proved, for example, by the brutal treatment of the Jews in Europe. That it is especially true in regard to the American people is well illustrated by the craze against Freemasonry which raged in Joseph Smith's native State at the very time the Saints were suffering from mob violence elsewhere.

The anti-Masonic furore arose from the supposed murder of a renegade Freemason who had written an *exposé* of the "craft." He was kidnapped by a band of Freemasons near Canandagua, N.Y., and never heard of again. A body was found in Lake Ontario, and identified by his wife ; but later on another corpse was found, which she also declared to be her husband, so her testimony is not very reliable. The Masonic Grand Master of New York was at that time the Governor of the State also, and he—supported by the mass of the Order—made strenuous though vain efforts to discover the supposed assassins.

Out of this solitary and unproved murder by a few individuals

arose most intense opposition to the entire Masonic body throughout the State. Political parties dropped their old distinctions and became Masonic or anti-Masonic—churches were disrupted and Freemasons expelled—family feuds were rife everywhere—Freemasons were mobbed—and demands were made for the legal suppression of all “secret societies.” For ten years the tumult prevailed, and then very gradually faded away, the last traces of it not having died out forty years afterwards.¹

It is impossible to adequately account for nearly half a century of bigotry and opposition by the supposed murder of an obscure drunkard ; and as in the anti-Masonic craze, so also in the anti-Mormon riots, we find the same undefinable national idiosyncrasy at work. It is the natural result of a doctrine of the perfect equality of all men, preached to a class too ignorant or unprincipled to properly apply it to the circumstances of life.

To such crooked minds, belief in natural equality implies a right to bring down and *make* equal all who rise above the common level ; and by an easy extension of the principle it includes a right to prohibit any community which makes itself a “peculiar people,” or holds aloof from the general public.

Thus we have quite a long list of reasons for popular antipathy to the Mormons—partly actual grievances and partly a feeling of irritation inherent in the national character against any exclusive society—and it is not to be wondered that the dislike found frequent expression whenever any fresh occurrence emphasised it more than usual.

There seems every reason to believe that the Saints were, as a body, peaceable and law-abiding citizens, although doubtless many offences were committed² by individuals which gave colour to the charges made indiscriminately against the whole community. Previous to the expulsion of the Mormons from Independence in 1833, the mob held a meeting, in the preamble to the resolutions of which appeared this significant clause :—

“Intending as we do to rid our society, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must (of the Mormons), and *believing as we do that the arm of the civil law does not afford us a guarantee*, or at least a sufficient one, against the evils which are now inflicted upon us,” &c., &c.

The Governor of Missouri stated, in reply to a Mormon petition

¹ For this information I am indebted to Mr. William A. Brodie, Masonic Past Grand Master of the State of New York.

² Such as Sydney Rigdon’s “Spiritual Wife Doctrine,” and the depredations of the “Danites.”

at the same period, that he believed the attacks on the Saints to be perfectly unwarrantable, and he advised them to seek redress in the ordinary courts. Again, in the final struggle at Nauvoo, General Ford, the commander of the troops sent by the State to quell the tumult, declared the accusations of the mob to be entirely unfounded.

The great fault of the Mormons lay not in breaches of law, but in a policy of provocation and defiance towards their enemies. Thus any antagonism always intensified, and in the lawless frontier States (such as Missouri and Illinois were in those days) a mob soon gathered to attack the odious Saints. Everybody being accustomed to carry arms in self-defence, a disturbance easily developed into a serious affray, and perhaps continued as a sort of guerilla warfare for weeks, until the authorities had to interfere and disarm the combatants ; but here a difficulty arose, for it was impossible to identify all the non-Mormon rioters, or to prevent their obtaining arms to replace the confiscated weapons ; while the Saints, being a well-defined body, were easily found and disarmed, and popular dislike prevented their receiving new supplies. Thus legal interference left the Mormons defenceless in the grasp of their persecutors, and the mob, worked up to frenzy by the excitement of the struggles, drove them from their homes.

To seek redress before anti-Mormon judge and jury was useless, and in any case the place would have been made too hot for them, so the Saints could only wander off to some distant spot where they might be left in peace.

Such, in general outline, is the history of two out of the four evictions of the new sect. The other expulsions were when State governors caught the infection, and, joining the ranks of the aggressors, issued orders for State troops to expel or exterminate the Mormons in whatever way was most expedient.

We have dwelt on this subject, as it illustrates the more prominent peculiarities of the Saints, and also indirectly sheds light on the character of Joseph Smith ; for the Prophet was both despot and exemplar of his people, and whatever characteristics the sect showed were due mostly to his influence.

On Smith's mental ability, his energy and his generalship, there can be no two opinions. A man who at the age of twenty-four could found a new sect on a new scripture, and carry an ever-growing community through extremes of prosperity and privation, and yet at every turn of the tide place it higher than before ; who sent his missionaries to every part of the globe ; who was at one time

head of a church of 100,000 members, mayor of a city, architect of a splendid temple, and general of a large militia corps—although harassed with perpetual lawsuits—must necessarily have possessed no ordinary ability. And our conviction on this point deepens when we remember that he had constant difficulties within his church, and still more with men who had once belonged to it ; in addition to the formidable array of those who had ever been his sworn foes. Let us, therefore, give credit where it is due, and, however mischievous or beneficial his teachings may have proved, however great a saint or scoundrel he may have been—let us recognise him as one among a thousand, a statesman of a high order, and an intellectual giant, even though he was reared at the plough.

But it is the moral side of Joseph Smith's character which will always be of the greatest interest. Was this great leader a contemptible impostor or a sincere enthusiast? Let us see if we can decide.

Taking the earliest incidents of his career, the story of the finding and "translation" of the Book of Mormon is very incriminating evidence in the eyes of all who cannot accept the reality of his "revelation." The Prophet's narrative tells of a cumulative series of visions extending over several years, in which were revealed to him the precise position of the hidden book, and an epitome of its contents. As we cannot explain away this marvel as a pure coincidence, and since we are not Mormons to believe it literally, we can only say that the man who made the assertion was an unqualified impostor. In the matter of the "translation" our Prophet shows up a little—and only a little—better ; for here the vagueness of his description allows of a charitable assumption that the "Divine guidance" may have been only a vivid imagination which its enthusiast owner believed to be a gift from heaven. But it is hardly credible that he could believe himself inspired by heaven to establish a conscious fraud.

Strangely enough, the whole of Smith's subsequent history is a contradiction, or at least no confirmation, of this charge of unprincipled action ; for, if we except a continuation of his "revelations," his life seems to have been free from, at least, all legal misdemeanour.

No doubt we hear of innumerable charges which, if supported, would be very condemnatory ; but when these are investigated they resolve themselves into pure vituperation, or the attacks of such men as Bennett, Hyde, or Higbee, of whose history we know enough to prove that their assertions are quite worthless as evidence.

The nature of the charges made against Smith is illustrated by his arrest on one occasion for treason, murder, and felony. The

“treason” was “making war against the State of Missouri,” or in other words, the arming of Mormons to defend themselves against mob violence. “Murder” was the killing of two rioters by Mormons in an affray at Gallatin. “Felony” was a cattle-raid by a band of “Danites.” In every case Smith was some hundreds of miles away, and doubtless knew nothing of the occurrences until long afterwards.

As an example at once of the animosity towards the Prophet, and of his legal innocence, it may be mentioned that he was indicted on one charge or another no fewer than forty times during his fourteen years of church leadership, yet he was never once convicted. He was eventually murdered in gaol while awaiting trial on an untenable charge, the mob-militia declaring that “if the law could not touch him, bullets should.”

Of the Prophet’s purely private character we know little, but that little is very satisfactory. He seems to have been a very social and affable man, perfectly free from the faults one would expect in a dictator and a religious impostor. His family life appears to have been especially happy.

He married when quite young, and seems to have been always much attached to his wife, for in one of his later revelations she receives flattering mention, and is appointed his scribe, to accompany him in all his travels. It was through her influence that he returned to Nauvoo, in the troubles of 1844, an act which facilitated his arrest and subsequent murder.

His affection for his father and brothers is well known, and Hyrum, his favourite brother, was murdered with him in Carthage gaol. Another brother died immediately after the “martyrs” met their tragic fate—it is said, of a broken heart.

One of the most striking evidences that we possess of the Prophet’s character in times of personal danger is shown by a letter written by him when in prison. A month before, he had been condemned by a court-martial to be immediately shot, and had only been saved by the timely arrival of a superior officer, who forbade the execution. The letter is full of solicitude for the welfare of his followers, and of confidence in Providence to bring both him and them safely through their troubles ; and he adds (almost prophetically) that, if necessary for the Divine dispensation, he is ready to die an innocent death at the hands of his enemies. A very impartial critic has said of the writer of this letter that his unflinching courage while surrounded by difficulties and perils of no ordinary kind, and his firm reliance upon the ultimate success of his doctrine, compel admiration, and would almost justify the supposition that he had taught his imposture so long,

and lived it so thoroughly, as to have ended in believing it ; and, indeed, the more we study Smith's career, the more incomprehensible an impostor he becomes.

We have already noticed the remarkable earnestness and zeal of his missionaries. To assume that the leader of these men was a cool and calculating impostor, devoid of religious enthusiasm, is to ask the unanswerable question—Whence, then, did his immediate disciples derive their ardent faith? And if we say that, in addition to all his other remarkable qualities, the Prophet was such an accomplished hypocrite as to never be caught without his mask during fifteen years of a chequered career, we suggest an explanation more incredible than the belief it is intended to dispel. It seems far more rational to assume that the missionaries caught the infection of zeal and devotion from the only natural source—their acknowledged prophet; and, in consequence, that whatever frauds Smith may have committed, dishonesty was far from being his strongest characteristic; that he was able to make himself believe his own deceptions, and thus to propagate his gospel with infinite zest, without actively conscious fraud.

If he was an impostor, never was one more cruelly punished than he. "In consequence of his pretensions, he lived a life of continual misery and persecution. He endured every kind of hardship, contumely, and suffering. His life was one long scene of peril and distress, scarcely brightened by the brief beam of comparative repose which he enjoyed in his own city of Nauvoo. He lived for fourteen years among vindictive enemies, and died at last an untimely and miserable death, involving in his fate a brother to whom he was tenderly attached. If anything can encourage the supposition that Joseph Smith had strong faith in his own Divine mission, it is the probability that, unless supported by such a feeling, he would have renounced the ungrateful task, and sought refuge from persecution in private life and honourable industry."

The death of Joseph Smith was a terrible blow to the Saints. After being driven from county after county in the State of Missouri, they had settled in Illinois, and there, thanks to their characteristic industry and thrift, had attained to an unparalleled degree of prosperity.

They had built their beautiful city of Nauvoo, and obtained for it the charter of almost a free city ; its magnificent temple, which was to be as dear to them as that of Jerusalem to the Jews, had approached completion ; and fortune had seemed all smiles. But the storm-clouds had risen again : Joseph Smith had given himself

up to be tried on a preposterous charge, and then had come to Nauvoo the shocking news that the beloved Prophet was dead—murdered by a mob of masked ruffians.

When the Saints realised their bereaved condition, they were utterly crushed. When General Ford expected them hourly to sally forth in a wild outburst of fury to avenge their Prophet with fire and sword, the heads of the church were with sad dignity urging their flock to preserve peace, and publishing to them “a word of consolation,” which as we read it to-day is full of pathos, and breathes the spirit of Christian charity in every line.

The murder of Joseph Smith caused a shudder throughout the land, and even the rioters were quiet for a time. Then the Mormons grew jubilant, and once more the smouldering hatred was fanned into a flame. The spring of 1846 saw the final struggle at an end, the mob again triumphant, and 20,000 homeless Mormons starting out across the Great Desert to find a resting-place beyond the pale of civilisation—they knew not where.

As the exiles slowly disappeared over the western horizon on their unknown road, they left behind the scenes of early Mormonism, and at this point, therefore, we must bid them good-bye.

FRED. BARRACLOUGH.

SWANAGE.

OUT of Dorset, Swanage is not so well known as it deserves to be—though the inhabitants of that county and their neighbours have long esteemed it as a sea-side resort. The town itself is situated between Swanage Bay and Durlston Bay, which are separated by Peverel Point ; and these bays are cut out of the most southerly end of that great curve of the English Channel in which are included Poole and Christchurch bays. Swanage is the chief town of the Isle of Purbeck, as this peninsular district is called. Besides having the sea to the south, the large system of land-locked lagoons known as Poole Harbour forms a barrier to the north of Purbeck, and cuts it off from direct land communication with Poole, Bournemouth, and Christchurch. To this isolation of position much of the charm of Swanage and its neighbourhood may be attributed. Purbeck proper is a peninsular region of the south-easterly part of Dorset, it is in shape an irregular oval about twelve miles long by ten broad. Formerly it was very difficult of access by land, and early in this century the roads on the lower levels were scarcely passable during the winter, even by waggons, owing to the clayey nature of the soil ; in making the new roads they were intentionally taken over the hill tops as affording the hardest and most suitable foundation. To give an idea of the former badness of the low-lying roads, it was customary, in hauling heavy loads from one place to another, to drag them first to the top of the nearest hill with two teams and then to descend straight to the point of destination. Fortunately this state of things is changed, and there are now fair roads. Of recent years Swanage has been connected by rail with Wareham and the South Western Railway, so that it is easily reached from London and elsewhere. It must be allowed that much of the attraction of the district lies in its comparative isolation, forming as it does a little province to itself ; and in spite of its better roads and its recent invasion by the railway, it retains much of its primitive simplicity. Accident of position has favoured Swanage with some peculiarities of climate ; at a fair distance from the back of the town are the Purbeck Hills, of

a horse-shoe form, running from Ballard Head westward to within a mile or two of Lulworth, each extremity ending in precipitous slopes which protect the town against the heavy inland and sea fogs not uncommon on this coast. The town is undeniably picturesque. From its older centre have been thrown out some streets of handsome houses radiating up the hill-side. The older part of the town, with its houses of soft-coloured, pearly-grey stone, and roofs of dark flagstones splashed in places with patches of yellow stonecrop and house-leek, winds along the surface of the hills in pleasantly irregular undulations. The background heights and the surrounding cliffs are covered with a short dark-green herbage, which stretches down to the yellow-grey sands of the shore ; this forms a harmonious piece of tender neutral colouring, throwing in relief the rich and sparkling tints of the sea which seem, by contrast, to glow with colour amidst its delicately toned surroundings.

The ancient tower of the parish church watches over the bay, stern, gaunt and four-square ; it is six hundred years old, without buttress or trace of ornament, and doubtless, as asserted, was built originally for a watch-tower and beacon. However, the best safeguard to the coast has been its rocks, on which, just below Peverel Point, the Danes lost one hundred and twenty vessels by shipwreck, and thus helped King Alfred to an ultimate settlement of the Danish question. On the beach is a granite column commemorating this event—it bears on its summit the curious ornament of five cannon-balls, the meaning of which is not easily fathomed ; there is also, on the outskirts of the town, a small obelisk erected by the townspeople to the memory of “Albert the Good.” About one mile to the south of Swanage is Durlston Head, which, with the land leading to and adjoining it, has been purchased and laid out for building purposes. It was originally a wild piece of ground stretching across the tops of the cliffs, and money has been lavishly expended on it preparatory to building operations ; miles of carriage-roads and walls have been constructed and millions of conifers and tamarisks planted. A broad road leads to Durlston Castle, a large, solid, and peculiar-looking structure built over Durlston Head, at an elevation of some hundred and fifty feet above the sea. This is being fitted up as a restaurant, and with its terraces and platforms is already pointed out from sea as one of the sights of the coast. Let into the south wall of this building is a sundial, and at a lower level are large, boldly-carved slabs on which are tabulated various statistics of universal interest and instruction, such as the duration of the longest day in various parts of the world, the variation of time caused by longitude,

the convexity of the ocean, particulars of tides, &c. On a platform beneath the castle stands the great lion of Swanage—it is a globe constructed of Portland stone, representing the earth, weighing forty tons, and ten feet in diameter. On it are shown the continents in slight relief, the oceans and rivers; stone benches are placed in a circle around the globe in the proper positions at the eight points of the compass, which they indicate, and with the direction clearly lettered upon them. It would appear that holiday-makers were beginning to write their names on the globe, in their usual imbecile fashion; a large slab has therefore been placed in the wall close by, headed with this inscription: “Any persons anxious to write their names will please do so on this stone”—a suggestion of value to owners of objects with a surface tempting to the knife or pencil of the excursionist. From the globe a path leads down towards the caves of Tilly Whim, and a tunnelled entrance has been blasted through the solid stone into one of them, which opens on to the sea. These caves have been formed by immemorial quarrying for the stone of the district. Hundreds of years has Purbeck stone been famous, and in old records one constantly meets with royal orders for Purbeck marble and stone for Westminster Abbey, for the construction of the Eleanor memorial crosses at Walthamstow and Charing Cross, and for other purposes; grants of loads of it were also frequently made to heads of religious houses. Coming out from the caves there is a striking view of great rocky cliffs, with perilous-looking overhanging masses, and a dark boulder-strewn shore on which a fierce sea beats. The sight is imposing, and it is greatly enhanced by the Shakespearian lines carved in large letters on the face of the rock. Perhaps it must be rather startling to a cheerful picnic party of excursionists to see, abruptly lettered above their heads, how “the great globe itself” is to dissolve and “leave not a wrack behind.” The caves have been used by smugglers, a race of which this coast abounds in traditions and stories. The palmy days of the old French War was the time when they flourished most, though as early as 1720 the Mayor and inhabitants of Poole were petitioning the House of Commons and complaining of the decay of trade owing to the great quantities of goods run. Urged on by another petition, in 1722, the Government took the matter up and instituted proceedings, which revealed an immense and well-organised illegal traffic, carried on by the most respectable people in the district. These worthy smugglers thereupon coolly sent up counter-petitions from Poole and other Southern Ports, complaining that they were impoverished and their trade lessened “by prosecutions against such of the unhappy inhabitants

as, through ignorance or inadvertence, bought goods which had not paid the duties." This naïve petition was sympathetically considered by a committee to which it was referred, and their report informed the House that people had been sent to gaol and suffered heavy penalties for smuggling, and concluded with the awful threat that most of the poor victims, being "sea-faring men, would in all probability withdraw themselves from His Majesty's dominions, as some of them had already done, unless the penalties were remitted." The results of this clemency seem to have been a murderous and audacious robbery (in 1747) of smuggled tea, seized in the first instance by the customs, and then recaptured from the Custom-house at Poole. Two officers, who had identified some of the ringleaders, were murdered. This led to a vigorous capture of smugglers and the hanging of six in the following year (1748), and the subsequent execution of several others. More recent stories are told of a Captain Gulliver, who lived on into this century and whose exploits were on a large scale. On his death-bed he attempted to keep the Prince of Darkness from seizing him, by having all his windows and doors barred; but in vain, for an old retainer broke the news of his death to his friends in the meaning words, "He has got 'un." Above the Tilly Whim caves with their memories of church-building kings and bold smugglers, is the Anvil Point Light-house; farther on are St. Aldhelm's or St. Alban's Head, Dancing Ledge, the Kimeridge Ledge, and Swyre Head, from which points there are very fine views of sea and rock, including the Isle of Wight. Compared with parts of the Devon and Cornwall coast, the scenery seems pitched on a strangely low scale of colouring; but this very absence of positive colour has an indefinable charm, which soon becomes attractive as one gets used to it. The rocks of every shade of grey, the dun-coloured sand, and the olive tints of the cliff herbage make a foreground of most delicate tone for the sea, which in bright weather supplies the required colour to make a perfect picture. The botanical peculiarity of these cliffs is their abundance of uncommon thistles; in July a noteworthy effect is also produced by masses of the sea carrot, which has large umbels of a shade between pale pink and fawn, and in the season the rare blue gentian is to be found. If the district is botanically interesting, it is still more so geologically. The Purbeck beds are noted for their layers of fossil vegetable earth (dirt-beds), enclosing roots, trunks, and branches of cycoids and conifers; the beds themselves consisting of argillaceous and calcareous shales, fresh-water limestones, and marbles. The deposit at Kimeridge of bituminous shale is most curious; from it has been extracted an oil with a pronouncedly fishy

smell, which would be available for many valuable purposes were it not for that strong odour. Successive companies have quite unsuccessfully dealt with it ; at one time the Duc de Malakoff started a company, proposing to ship the shale direct to France and extract gas from it to light Paris ; but this scheme was as great a failure as all the others have been. Beautifully turned pieces of shale are still found, and are locally famous as "Kimeridge coal money" ; their use, however, remains a vexed and unsolved question for antiquaries. The favourite theory is that they are the cores left from the manufacture of armlets by the Romans, such ornaments having been found in local burial-places.

The Purbeck stone quarries lie mostly round Langton Matravers. These quarries number several hundreds and are worked according to the demand for particular varieties of stone ; the marble-ridge is only worked when wanted, and its great hardness makes it expensive to quarry. The quarry men are a jealous and exclusive class—calling themselves the "Free Marblers of Purbeck" and claiming an Edwardian Charter. To belong to this guild one must be the son of a freeman or marry the daughter of one, after having undergone apprenticeship. They meet to transact their annual business on Shrove Tuesday at Corfe Castle. Formerly they kicked a football from Langton through Corfe, over the Heath to Ower ; now the football is carried, and with it a pound of pepper for the Lord of the Manor, an acknowledgment of the right of way to Ower. Worth Matravers adjoins Langton : its churchyard contains a monument to Benjamin Jesty, who died in 1816. This worthy seems to have been a most heroic scientist, for his epitaph records that "he was an upright, honest man" ; particularly noted for having been the first person (known) that introduced the cow-pox by inoculation, and who from his strength of mind made the experiment from the cow on his wife and two sons in the year 1774. Would it not have been better had he experimented on himself first? To the west of Swanage a beautiful walk takes one over Ballard Down to Studland, whence a most striking view is obtained of the silvery lagoons of Poole Harbour, with darkly wooded Branksea Island in their midst ; the church at Studland is interesting for its good Norman work. Beneath Ballard, on the shore, is the "Old Harry Rock" ; a lofty, square, pillarlike rock, consisting of chalk separated by a reef and narrow channel from the mainland. There it was, the story goes, that a ship foundered, bearing a complete peal of bells for Poole Church, owing to the sailors having jested profanely at their sacred cargo. On stormy nights the bells are supposed to be heard ringing loudly as a warning to all approaching this dangerous coast.

A mile from Studland, on a mound about 90 feet high, is the Agglestone, a great block of red sandstone weighing many hundreds of tons ; the upper portion is overhanging, and to the whole is ascribed a Druidic origin. It must be mentioned that all this part of Dorset abounds in prehistoric burial-mounds ; different and, as usual, conflicting opinions are maintained as to their age and those who rest in them. One is often irresistibly reminded of the passage in Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial," where he says : "What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and councillors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, was a question above antiquarianism ; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observers."

Half way between Swanage and Wareham, and about a quarter of an hour by train, is Corfe Castle. Situated on a lofty, abruptly-rising green mound it occupies a most perfect position for beauty of effect, though the two bastion-shaped hills, between which it stands, would render it valueless as a modern fortification. The history of this great pile would be the history of England ; from being the hunting-lodge of the earlier kings it grew into the important fortress of King John, who here imprisoned his niece, the "Damsel of Bretagne," and also the two Scottish princesses who were kept as peace-hostages. These distressed princesses seem to have been indulgently treated, and the old accounts of their expenses show that they followed in dress the most approved fashions of their day. The Mayor of Corfe was being constantly sent to Winchester for scarlet and bright-green robes, trimmed with miniver, and saddles with scarlet ornaments and golden reins, for the use of these noble captives. But the great interest of Corfe Castle centres in its gallant defence by Lady Bankes, who held out against the Parliamentary troops, with a garrison as small as five, and never exceeding forty, men, till the siege was raised by the Earl of Carnarvon, August 4, 1643. Two years later the castle fell, after forty-eight days' siege, and then by strategy, and not in fair fight. The husband of this dauntless lady was Sir John Bankes ; he was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and seems to have been a fit mate for such a heroine. Lord Strafford wrote of him, "Bankes hath been commended that he exceeds Bacon in eloquence, Ellesmere in judgment, and Noy in law." From the high ground to the south-west of Corfe are seen the most extensive views in the whole district. The best time of day to see this landscape is an hour before sunset, when the

yellow light centres on the lofty ruin-crowned mound. In the background the great ramparts of hills are bathed in a soft, luminous haze ; on the horizon, clouds may be seen piled up into Alpine peaks of glittering white, while the vault of heaven is one serene blue. At such a time there is a radiance on those old dark hills with their many hero-graves ; beneath them the jagged crest of ruined towers and down-thrown bulwarks seems, to the fancy, to await calmly and peacefully the on-coming of night, which brings with it oblivion of the long-past wars, miseries, and alarms of the older world.

These are some of the more salient points of a district in an English county as yet unspoilt ; much has been omitted, including an account of Wareham, which, with its unique cincture of earthworks and curious old churches, forms the most delightful introduction to the wanderer in the Isle of Purbeck, which is as beautiful for scenery, and as interesting to the archæologist and geologist, as any other district of equal size in Great Britain.

Most English towns have to confess an immense debt of gratitude to local benefactors who have lavished time and money upon them. Swanage looks to Mr. George Burt, of Purbeck House, as its *genius loci*. This amiable and good man has done his best to develop and improve the town and neighbourhood, and the former, even its best friends must admit, needed the loving care of such a wise philanthropist. I do not know how much he has laid out, but it must be an enormous sum, and the popular voice places it at a figure so huge that it might well stagger the visitor who had not watched the rise and progress of the little old town, and who could not compare its present condition with that of ten or fifteen years ago. I do not suppose that Mr. Burt will ever be repaid for his labours of love ; fortunately, he looks to another world for his reward : his name will always be as closely connected with Swanage as that of Sir Titus Salt with Saltaire. The touching piety for which Mr. George Burt is widely known finds expression in the frequent carving and painting of appropriate texts on commanding pieces of rock ; and nothing can be conceived more impressive than sitting on some broad and well-placed seat looking out on the placid blue sea at our feet, or on that same ocean torn and broken by a furious gale, and seeing just above us a solemn text, as "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," or "What is man that Thou shouldst be mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst visit him?"

From the iron-bound coast near Durlston Point, and the glorious caves of Tilly Whim, a tremendous sea may at times be seen, and no contrast can well be greater than between the sea on a calm

bright, sunny day, and that same sea lashed into uncontrollable fury by a hard southerly or south-easterly gale. Volumes of water, recalling to my mind the breakers off Lundy, burst upon the rocks as though they would batter down the very land itself, while the spray is cast 200 feet high into the sky. It is one thing to sit dreamily feasting our eyes on the summer sea, quite another to gaze on that same sea in its winter aspect. The powers of Nature, or rather, of Nature's God, then affect us quite differently, and perhaps it is a far greater delight to visit the coast in time of tempest than in warmth and sunshine. Fortunately, however, there are seasons when the wind has moderated, while the sea is still furious, and then, with all so calm and heavenly above and all so storm-tost below, we have a grander picture than under what the unreflecting would call more favourable circumstances. March and April are singularly propitious months for seeing the Swanage coast to perfection ; then we often have bright skies, and stormy seas with their surface broken up into hundreds of thousands of white horses, racing in towards the shore with the swiftness of unbridled coursers. It is positive pain to tear oneself away from the coast. Heaven be thanked ! every taste will find something to delight it at Swanage : there are sylvan glades not far off, like the lawn of Colonel Mansel's seat at Smedmore, which are equal to anything at Matlock or in Wharfedale, with a peep of the sea in addition. At Swanage there is inexhaustible variety of town and country, hill and dale, sea and land, sand and rock, wood and heath, tableland and sheltered valley —truly a rare combination : and then, what of the noble harbour and the venerable relics of bygone ages, not far off ?

W. ARMSTRONG WILLIS.

THE SECOND PART OF "FAUST."

My song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
 Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
 Of such hard matter dost thou entertain.

IN the first part of Goethe's tragedy—he himself terms the Second Part "der Tragödie zweiter Theil"—Faust, the Titanic egotist, turns his back upon the light, and makes his path dark with his own shadow. Burning to solve the insoluble riddle of this unintelligible world, life-wearied, desirous of fuller knowledge, longing for human happiness and the joys of youth, he has turned to the black art and has made an unholy compact with the willing fiend. From uncertainty he plunges into denial, and entertains that Evil Spirit which must betray and may destroy his spirit. His soul was as a ship which floats, through storm, between the unimagined heights above and the fathomless depths below. There is a sort of wager between the Almighty and the Evil One ; a wager which Goethe has based upon that in the opening of the book of Job. The fiend leads the student into flat commonplace, and into the indulgence of sensual and therefore unsatisfying love. There is, naturally, a victim needed ; and pure, tender Gretchen, possessed by the devil, and impelled by woman's love, is led into sweet sin, and into sorrow unspeakable, in order that Mephisto may carry out his compact with the ardent, misguided Doctor. Not Faust, not even Mephistopheles himself, foresees that Faust's soul, which in the first part appears lost, will be saved by a wronged woman, through whom works the grace of God. To most ordinary readers the first part seems a noble work of supreme art which is complete in itself. Carlyle says : "We question whether it ever occurred to any English reader of 'Faust' that the work needed a continuation, or even admitted one ;" but a continuation, a completion, in the highest sense, of such a work was essential, nay, was even really indispensable. In the mind of Goethe, his greatest work could not be considered as complete until he should have worked out in it his "Evangel of Redemption." At the end of "Faust," Mephistopheles declares that Gretchen is condemned, while a voice from the

unseen Heaven proclaims that she is saved ; whereupon Mephistopheles vanishes with Faust, concerning whose fate no word is vouchsafed to us, though a voice from within, dying away—no doubt the voice of Gretchen, in her anguish of doubt for the man she loved so well—cries "*Heinrich! Heinrich!*" To Goethe it was impossible to leave the future fate of Faust so vaguely doubtful.

This work could not be completed by or in uncertainty. Not thus could he be quit of such a subject. "We have not *read* an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as *he* saw it ;" and Goethe's treatment of his great theme had a great object.

The conception and conviction which, with Goethe, formed an entirely noble art object, it has been attempted thus to explain :

Through the whole tragedy of "Faust" shines a deep and distinctive doctrine which Goethe held firmly—I mean his belief in the ultimate supremacy of Good. He did not believe in Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, in two equally powerful potentates, two spirits of the same might, one good, one evil, between which the ultimate issue of the perpetual struggle is uncertain. Goethe believed entirely in the entire supremacy of God ; he held that the shows of evil do but subserve the higher purposes of Divine beneficence. The spirit that always wills, and always works for evil is, as Goethe teaches, always guided and moulded by a Supreme Power, so that its strivings for evil are mainly futile : and, rough-hewn to harm, are, nevertheless, ultimately shaped by God to good. Thus, the seeming victory of Mephistopheles is barren after all—Gretchen and Faust seem, but are not, lost and ruined. They are ultimately snatched from the fiend's grasp ; though ill deeds and impious longings are expiated in time by sore suffering on earth. Mephistopheles is, unconsciously, but a tool in the hand of the Divine ; he walks in a vain shadow, disquiets himself without result—except in so far as he serves Divine purposes—and remains, at last, a fooled and baffled fiend. In Goethe's conviction an Omnipotent and All-wise God lives and reigns ; and this conviction is shown through all the scheme and action of his "Faust."

Profoundly convinced that Good, or God, must reign for ever over all, Goethe would have held his, in some sense, supernatural tragedy to be indeed left unfinished if it had concluded with a triumph for Mephisto. To Goethe's apprehension all highest problems are soluble, at least through symbolism ; and the subtle spiritual relations between the Seen and the Unseen are not wholly removed beyond the reaches of our souls. The gulf between us and the inscrutable is bridged over by revelation ; and the highest-mounted minds can attain to the great solvent—to a conception and conviction of the wisdom and the goodness of God.

Fortunately, we have a thread which, if deftly used, will guide us through the labyrinth. Goethe's motives and objects in the second part of his "Faust" are to be gathered from his "*Kunst und Alterthum*," and from his many and confidential conversations with Eckermann.

Goethe himself tells us that "the composition of a Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered condition of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature (the nature of Faust) into higher regions, under worthier circumstances." It is also to be remembered that it is an important point in the old Faust legend that Faust, "in his imperious pride of heart," required from the Evil One, then pledged to be his servant, the love of fair Helen of Greece; and that Goethe, very properly, had omitted in his First Part all allusion to this pregnant incident. He felt it a duty not wholly to overlook so important a circumstance—a circumstance which could be made to yield many meanings, and to reveal so much mythological beauty. Marlowe makes his Faustus "immortal with a kiss," from the "royal, all-famous Beauty of the world"; but Marlowe does not make much use of the lovely wanton, who—

Fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,

appears, corporeally, to the ravished Faustus, kisses him, and disappears, without speaking word, or doing aught beyond bestowing the kiss. Goethe lends us light by which to read his work.

We find the first mention of seriously setting to work at the continuation of "Faust" in 1824, though a Second Part had long lain dormant in Goethe's mind. In 1825, Goethe received a letter from a young student, in which the writer begged Goethe to communicate to him a scheme for a Second Part, because he, the student, had a project for completing the work. This young gentleman had a good opinion of himself, and intimated that all recent literary works were of no account, but that, in him, a new literature would blossom freely. In 1827, the fragment of "Helena" was finished, and on the 29th January was ready to be posted to Cotta. Goethe then turned to the "Wanderjahre." He said that the Second Part could be finished in a quarter of a year; "allein woher will die Ruhe kommen?" Even he felt the want of calm and peace for concentration of the mind on lofty subjects. On 24th September, 1827, he set earnestly to work on his Second Part. In 1830, he thought that he could finish in a few months. "Es wäre toll genug, wenn ich es erlebte ihn zu vollenden!" ("It would be strange enough if I should live to complete it!") In his latest period of life, he could only work a little at "Faust" in the early morning hours, in the fresh vigour given by sleep. The Second Part was finally completed on 20th July, 1831; but was not published during the poet's lifetime.

Great was the joy of the old poet when, at last, he saw the last one of his many great works, completed at so great an age, lie there

finished before him. This event befell in August, 1831. The whole poem was then bound together in its entirety.

A heavy burden was lifted off his mind, and the sense of relief, as well as the feeling of just pride, were half pleasure, half pain. He said, and the words are profoundly pathetic: "Mein ferneres Leben kann ich nunmehr als ein reines Geschenk ansehen, und es ist jetzt im Grunde ganz einerlei, ob und was ich noch etwa thue" ("I can regard any further life granted to me as a simple gift, and it is essentially quite immaterial whether I shall do any more work, or what that work may be"). His end was then near—nearer than he thought—for when death came, he did not think that it had come.

Eckermann enjoyed a privilege which is not granted to us. The manuscript of the mystic Second Part was read to him often by Goethe himself, and Eckermann, when puzzled, could ask the poet for *viva voce* explanations. How we must envy him! How many readers, as well as commentators, must desire to have had such an advantage! As it is, we have to grope our way in the dark, and can catch only a faint reflection of the light vouchsafed to the happy biographer. Take one instance: On January 10, 1830, Goethe read to Eckermann the scene in which Faust descends to the Mothers (we shall return later to the question of these beings), and Eckermann records: "Ich hatte das Dargestellte wol gehört und wol empfunden, aber es blieb mir so vieles räthselhaft, dass ich mich gedrungen fühlte, Goethe um einigen Aufschluss zu bitten. Er aber, in seiner gewöhnlichen Art, hüllte sich in Geheimnisse, indem er mich mit grossen Augen anblickte."

Now we too feel, with Eckermann, that very much in this work is very highly enigmatical; and we should have liked to have questioned the author. True it is that he might, after his usual manner at that period of his life, have loved to mystify us, and merely to gaze at us with widely opened eyes. Still, we might, as we fancy, by means of tender and reverent insistence, have moved Goethe to pluck out the heart of his mystery. The poet felt, specially in connection with the "'Classische Walpurgisnacht,' dass er dabei auf Dinge komme, die ihn selber überraschen" ("that ideas came to him which surprised even himself"). Goethe maintained, "dass die Phantasie ihre eigenen Gesetze hat, denen der Verstand nicht beikommen kann und soll" ("that fantasy has its own laws, which the understanding cannot, and should not be able to, grasp"). Shakspeare also has fantasy pieces; but how different they are from Goethe's Second Part! Shakspeare uses fantasy only in connection with comedy, never in connection with tragedy; and

the Second Part is the completion of a tragedy. Let us take the "Tempest," "Merchant of Venice," "Midsummer Night's Dream." These three comedies are all compact of the purest and highest fantasy; but then the fantasy surrounds, but does not supplant, humanity. Shakspeare creates characters, where Goethe raises only apparitions. Prospero rules Caliban and Ariel; he works by magic, he can raise an unsubstantial pageant; but he remains wholly human. Oberon and Titania, and their fairy Court, play round the human Court of Theseus. The trial scene, in which the young lady doctor, learned in the law of fantasy, settles the case of Shylock *v.* Antonio, is only possible, is only probable to the imagination which is elevated to the true range and pitch by the poet's imaginative and magic art. There is not in Shakspeare, as there is in Goethe, an entire avoidance of the humanities. Shakspeare delights in creating exquisite poetical romances, but he never deals wholly with abstractions, and he never relies upon propounding riddles. "The true ideal is always based upon the real," and in place of dallying with puppets, or *fantoccini*, Shakspeare never relaxes his mighty grasp of the strong force of human character and human feeling. On high mountain tops the air is too thin to be breathed with healthy comfort; and Goethe's atmosphere, in the Second Part, is highly attenuated. Imagination is the masculine; fantasy, the feminine. Shakspeare has his deep roots in truth, and from them spring the waving sprays of a most fecund fancy.

This mysterious, symbolic Second Part was for the poet a problem in art creation, and remains, and will for ever remain, a problem to art criticism. Sometimes we are tempted to exclaim—Oh, that Goethe had written it when he was younger! For, in his old age, he had acquired a love for mystification, for allegory, for obscurity. In this poem there is but little perfect clearness. Goethe himself says, with a certain air of triumph, "Aber eben dieses Dunkel reizt die Menschen, und sie mühen sich daran ab, wie an allen unauflösbaren Problemen"—"It is just this obscurity which attracts men, who labour to comprehend it, as they labour at all insoluble problems." He leaned somewhat to obscurity as a means of stimulating public interest; and he had a secret joy in watching the perplexed efforts of those who tried to solve his riddle.

Once grant the scheme of treatment which Goethe elected for his mighty theme, and it may be freely conceded that his performance is excellent, and is, indeed, fully worthy of his lyrical if not of his dramatic genius; but then the question will arise, whether the form which he adopted be the best? Of course, that question,

like every other question in connection with the exercise of great Goethe's genius, must be raised in reverence, although it should be raised in critical honesty. In "Faust" he showed himself so dramatic ; his glorious masterpiece is so powerful, so passionate, so pathetic ; his immense knowledge of the human heart, his profound acquaintance with the spirit of man, his noble conception of the ways of Providence, are so poetically complete, and so full of spiritual mastery, that we entertain justly high anticipations of the sequel to such a work. In working out his "Evangel of Redemption," Goethe could not leave Evil victorious. The All-Good, the All-Powerful, must remain supreme, and divinely triumphant. HE, when he entered into such a conflict for a soul with Mephistopheles, felt, of course, secure of success ; and Goethe's problem in the Second Part is to show how the Deity prevailed, redeemed, and saved. Such a problem rendered it necessary that Faust himself should move in higher spheres and act in loftier regions. But might not these higher spheres have been within the range of the life of humanity and the compass of God's earth ?

In the end Faust turns, for the health of his soul, to philanthropy, and abjures all demonic magic. Gretchen herself, one agent in his redemption, does not appear at all until the last act. The higher spheres which Goethe has chosen are those of fantasy, of allegory, of metaphor, of phantoms, and of visions. Such spheres are necessarily of less vitalism and of weaker human interest. The aerial realm of fancy and of fable, of mythology and of abstractions, is laming to all merely human effort or progress. Hence Faust himself becomes the shadow of a shade ; and the use of the enigmatical, with a constantly hidden meaning below the surface, involves a wearying strain upon the reader's attention, who requires the help of the commentator in order to enjoy or understand the poet. The work is a poem, not a drama, or even a dramatic poem, and is, in the main, one long allegory. George Henry Lewes exclaims : "But the kiss of Gretchen is worth a thousand allegories !" This "classico-romantic phantasmagoria" may stir our fancy, but can never touch the heart. There are no emotions, no feelings, no affections excited in these "higher spheres" which yet do not rise so much higher than those spheres in which Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, lived and moved and had their being. The *Marionetti* of fantasy come like shadows, so depart ; and their airy tongues sound like the horns of elf-land, faintly blowing. The past does not very tangibly become the present ; it is of imagination all compact, but it is not, naturally enough, very moving or working. We follow the development of the capricious

action with something of the same feeling with which, seated on some pier or harbour head, we dreamily regard the urgent forward send, and then the weary, slow subsiding of the futile wave. Sometimes the great main problem of the piece seems all but lost sight of, and the question of spiritual solution is deferred to the last act. The poem is, in essence, metaphor expanded into narrative or into a series of dissolving views. "Neither must we draw out our allegory too long, lest either we make ourselves obscure, or fall into affectation, which is childish"—so says Ben Jonson, the great writer of masques. Gottschall, an acute, if *doctrinaire*, German critic, who is by no means too easily pleased, says of this Second Part: "Der gesunde Sinn der Nation ihn trotz aller kritischen Marktschreierei bei Seite liegen liess" ("The healthy sense of the nation, in spite of all the blatancy of criticism, passed on and left it lying on one side"). Gottschall adds: "Wir verlangen auch vom Phantastischen, sobald es dramatisch wirkt, bestimmte Consequenz" ("We require even from fantasy, when it works through dramatic form, clear consistency"); and this necessary consistency he does not find in the Second Part. Nor, indeed, is it easy to find it amid the disjointed series of vision pictures which lack continuity of interest, and which, while presenting so many fair fancies, and covering so many symbolic meanings, do not touch on actual, living humanity.

"Das räthselhafte darin, das meistens auf sehr gelehrte oder sehr triviale, stets aber gezwungene Beziehungen hinausläuft, scheint nur von dem Dichturfürsten 'hineingeheimnisst' um den commentirenden Nussknackern einige hohle Nüsse vorzuwerfen" ("The problematical in it [the Second Part], which refers mostly to very learned or very trivial incidents, seems only to have been inserted by the secretive poet-prince in order to furnish the nut-cracking commentator with empty nutshells"). Germany, like other countries, has many critics who laud most loudly where they least comprehend; but the foregoing extracts show that all German critics do not bow so servilely to the authority of the name of the great poet-prince, Goethe, as to praise that which they consider as a barren use of allegory where dramatic clearness and vigour were needed.

Goethe, even in extreme age, could still, as George Herbert phrases it, "relish versing," and wandered gladly in those pleasant ways of song which he trod as such a master. His faultless ear, his immense lyrical gift, his wealth of idea, his rare power over language—all enabled him to move with ease, and grace, and effect, even through diffuseness, in any metre, and on any theme. He bears all the weight of his vast learning, lightly, like a flower; and

the author of "Iphigenie," and of "Götz," can unite happily the Harz with Hellas, and blend the Greek classical with German romance and with Gothic art. The main thing wanting is the direct dramatic instinct which was so needed in order to complete "Faust."

The sin and sorrow of the great tragedy should have found a sequel higher and more human too. Faust, the Titan, the would-be stormer of the skies, who declined from the sadness of philosophy into a sensual seducer and an ordinary gallant, needed human and spiritual development in a second part which should be as dramatic as the first. He could not properly ripen into the inactive puppet of a mythological allegory. A block of marble may yield a hero, or a god, but it cannot contain a mere shadow. Great art, instinct with the vision and faculty divine, has seldom had a higher spiritual problem to worthily work out than that which awaited Goethe in the sublime possibilities of a second part of "Faust."

But it is now time to attempt some brief analysis of that management of the fable and that treatment of the theme which Goethe thought it fit to adopt. The poem opens with Faust wooing sleep upon flowery turf. Surrounded by a circle of spirits, and watched over by delicate Ariel, he is, at least, in a more ethereal sphere than that of our earthly world. The spirits bathe his spirit in the waters of Lethe in order to induce forgetfulness of a stormy and a sorrowful past, and perhaps to wash out all recollection of poor Gretchen. Amid the lovely lyrics of the chorus, two essential points become clear. The spirits are enjoined by Ariel to

Assuage the cruel strife that rends his heart,
The burning shaft remove of keen remorse,
From rankling horror cleanse his inmost part.

And Faust declares that, as he awakes to renewed life, he feels that the opening day

A strong resolve dost rouse, with noble heart,
Aye to press on to being's sovereign height.

Goethe, by the way, always feels in Nature Wordsworth's strong sentiment of

A presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts;

and Goethe can sing worthily every inspiration born of reverent feeling for nature, and for nature's God. The invisible things of God were, to Goethe, clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.

We are next jerked into a sphere which is certainly no "higher sphere." We find ourselves in a corrupt and commonplace mediæval court. Goethe has himself depicted for us his meaning in

this picture, which, however, seems somewhat aimless when considered in connection with his great design. All is rotten in the State. The law, the church, the army, the finances, are all depraved, worthless, empty ; and the Emperor, who neglects all duties, yearns only for amusement. Of course, such an empire is insolvent, and Mephistopheles proposes to restore its finances to a healthy condition by means of mining and paper money. He produces an infernal simulacrum of prosperity, and the devil shows how little money profits those who care for it only to expend it on vulgar pleasure and on common lusts. Here the satire is noble and is fine. Mephisto takes the place of the Court Fool, incapacitated by drunkenness ; and he becomes the first Councillor of the Emperor. His occupation is to serve—or seem to serve—such a contemptible court, and to amuse such an emperor. Faust is a very inactive puppet ; but how tame is the once so dreadful devil ! His nature is subdued to what it works in.

He has become a cynical, satirical human being, full of strange tricks, and of barren ability. His occupation seems to be gone. He does not appear to be intent upon the ruin of any soul, or upon the production of any individual suffering. The terrible dæmonic element seems to be wanting. He is “anständig, nicht auffallend gekleidet” (“is respectably clothed, with nothing striking in his attire”); and the new garments represent the changed being which they deck. He is still a cobra, with fangs, indeed, but with an exhausted poison gland. The pleasure-loving Emperor resolves to celebrate merrily the joyous Carnival, and a masque is represented for the diversion of his Imperial Highness. Here we find a phantasmagoria of figures of the Greek mythology ; a revel of wild fancy, instinct with poetry, wit, intellect ; but rather long, with dim meanings connected only remotely with the main problem, and with the progress of the poem. It then occurs to the Emperor to desire to have Helen and Paris summoned before him for his delight. Mephisto has no power over the pagan world, and cannot directly help ; but he can refer Faust to *die Mütter* (to “the Mothers”), and he can arm Faust with a magic key which will enable him to obtain the assistance of these dark divinities. Here is symbolism. What is this key? Is it genius or art? Both compel allegiance and unlock secrets. Goethe himself explains that the Mothers were suggested to him by a passage in Plutarch, in which they are mentioned as divinities. They live in that vast void of eternal solitude and darkness which exists in the hollow centre of the earth. Eckermann labours to show us that these dire chimæras are, as

poetical conceptions, the creative sources of all that lives and moves upon the surface of this planet.

They are, therefore, represented as feminine—as mothers. Goethe may well have anticipated, with a superb and stately glee, the perplexity which his use of these little known divinities would cause to commentators. Faust returns from his dangerous and daring quest, and Helen and Paris appear upon a fairy stage before the Court. We too, as mere readers, seem to be enchanted spectators of the imaginative pageant; and we, too, see the lovely visions of the most beautiful woman, and of the fairest youth, who have existed in all the length of time. What mortal stage production could equal this exquisite phantom show? Helen stoops and kisses the sleeping prince. The spectators of this delicate realm, of these entrancing shadows, show all the frivolous levity of ordinary audiences towards great art; but the ladies are charmed with Paris, while men are enslaved by Helen. Goethe had a sovereign disdain for all "public opinion," especially in connection with the most imaginative art; and he shows this disdain through his delicate satire directed against the audience furnished by such a Court. Mephistopheles acts fitly as *siffleur*; for the "devil's rhetoric in prompting lies." Faust would rival Paris in the favour of Helen. "Life's pictures, restless, yet devoid of life," live and love before his fevered eyes. Calling upon "the Mothers" for their aid, Faust seizes Helena, with might—and the vision fades from sight and eludes his grasp. An explosion occurs. Faust falls senseless on the ground, and the phantom actors, who seemed for a time so real and so full of life, vanish into air. We do not learn what the Court thought of the conclusion of the strange performance.

We have now reached the second act. Our space will not allow a detailed reference to every possible allegorical meaning which laborious and (sometimes) ingenious commentators have discovered, rightly or wrongly, in this mystic, unfathomable song. The British Museum catalogue of printed books which deal with the Goethe literature will give an idea of the number of these commentators and critics, who, if not always luminous, are generally voluminous. It is rather wearying, when reading a poem, to have the attention always on the strain, firstly, to discover when a riddle is propounded, and, secondly, when that discovery is made, to solve the riddle, or to penetrate to occult meanings. It is, therefore, with a sense of relief that we find ourselves, once more, in those old rooms of Doctor Faustus, which we know so well. He himself is lying paralysed by Helena, and dreams of Leda. The rooms are now in the occupation of our

old friend Wagner, successor of Faust as a learned university professor, though much more prosaic and pedantic than was the dark magician, and the seducer of poor Gretchen. The devil notices the very pen with which Faust had signed his evil compact with Mephisto. The shy student of yore has become Baccalaureus, and is a type of the arrogance of youth. When Mephisto puts on the professor's furred gown, the insects which are disturbed in it are made, by a freakish fancy of the poet, to sing in chorus ; and they typify the whims and crotchets of a dry-as-dust professor. Mephisto is very tame, when compared with his own former self in the same Gothic chamber.

In "Faust," we shuddered every now and then at the terrible feeling of being in the presence of the fiend, of the dæmonic inhuman enemy of God and man ; but, in the Second Part, we find Satan much more human. The belief in a personal devil, and the dread of death, are two ideas which are born of Christianity. Redwald, king of East Anglia, after his conversion to Christianity, set up in his temple two altars, at one of which he worshipped the true God, while at the other he offered sacrifices to demons. Goethe erected only one altar ; but yet, in an art or poetical sense, he has set up an enduring monument to Satan.

Goethe held university professors in small reverence ; and he levelled at the high priests of barren learning some of his most stinging satire. Wagner is characteristically employed in making a man—but not in the ordinary way.

"Wie sonst das Zeugen-Mode war, erklären wir für eitel Possen" ("The old method of propagation we declare to be a vain farce"). Accordingly, out of the furnace of the learned laboratory, is born Homunculus, Mephisto being present at the strange birth. The lively little sprite, when fully delivered from the womb of his glass phial, does not do very much to advance the action of the poem, but his creation is a quaint conceit. It is observable that the mannikin recognises at once Mephisto for what he is.

A classical Walpurgis-night ; the name sounds like a contradiction in terms. We know the Brocken ; but such a Thessalian witches' revel in the Pharsalian Fields is a very new idea. We cannot follow in all its detail the particulars of this lengthy fantasy ; but it is almost amusing to note how ill at ease Mephisto is among sphinxes, lamiaë, syrens, and the like. He is not at home in pre-Christian scenes, or with pre-Christian mythological creatures, with the "fabulous animals" of pagan times and creeds. The picture of Chiron, always on the trot, is of singular charm. Mephisto, who,

among his many faults, is always indecent, finds the Antique "zu lebendig" (too nakedly life-like). This is one of Goethe's most happy and subtle touches of humorous satire.

In Act 3 we seem, at first, to be on firmer footing. The scene is the palace of Menelaus in Sparta ; and Helen, so sinned against, so sinning, descends from the wild horse of the sea to enter her wronged husband's palace. The object of Mephisto is to fulfil his bargain with Faust by giving Helena to the arms of the lover of Gretchen ; and it turns out that the bitter-tongued Phorkyas is, in truth, the fiend himself. Pity it is that he never speaks that explanatory epilogue which Goethe tantalizes us by saying that "Old Iniquity" would deliver. Helen seems to be restored to human life, and to be, indeed, very living. She is assisted by the proper chorus ; and the stately melody of measured speech and song flows on in suave and noble lines.

Helena is a symbol of the doom as of the character of direct beauty which, without purity or nobleness, bewitches, maddens, ruins. Phorkyas recounts, cynically, all her many amours, and shows how her fatal charm was co-existent at once in Iliion and in Egypt, while the great Achilles, whom we knew, a phantom loving a phantom, was united to her in the realm of shades.

Phorkyas explains that vengeful Menelaus intends to make Helen herself, and the chorus, the victims of the impending sacrifice ; and the tempter describes Faust, and urges Helena to fly the wrath of her husband, and to seek safety with her new lover. Helen listens readily ; and then, in Sparta, mists rise, and she and we find ourselves in a rich, fantastic fortress-palace of the middle ages. The change to this Aladdin palace is magical in its suddenness and in its thoroughness. Faust appears, in the knightly Court costume of the middle ages ; and the fair-haired northern warriors fill the scene. A throne is set up for the fairest queen, and very soon she invites Faust to share it with her. The chorus observes, sagaciously :

Fraun, gewöhnt an Männerliebe,
Wählerinnen sind sie nicht,
Aber Kennerinnen.

Women who have great experience in the love of man are, though very knowing, not very particular in choosing their lovers. Gretchen, and not Helena, is the type of woman that draws us upward. But Menelaus is advancing to seize his errant wife by force ; and Faust's army, in bright mediæval armour, enters upon the

scene. This affords, perhaps, the most sumptuous pageant of the weird poem.

Faust saves his love from her stern lord ; and the lovers, attended only by Mephisto, disappear into certain close arbours in Arcadia. They are happy together ; and the devil, in this particular, has kept faith with Faust.

Helen, the fairest woman of the world, had been granted by grateful Venus to Paris. According to the legend, she was the prize of Faust ; and it was part of his compact with the fiend that he too should possess the often-widowed, beautiful marvel who could give such bliss, and entail such misery. Goethe knew the influence of such charm when it is divorced from womanly virtue. This episode of the temporary union of Faust and Helena, which Goethe omitted in his "Faust," forms a necessary incident in the Second Part, but Goethe does not show how the amour influenced the soul or the fate of Faust.

And so the mediæval and the classical have met and blended. Mephisto announces to the chorus that the blissful pair have a son. *Den Poeten bindet keine Zeit* ; the poet makes time march with magic strides, and the son of the union between the romantic and the classical appears as having attained, at one bound, to man's estate. Goethe has selected as the name of this child of poetry and fable that of the son of Polymnestus, the poet of Chalcis—Euphorion ; and Euphorion is very nearly akin to the charioteer of the preceding masque. Goethe himself tells us that Euphorion typifies Byron ; but, if we were not so told, we should scarcely recognise our own great poet, whom Goethe was well competent to estimate justly and cordially. Byron (or Euphorion), says Goethe, is, as a poet, neither romantic nor antique. He represents the most modern and individual type—that of the day in which he lived, and suffered, and sang. Goethe says that Byron was the greatest genius of his century. As Goethe liked always to reconcile the classical and the romantic, he may have meant that a poet, such as Byron, was born to solve the problem ; and he renders to the English poet noble honour.

Euphorion is a volatile spirit, and causes great anxiety to his parents. He is urged to curb his passionate yearnings. He dances with the maiden chorus, and indulges in love dalliance. He seizes one young charmer, who flames up and flashes into the air. He next desires war and its glories. He casts himself into the air ; his garments support him for a moment ; his head flames, a trail of light follows him. His dress, mantle, and lyre remain lying on the

ground. So soon as her son thus disappears, his mother, the immortally fair Helena, after stating that joy and beauty are never lastingly linked together, embraces Faust, and vanishes, her garment and veil alone remaining in his arms. Then her robes dissolve into clouds ; clouds which envelop Faust, raise him aloft, and pass with him from the scene.

Helen, who for a time seemed so living and so human, thus fades again into the phantom realm. Here is symbolism. Goethe has turned to fine account the legend which compelled him to grant Helena to Faust, in whom are united classical and romantic poetry and art. Modern poetry, especially that of Goethe himself, is the offspring of this ideal union. Greek Helena, and Gothic Faust, represent two distinct epochs of world-culture, fused and blent by later criticism, and by modern poetry. Goethe is the best reconciliation between them. Not only has he followed the old legend, but he has elevated it by giving to Faust not only a fair woman, but an ideal of beauty and of art.

From the fairy realm of Arcadia, Faust now returns to Germany, a distance symbolised by seven-league boots. Faust begins to desire a practical outlet for his activity. His soul is growing, and is becoming at once more human and divine. Paper-money and profligacy have not advantaged the Emperor and his empire—types of many a German court and country of the middle ages. Devil's help leads to no good. An anti-Kaiser is in the field, and our old Emperor is compelled to accept the risk of battle. It would go hard with the pleasure-loving, duty-scorning monarch, but for the necromancy of dark Mephisto, who summons to the king's aid the "three Mighty Ones"—the Ruffler, Soon-Get, and Holdfast. These three are symbols of the rapacity and ferocity which attend on war. Perhaps in imitation of Scandinavian Thor, Mephisto also has his magic ravens. Faust appears in harness, but does not fight. Mephisto's sorcery wins the battle for the Emperor, but the Church suspects the unholy arts which have won the victory, and the bigoted and rapacious Archbishop demands so heavy a compensation for the Church that the unfortunate Kaiser hardly retains much for himself. This, also, is a true type of much of mediæval history.

In winning this battle, Mephisto has again been serving Faust ; upon whom the Emperor confers a large tract of waste land, partly, at least, submerged by the sea.

It is to be carefully noted that Faust's soul is still growing, and growing ever nobler. His views of Nature and Creation differ widely from those of the devil, who, although he has many opportunities of

special information, cannot realise the divine purpose, and the all-wise intent. Faust, God-instructed, is wiser than the devil. Mephisto seeks to lure Faust back to sensual enjoyments, to pomp, to pleasure, to fame ; but such allurements are addressed in vain to one whose aspirations are becoming higher, purer, more ideal. Goethe always tends, in spite of evil, to link the human with the divine.

We have now reached the last act, in which Goethe's scheme of redemption, based upon his utter conviction of the Divine love, is nobly carried out. Faust has reached the extremest limit of human life—Goethe says that he is a hundred years old—and he who had so long stormed through life has now risen to the utmost height of moral elevation of which his soul is capable. Through the long play, the "Drama of a Soul," we have always seen the fiend active behind the events and characters, and have felt the sense of the divine above all, though evil seemed to be so tangible, and the divine appeared so far off and so supine.

Faust has abjured all use of magic for himself, is contented with the ordinary lot of mortality, has ceased to care even for his individual culture, and is wholly bent upon serving humanity by placing a free people on a free soil, and by converting the land, so long wasted by the hungry sea, into a habitable part of the earth. He pursues his last object with a kind of feverish, ruthless, furious zeal. He feels that his time is short.

The four grey women, Want, Guilt, Necessity, and Care enter to him ; but Care alone can find a dwelling in his breast. She blinds him, but he will not call on enchantment or Mephisto for aid for himself, though he still employs the fiend in the great philanthropic scheme of creating territory for human occupation and happiness. Coming out of his palace, blind Faust gropes his way by the door-posts ; but, as night sinks around him, he feels a radiant light within. In delighted contemplation of his great plan, he can say to the moment : "Stay, thou art fair !" and then the clock stands still, the index falls, and the long, eventful, demon-haunted life of Faust ends at last. Mephisto seems to triumph ; appears to have won the prize stipulated in his old contract. As in the old miracle-plays, hell's mouth yawns wide. He summons all the host of hell, and the scene becomes terrible with the ghastly crew of Satans. But his triumph is short-lived. We have heard many a lovely lyric from classical phantoms, and from fantastic abstractions ; but now, for the first time, we hear a divine strain, singing, in other and holier tones, at heaven's gate. The clear, pure voices of the heavenly host charm

our enchanted ears, and the hovering angels fill the etherealised air. They bear away with them the immortal part of Faust, and the baffled Spirit of Evil finds itself mastered and subdued by the Spirit of Good. Then there is war between befooled devils and triumphant angels. A sinner is saved by grace ; and Mephistopheles rages in vain in terrible but harmless fury and despair.

The end is at hand ; we are, indeed, in a higher sphere, and the scene rises to one of the sublimest conceptions of the human imagination. The spiritual air echoes with the rapture of divinest song, and we are in the near presence of glorified spirits. Owing to the date of the Faust legend, Goethe was almost compelled to leave the final issue and the triumph of Good to the Madonna, and not to the Christ ; and he held the theory of redemption by means of wronged but undepraved womanhood. Faust had seduced Gretchen by means of and for the Spirit of Evil. Gretchen fell with all the power of evil working with demonic force against her virtue. Faust was criminal. His victim sinned, but remained essentially pure and good. Her wrong-doing was sorely expiated by suffering on earth. Penitent and punished, her goodness and her sorrows enabled her by God's mercy to redeem the lover who, at the end, abandoned the evil which he had rashly embraced, and strove to return to good. We are uplifted to the contemplation of blessed boys, of angels, and more perfect angels ; and we are rapt with the melodies of the divine choir. With a strange heart-beat we find in these blessed regions *una Penitentium, eine Büsserin*, a penitent whom we have once known as Gretchen. To her is given the soul of her old lover ; to her is left the joy of guiding his heavenly life. The *Mater Gloriosa* grants this boon to Gretchen ; and she who parted with her Faust so long ago, and so sadly, in the dungeon, cries : "He comes back, he is mine !" And thus *das Ewig-Weibliche* (the eternal womanly) type of divine love saves and blesses, comforts and consoles.

It is with somewhat mixed feelings that we conclude our attempt to study this great if perplexing poem. I have endeavoured, in this essay, to keep, so far as possible, to those main lines of action which best elucidate the essence of the lofty theme, and have avoided wandering too far in the by-ways of mere allegory. I have eschewed as much as possible the dry and dreary commentator. Of course, such an essay is all too brief for such a subject ; but one may hope to suggest, or shadow forth, some genuine meaning. Is this sequel wholly worthy of the great tragedy which it should complete ? Answers will differ widely. The man who wrote it is so great, and his poem is so full of wealth of imagery, of fecundity of fancy, of subtlety of allegory,

and of exquisite music of line, that we are impelled strongly toward admiration and long to praise.

And yet we cannot escape from a certain feeling that this sequel is, in some respects, incomplete and unsatisfactory. It was a task of no ordinary difficulty to complete such a tragedy, and to work out such a divine idea. It should never be an object with a poet to mystify or to perplex. It is by no means necessary that the meaning of poem or of drama should lie open on the surface. Nothing great can be written under such conditions. The poet's meaning may be as deep as consciousness, may exercise the highest faculties of the highest minds with thoughts almost beyond the reaches of our souls; but when, of set purpose, the superficial image obscures and occults the latent meaning, that hidden meaning, when arrived at, is not always of the greatest significance or of the highest value. Shakspeare fully occupies the greatest efforts of the highest-mounted minds. His "Hamlet" will task the intellect of a Goethe to comprehend it fully, and yet the play can be performed to the delight of any ordinary audience. Never, of malice prepense, does Shakspeare propound a mere riddle. In Goethe's Second Part occur many of his great abstract thoughts set to noble music; but the number of those quotations which become the national property of a people is, naturally, not so great as it was in "Faust." The allegorical treatment of a great master should give delight; but, in order to do so, it must compel the imagination by a very masterful charm. Delight evaporates when we have to strain after meanings. Of Goethe, in his age, it is truly said that "es keinen Augenblick gab, wo er nicht anregend beschäftigt war" ("there was no moment in which he was not actively occupied"); and up to nearly the close of that long life, which ended on 22nd March, 1832, he was busy with that last great work, "dessen Vollendung ihm als letzte Aufgabe seines Dichterlebens am Herzen lag" ("to complete which was the last task of his poetical life which weighed upon his heart"). He did finish his work, and the comparatively holiday time was short before he entered into his rest. We labour to like, and we desire to esteem, this fantastic Second Part; but it cannot compare in our judgments, or our hearts, with that great tragedy which is both human and superhuman, which is so full of passion, power, pathos, and which is immortal under its name of "Faust."

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

OUR WEST AFRICAN POSSESSIONS.¹

NO other chapter in the history of British colonial enterprise has so many unwelcome pages, and so few to be proud of, as that which records our doings in West Africa. Ours was one of the last of the European nations to join in the further degradation of the Guinea Coast by bartering rum and gunpowder for slaves to stock the West Indian and American plantations, and it was one of the first to abandon the unholy traffic ; but during more than two centuries we had a leading share in it, and, in spite of all the philanthropic efforts of later years, we have not yet, in our dealings with this part of the world, worked off the taint of our forefathers' crimes. We still endure some of the doom foreseen by Queen Elizabeth, who, when in 1588 Captain John Hawkins's earliest achievement in slave-stealing was reported to her, declared that it was "detestable, and would call down the vengeance of Heaven upon the undertakers."

It is but a mockery to call any of our West African possessions colonies. In all of them there are barely more than 600 white men, some of whom are merchants and missionaries, but chiefly officials, employed in ruling or guiding, as far as they can, about a million and a half of blacks supposed to be under our dominion. It is in the interests of trade alone that we hold these possessions. On political grounds, apart from their commercial importance, they are of no more value to us than as places for European settlement ; and, though much praiseworthy and self-sacrificing work is done by missionaries in spreading Christianity and civilisation among the natives, it is to be feared that little or no store is set on this latter work by representatives of the English Government, and that the whole tendency of official influence is to weaken instead of strengthening the effect of the missionaries' labours. To those of us who believe that it is incumbent on England to aim at the moral elevation of the benighted and barbarous races with whom it places itself in contact the signal neglect of this duty should be a cause of shame and self-

¹ A Paper read before the British Association, at Newcastle, September, 1889.

reproach. But to this phase of the situation I merely refer in passing. My purpose is to indicate what appear, from a strictly economical point of view, and assuming that trade interests are of supreme importance in the management of our West African affairs, to be rave and suicidal blunders.

Though the earliest English settlements in West Africa were near the Gambia and on the Gold Coast, where trading, and especially slave-trading, stations were established in 1664 and subsequent years, Sierra Leone was the starting-point of our modern enterprise in these parts. A slice of the peninsula bearing that name was bought from the native chiefs in 1787, in order to serve as an asylum for negroes liberated during the American War of Independence, and the good work was carried on, with more zeal than wisdom, by a chartered company, of which Clarkson, Wilberforce, and other philanthropists were directors, until 1807, when, England's part in the slave trade having been abandoned, the little colony was handed over to the Crown. Thus Sierra Leone became the nucleus of all such British government as was established along the coast, and it grew steadily through the planting in it of natives rescued from slave ships by British cruisers, as well as through the migration to it of other natives, and the voluntary submission of neighbouring tribes who found advantage in placing themselves under English rule. The boundaries of Sierra Leone were in this way considerably enlarged, but there was little attempt at sovereignty before 1862, when the authorities annexed Sherbro Island and the mainland near it. The conquest of the Scarcies River district followed in 1879, and that of the Sulymah, Gallinas, and Mannah districts in 1884, by which time the colony had an area of about 3,000 square miles, and a sea-frontage of over 180 miles. Meanwhile, to the north of Sierra Leone, so much coast as was not claimed by the French near the Gambia, at which a separate administration had been set up in 1843, was brought under something like systematic rule, though the area of the settlement itself is only 69 square miles; and larger acquisitions were made further south and east, in the Gulf of Guinea. Our Gold Coast settlement dates from 1824, when Cape Coast Castle was built, and a series of purchases from Danes, Dutch, and other European owners of ports and stations thereabouts was followed by seizures of territory from the natives, and their forcible inclusion in what is euphemistically called a "protectorate," until now our Gold Coast dominion comprises some 30,000 square miles, and has a coast-line of 350 miles. Beyond that, and separated from it by French and German possessions, is Lagos, an island commanding a long

sweep of mud on either side, and a territory of over 1,000 square miles ; and beyond the Lagos colony is the Niger Protectorate, a huge delta of which the area has not been measured, which is under British consular jurisdiction, and through which is reached the vast watershed now dominated by the Royal Niger Company. Between the Gambia and the Niger mouths we claim control over, if not in all cases possession of, more than 1,000 miles of coast—about as much as is claimed or held by France, Germany, and the Liberian Republic, or is left in native hands, at the numerous gaps between our different colonies or protectorates.

The motive for our acquisition of so much West African sea-frontage is intelligible, if not excusable. There is enormous and as yet almost undeveloped wealth or source of wealth in the interior of Africa, scraps and fragments of which have from time immemorial found their way down to the coast, there to be disposed of to the foreigners coming for it in ships. For a long time slaves were the chief staple, as they still are at many ports of Eastern Africa ; but since the slave trade was suppressed on this side of the continent there has been a growing traffic in other articles of commerce, some of them brought from the remote interior, though the larger part is the produce of the districts near the sea. The average exports of our West African possessions greatly exceed £1,500,000 a year in value, and the value of imports taken in lieu is only less by about a sixth. Nearly all of this business is done by English capitalists and speculators, who also carry on a large part of the trade with the French, German, and other settlements ; but there are manifest advantages in so much of it as can pass through channels controlled by the British Government and free from foreign interference. This is beneficial to the English traders, and by no means obnoxious to the English authorities. With the exception of Sierra Leone, our four West African colonies are amply self-supporting, and between them they provide occupation for four governors or administrators with salaries amounting to £9,000 a year, besides scores of other officials, who cost or spend altogether more than £200,000 a year. If the holding of these colonies adds no political strength to the British Empire, it counts for something as regards what is called *prestige*, and it is a source of considerable profit to many British subjects.

On these accounts, and on others, few would be rash enough to propose the abandonment, or anything but the wise and honest development, of our West African possessions, however unwisely or dishonestly some of them, or some portions of them, may have been acquired. But there should be no question as to the propriety of

putting them to the best use that can be. I venture to think that here we fail grievously.

We English often boast of our superiority over the French and all other modern nations as colonisers and administrators of savage countries brought within reach of civilisation. About that superiority, as a rule, there may be no doubt ; but West Africa appears to furnish some exceptions to the rule. We take credit to ourselves for having during the past generation or so greatly increased the extent of sea-frontage under our dominion, and for having here and there, especially at the Gold Coast, obtained a little footing on the way to the interior ; and we now and then blame ourselves for having allowed Germany to gain other sea-frontage, as at the Cameroons, and France to encroach on our Gambia settlement. Whatever may be the importance of sea-frontages, however, and if they are rightly managed it is real, they are only valuable as means of inland communication for trading purposes. In that respect they afford or should afford us rare opportunities, which opportunities we most culpably neglect. We confine our energies almost exclusively—with one exception to be noticed presently—to bullying the coast tribes, whom we have contrived to overawe, and their near neighbours with whom we do nothing but quarrel ; and we leave the inland races, with whom we might establish a far more dignified and profitable trade than we now carry on at the coast, for others—and, as it happens, chiefly the French—to deal with.

The vast table-lands south of the desert of Sahara, favoured with a genial climate, fertile soil, and in many parts, it is supposed, enormous wealth, are occupied by millions of stalwart people, now in a very low stage of civilisation, but capable of great intellectual and moral advancement, and in every respect superior to the Fantis and others near the coast with whom we have most to do, and their Ashanti and other neighbours who occupy the intermediate slopes. These people—the Foulahs, Mandengans, and others—are, with their kinsmen stretching out to the east and the south, the natural owners of Central Africa, and, to become worthy of their inheritance, they wait for nothing but such guidance as enlightened Europeans can give them. Their capacity for advancement is shown by the fact that they readily yielded to the wonderful tide of Moslemism which swept across the continent during the last century, and that they have gained much by it. The creed of the Koran, begetting a desire for political aggrandisement as a concomitant of the religious enthusiasm it first evoked, may have had some bad influences along with the good ; but it has raised its devotees from the ignorance and

apathy, tempered by petulance and reckless savagery, which characterise the races debased by fetichism. These Moslem negroids, differing widely among themselves, yet akin, are grouped into powerful kingdoms—that of Sokoto being about as large as Spain, and that of Bornu as large as England—and they congregate in spacious towns, of which some are said to contain more than 100,000 inhabitants apiece. They are most vigorous on both sides of the Middle Niger, but they are spread all over the West African interior, and hold the watersheds of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the other rivers which are the natural channels of commerce. It is for them that a considerable part of the wares sent from Europe to the coast towns is destined, and the market might be enlarged without limit, they giving in return the grains and textiles and other produce of which as yet they only draw from the prolific soil such small quantities as they need for themselves. And there is other produce in abundance. It was not without reason that one portion of the West African sea-frontage was called the Gold Coast, another the Ivory Coast, and so on. The supply of ivory may diminish as the growth of human population leaves but little room for elephants; but the goldfields in this region, from which thus far only alluvial pickings have been obtained, are reckoned the richest in the world, richer than the underground treasure-heaps of South Africa or Australia or California. Among these people it is not to be expected or desired that Englishmen or other Europeans should settle in great numbers as colonists, or that they should in any way dispossess the native owners of the land; but there is ample room for honest pioneers of trade and industrial enterprise, and a few years of honest pioneering—other things connected therewith being also done honestly—could not fail to add enormously to the commercial importance of our West African possessions, and in so doing to yield immense economic benefits to England, and to exert civilising influences of priceless value on the natives.

A little in this direction is being attempted as regards one part of the field that lies open, but not, it is to be feared, very worthily or with great promise of success from a philanthropic standpoint, by the Royal Niger Company, which was in 1886 developed out of the National African Company. For the rest, we are more than neglecting our opportunities, and are encouraging the French to seize those opportunities and to use them to our detriment. We have contracted the sea-frontage of the French in West Africa; but we have left them, as we could not help doing, their Senegal province and much else; and this province has been made the formidable base of

operations, not so much military as diplomatic, all along the valley of the Senegal River and far beyond it. In 1854 the Foulahs nearly expelled the French from the province ; but General Faidherbe drove them back, and ever since his successors in the Senegal government have been advancing into the African interior with a steadiness and a shrewdness that put to shame all our own little wars further south, not excepting General Wolseley's valiant or vainglorious crusade in Ashanti. They have built roads, and even a strip of railway, far inland. They have made treaties, and have seen that they are kept. They have acquired trading rights—of which as yet only partial use has been made, but they exist—with all the great and little chiefs south of the Senegal and on to the Upper Niger. Of a fresh treaty with Samadu, "the West African Mahdi," whose territory stretches down almost to the frontiers of Sierra Leone, we heard only a few weeks ago. As things tend at present, the French threaten to enlarge their influence and authority until they have entirely hedged round the straggling English settlements on the coast, and have effectually barred those settlements from any direct intercourse with the powerful nations of the interior.

Compare with that policy the policy, if it deserves to be so designated, which is pursued by the administrators of our own West African possessions. The sole value of these possessions to us, as I have said, depends on the use we can make of them for trading purposes, unless we choose to join therewith philanthropic schemes for the benefit of the natives. In any case, self-interest should prompt us to make friends, not enemies, of the natives. The blacks collected in the towns we have established settle there for their own advantage, but their presence can be and should be as advantageous to us as to them. For the most part they are traders, able to live in places that are fever-dens to Europeans, familiar with the country, its races and their languages, and indispensable, as their agents or customers, to the few white men who seek to benefit themselves by their dealings with the people. The assistance of the black residents in Bathurst, Freetown, Accra and the other ports is, indeed, so necessary to the whites that they are able to secure something like fair treatment, and many of them, especially those who are in the Government service as policemen and the like, are only too willing to promote their own comfort by taking sides against their fellow-countrymen. It is these fellow-countrymen who suffer most, or who gain least, by our relations with them, and whose misfortunes—of our causing—rebound on ourselves.

That the qualities and capacities of the West African negroes are

much maligned should be apparent from the fact that, under proper guidance, they are able to become skilful doctors, learned lawyers, heroic missionaries, and honest traders—to acquit themselves worthily in almost any condition of civilised life and intellectual and moral activity that their circumstances allow them to aspire to. But those with whom we chiefly come in contact are in most respects inferior to their kinsmen inland, and it is mainly through European influences that they are so. Their forefathers were for centuries the sport and prey of slave-dealers, who not merely bought or stole millions to be used as chattels on the other side of the Atlantic, but who did all that was possible to debase the millions they left behind. It is with these black people, encouraged through generations in treachery, cruelty, and every sort of vice and crime by whites who called themselves Christians, that our traders and officials on the West Coast of Africa have to deal. It may be right—for their benefit as well as for ours—that we should continue to deal with them, following now better ways than heretofore ; but we must not expect too much from them, and we must adapt ourselves to or make allowances for their institutions until by slow degrees and zealous efforts we have reformed them.

There is strange misapprehension, not merely in England, but among Englishmen on the spot, as to the social and political arrangements of the natives near the West African Coast on whom we depend for trade both with them and with others in the interior. Split up into hundreds of tribes or factions, some closely allied, others widely different in temperament and habits, physique and language, they are an unorganised aggregation of separate units, each governed on almost feudal methods by its own chief or king, while in some respects resembling the communes of the Old World and of the East. They have venerable traditions of trade as well as of fighting, and their rule of commerce has always been that any commodities intended for long transit shall be bought and sold or bartered anew as they pass beyond the limits of each tribe, or that a toll shall be paid for the use of the roads belonging to each tribe if they are conveyed by the same carriers over the whole route. It is by these processes that nearly all our trade with the natives is conducted, and so it must continue if it is to prosper, unless by gradual and equitable stages we can introduce some better arrangements, more in harmony with European methods and free-trade notions. The negroes are shrewd men of business in their own way, no more grasping than it is their interest to be, and they show themselves willing to modify and improve upon their time-honoured customs whenever the change is shown to be reasonable. But they object to being bullied, and it is by bullying,

in the erroneously supposed interests of trade, that we provoke all our little wars with them, except those that are caused by sheer bloodthirstiness and wanton love of sport. These little wars are so frequent and so contemptible that scarcely any attention whatever is paid to them by people in England ; but they and the circumstances that lead to them—bringing dishonour on the English name and tending to wreck all the objects we profess to aim at in keeping up our West African possessions—deserve both notice and severe condemnation. This I trust will appear from brief mention of a few quite recent occurrences.

At the end of last July a Mr.—or as he is generally called without warrant “Captain”—Copland Crawford was after a prolonged trial sentenced at Sierra Leone to twelve months’ imprisonment for having caused one of his black servants to be flogged to death, he being then in charge of the Sulymah district. This Mr. Crawford had in the previous September, on his own responsibility, made a small excursion beyond the limits of his district and of the British authority he represented, in order to reprimand one of the independent native chiefs, Mackiah by name, who had given offence by blocking the trade route into the interior. “The only way to renew trade,” wrote Mr. Crawford to the Governor, by way of excuse for what he had done and of suggestion as to what he would like to do, “is to smash, once for all, Mackiah” and another chief whom he named. He was reprovved for his rashness, but he was allowed to continue it, and in November to march out at the head of a tiny army of seventeen policemen with the intention of “smashing” Mackiah. In December he was able to boast that he and his own force had slaughtered 131 of Mackiah’s “war-boys,” and that he knew not how many more had been killed by the rival chiefs, the principal being Gbanna Gombo, who had eagerly rallied to his assistance. Mackiah, as was to be expected, prepared to retaliate, and he assumed such a threatening attitude that Mr. Crawford was supplied with additional police, raising his army to seventy. With this force, and still aided by Gbanna Gombo’s “war-boys,” Mr. Crawford attacked Mackiah, whom he soon put to flight, and as the victors were only able to slay about eighty-five of the enemy, their stronghold and another town were burnt to the ground. That was done in January, and in due course, though not till the end of April, Mackiah was captured and lodged in Freetown gaol. A few days after the heroic exploits of January, however, Gbanna Gombo, who had assisted in them, chose to indulge in a little warfare on his own account. For looting a town in the neighbourhood, he was arrested on

January 17, and sent at once for imprisonment at Freetown ; but when he reached that place he was found to be dying from the barbarous torture to which he had been subjected by his English captors in causing him to be tied up with ropes and so kept during the four days occupied in his conveyance to the capital.

All the details of these proceedings, or rather such of them as the authorities have thought it prudent to disclose, and many more than I have related, may be read in the latest Sierra Leone Blue-book. They furnish an example of the way in which, attempting or pretending to rule the blacks on the West African Coast for their own good and for the benefit of trade, and allowing such representatives of the British Crown as Mr. Crawford to make war upon them, and to slaughter them at will, we disgrace ourselves, add to the degradation of the natives whom we might be expected to do something to civilise, and cripple the trade which is the main reason or excuse for our having anything to do with this part of the country.

An uglier example may be drawn from the latest Gold Coast Blue-book, which is chiefly made up of the record of two expeditions from Cape Coast Castle for the punishment of the Tavieves, a small tribe of about 2,000 in the Krepi district, at the extreme east of the Gold Coast Protectorate, and on the route between the port of Quitta and Dahomey. "The Tavieve people," it was officially stated in April, 1888, "are reputed to be the most turbulent and quarrelsome in the whole of Krepi, and are given to blocking the trade roads from the interior to the sea-coast." Therefore, Assistant-Inspector Dalrymple, of the Gold Coast Constabulary, was sent up to expostulate with the Tavieves, but ordered "not to take offensive measures under any circumstances." He straightway proceeded to "take offensive measures." In a scuffle with the Tavieves he was shot down ; and though the Governor reported that his death was due to his own fault, it was considered necessary to retaliate with "a full display of the force of the colony." Assistant-Inspector Akers and 259 Houssa and Fanti police were employed to this end, and Mr. Akers obtained the help of 3,000 of the other Krepis, who were glad of an opportunity of demolishing the Tavieves. With this overwhelming force he surprised the Tavieves one night in June, and, having driven them out of their villages and seized all their food, he spent the next six days in hunting and shooting them down. "So far as I have been able to ascertain," according to his own report, "about 500 or 600 of the Tavieve men have been killed, and about 200 women and children have died of exposure and starvation, or

been accidentally shot during the fighting." In the week's *battue* two of his policemen and twenty of his allies were killed. For this massacre Mr. Akers was complimented and promoted, and his police and allies were rewarded. "While I deplore the great loss of life," our Secretary of State for the Colonies wrote in September, after he had been fully informed as to the facts, "I am satisfied that the measures adopted have not been more than the circumstances required."

Almost more disgraceful than this episode was the sequel to it ; but our information as to the latter is obtained from unofficial sources, and I confine myself to the evidence of the Blue-book concerning the way in which, as demonstrated in this example, our colonial authorities aim at developing trade and controlling the natives with whom they have dealings by shooting down all who offend them, and rewarding any reckless underling who finds amusement in bullying and killing, and who is not himself killed in the process.

Yet one other example must be adduced from the newest field of our West African enterprise—the protectorate lately set up at the mouths of the Niger and over the swamps and valleys through which it approaches the sea. Long before our Government had anything to do with this region, though private traders as well as travellers and missionaries had gone there and established friendly relations with the natives, the chief potentate thereabouts had been King Ja-Ja of Opobo. Originally a slave in Bonny, he had shown talents that enabled him to buy his freedom, and he had steadily advanced his fortunes until he became the most successful trader in those parts. According to the West African custom, where every chief is a trader and the most prosperous trader is accepted by his neighbours as their president or king, Ja-Ja was for twenty years the ruler over a wide sweep of country round Opobo. Trade flourished, with equal profit to the natives and to the British merchants who dealt with them. Missionaries were welcomed, and a large part of the population was converted to Christianity—in a rough form, it is true, but real as far as it went. King Ja-Ja was recognised and honoured even by Downing Street, and important treaties were made with him as the representative of a great trading community and of the interior chiefs and tribes who supplied its market. At length, about six years ago, a quarrel arose between him and Mr. Hewitt, our Consul at Old Calabar, and in the progress of the quarrel it is quite clear that Ja-Ja did not comport himself with the meekness, or even with the perfect good faith, expected by Englishmen from all of the "inferior

racés" on whom they force themselves. King Ja-Ja was found more and more obstinate and resentful as Consul Hewitt became more and more tyrannical. No open rupture might have occurred, however, had not Consul Hewitt taken a holiday in the summer of 1887, and left Vice-Consul Johnston in charge. Mr. Johnston, acting on behalf of five British firms with whom he had friendly relations, promptly resolved to use his temporary authority in breaking down a system that had been in existence with King Ja-Ja for more than a quarter of a century, and was supported by long precedent, and substituting for it a system that was doubtless preferable in theory, but could not be suddenly enforced without gross injustice. His animus is clearly shown in one long sentence of a letter that he addressed to Lord Salisbury on August 1, 1887. "When I think," he wrote, "of the thousands of pounds which the five British firms have spent in perfecting their arrangement for penetrating to the only part of this country which is worth exploitation, a land where they might hope to enjoy good health, and where the products for which they came to trade are produced ; and when I reflect that in attaining this object all the obstacles that are placed in their way come from a grasping, ruthless, overbearing ex-slave whom adventitious circumstances have surrounded with a *prestige* and importance he does not merit ; I can understand the complaints that the merchants make of the lukewarm way in which the British Government supports British traders who are no longer content to sit down on the unhealthy fringe of swampy coast, and trade in a peddling way through middlemen, but who desire to plant their establishments in the rich interior and avoid the tax on the produce which the middlemen have hitherto imposed." Acting-Consul Johnston had his way. He arrested King Ja-Ja in September, and sent him from Opobo to Accra, where he was put through a form of trial in November, and sentenced to five years' detention in the island of St. Vincent, where he is now a prisoner. In February, 1888, Mr. Johnston reported that "the state of affairs in Opobo" was "most encouraging." But ever since King Ja-Ja's deportation the trade of the district has been in the greatest disorder, and the natives, whose good-will is essential to the maintenance of trade on the only conditions possible at present, are in as near an approach to rebellion as they dare be without risk to their lives.

The examples I have quoted from recently published official documents are not exceptional. They fairly illustrate, in various aspects, the modes in which, holding a straggling series of forts and ports, river-mouths, and administrative stations on the West African

Coast, we pursue a steady or variable course of harrying and bullying towards the blacks, with frequent interludes of wanton killing. Our sole purpose in holding that coast-line, and the sole excuse or pretence for our tyranny and slaughter, is the advancement of trade. We do contrive to carry on a tolerably profitable trade, to the value in imports and exports of about £3,000,000 a year. But in doing that, by the methods we adopt, we are spoiling the chances of developing a trade that might be ten times, or perhaps even a hundred times, as large.

The wisest and most commendable policy that has as yet taken practical shape in West Africa under English management is that entered upon by the Royal Niger Company, which already has more than 150 "factories" scattered along the banks of the Niger and its great tributary the Binu , and reaching four or five hundred miles inland. Grave complaints, however, are already being made as to the arbitrary and oppressive treatment of natives by the agents of this powerful monopoly—treatment tolerated if not prescribed by its managers at home, and too much in keeping with the scornful disregard of native rights and contempt for English principles of justice cynically displayed in the sentence I have quoted from Acting-Consul Johnston. If British trade is to make due progress in West Africa, to be either honourable or really successful, it must be conducted honestly, not after the fashion of filibusters.

With one other remark I must conclude this paper. As our political relations with West Africa have grown up and are continued almost exclusively for commercial reasons, it appears to be utter folly for us to be for ever aiming at territorial aggression, and to be engaging, at the rate of at least two or three a year, in disgraceful little wars designed to browbeat the natives, but which fail to do that, and only succeed in enraging those who are not killed off in the futile operation. If instead of quarrelling with their chiefs and kings we contracted alliances with them, recognising their position and the rights of their subjects, and seeking no more from them than due observance of treaties made with them for their and our joint benefit, both they and we should gain. As Lord Brassey has said in his "Foreign Work and English Wages": "We cannot create a trade in Africa or New Guinea without first raising those countries in the scale of nations. We must co-operate with the native populations in the development of their resources, we must help them to accumulate wealth, or they cannot purchase our goods." That statement strikes the key-note of such civilising work as it is possible for Englishmen to do in West Africa.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

SOME
RECENT SCIENTIFIC ADVANCES.

SCIENTIFIC progress is in these days continuous, and it is distinguished by ever accelerating rapidity. Experts would have little difficulty in pointing out, year by year, the steps that had been recently taken, and the direction in which farther advance was certain and near. Not every year, however, would they record such triumphs as the introduction of saccharin, vanillin, and cocaine, but none the less could they point to discoveries increasing the enjoyment of human life, diminishing the cost of living, and giving promise of still more rapid advance. Scientific discoveries are never made haphazard, though on nothing is the lay public less correctly informed. Were twenty useful chemical compounds submitted to a person not competent to judge of their properties, he would pass them by much as a labourer would fail to be struck by the finest passages of Dante and Shakespeare, and, for the same reason—inability to judge of their beauties and merits. Scientific discoveries are in these days, when the surface has been thoroughly explored, only within the reach of the highly trained investigator, who energetically and laboriously examines everything put before him, and no one but he knows what great manipulative dexterity and patient, untiring perseverance are required to overcome difficulties. Hundreds of able inquirers are working in every department of science, toiling, thinking, and experimenting; but in most cases with no advance to record, finding that the discovery they would make eludes their grasp, much as the painter has often to turn to the wall, night after night, the canvas on which he has been vainly trying to portray features of heavenly beauty, but which he lacks the genius of a Raphael or a Lionardo da Vinci to call out from his inner consciousness. When a discovery is proclaimed of such a character as to captivate the imagination of mankind, and not one discovery in twenty possesses the easy comprehensibility and obvious utility enabling it to do that, it represents genius, patient research, and vast attainments which only a few trained investigators can appreciate. People exclaim, “What a wonderful discovery! What a lucky fellow!”

little understanding that he whose name then comes before them for the first time has for years shown indomitable perseverance and deserves the same ; yes, and perhaps even greater fame than rewards the successful toiler in more popular walks. There is something exquisitely true and touching in the words of Dunsford in " Friends in Council " to his young girl friend, " Always honour a scholar, my dear ; if for nothing else, for the untiring energy, the sleepless toil which it has cost him to acquire his scholarship." And so, when we hear of some scientific advance we should never forget that it represents the labour of years, and that the one successful candidate for public recognition is perhaps the only man who has come to the front among a hundred who have toiled to add to the sum of human knowledge, and who have seen summer fade into winter, and youth give place to age, in the fruitless attempt. I have been fortunate enough to see much of some of these ardent students of nature, and have known them live only to learn and discover ; perhaps for weeks sitting up all night in the untiring struggle to conquer the mysteries of nature, hoping in vain, yearning to inscribe their names on the long list of discoverers, and yet not unhappy in the midst of failure, for in the discharge of their self-appointed mission they found happiness.

Sir Benjamin Brodie believed that observation, practice, and thought were the chiefest means of self-training in science, but he did not underrate the value of labour—patient, well directed, and continuous. On the day of his election as President of the Royal Society he remarked that he felt his happiness to be in a " life of exertion." In my own case, with no aptitude for scientific pursuits, lacking the patient application and accurate observation indispensable to the successful student of nature, I sometimes envy the men who have the power so to apply themselves, and half wish that I had been differently constituted, so that I, too, might have rejoiced in chemical researches, or, like some of my friends, have found greater pleasure in dissecting a horse's foot or a rat's face than in studying the masterpieces of literature.

Acquiring knowledge may at last become a positive passion, giving as keen a pleasure as a constant round of gay amusements to persons of different temperament and less lofty ambition. Yet it must not be forgotten that this is a practical world, one in which men and women have to live and die, so that it is indispensable that something fruitful should accompany the acquisition of learning. Professor Edward Freeman pours a perfect torrent of invective on the man who expects a substantial return from his labours, and who will not work unless he can see that some good will result from

learning. Mr. Freeman contends that anyone, worthy to be called a scholar, will toil merely to acquire knowledge, and with no thought of future reward; and yet it is obvious that were not some thought given to the uses of patient and long-continued study, thousands of men might degenerate—no other name is applicable to them—into bookworms, reading night and day, it is true, but not increasing the sum of human knowledge, not enriching and enlightening mankind, but all the while having to be maintained by the fruit of the labour of others. Surely the passion for knowledge as such may be carried too far, and amount to little more than a clever man's hobby. Have we not heard of the scholar whose wife, at the point of death, sent him an urgent message to hasten to her side, "Tell her," he replied, when with some difficulty he had grasped, so great was his pre-occupation, the full drift of the message, "to wait a few minutes"? Again came the imploring summons; again the scholar pleaded for delay. And now he was informed that she was dead. He paused a moment, sighed, and resumed those studies, which had become dearer to him than life. There is, nevertheless, something inexpressibly touching in the dying request of Lavoisier, that his death by the guillotine might be delayed a short time so that he could complete some interesting experiments, and something, under the circumstances, not altogether unnatural on the part of the Government, that "the Republic did not want chemists."

Perhaps the field which holds out the greatest promise is chemistry applied to the arts of life; one can see no limit to what may there be accomplished. Not only is there the promise of far more durable materials, stronger drugs, and cheaper chemicals, but above and beyond all, a prospect of such advances that food will be built up in the chemist's laboratory, and inexhaustible supplies be poured into the market. Man has a tendency to multiply more rapidly than the means of subsistence; land can only produce a certain limited quantity of food, and that is so dependent on the seasons, the latitude, and the depredations of insect and vegetable pests, that the actual yield from a given acreage falls, under the most favourable conditions, far short of the theoretical return. It is conceivable that the pressure of population might tax wide areas and demand more food than they could be made to yield. We have nearly reached that limit in England; two-thirds of our wheat, and perhaps close upon one-half of all the food consumed in this realm, is drawn from foreign lands. But supposing that chemical science should teach us how to build up compounds, with dietetic properties equal to those of wheat and with nothing offensive to the palate,

what a marvellous future might await the race, at last become independent of extraneous supplies! Many people will smile and will assure me that the manufacture of such food, should it ever be possible, will not be economical, and, therefore, not practically useful. But is there not continuous progress in practice and in theory? Machinery is being rapidly perfected, human labour economised, and the stored-up energy of the tides and rivers must before long be utilised. Let us calculate the energy that runs to waste in a single gale of wind, or in a single high tide off the coasts and in the rivers of our country. The stored-up energy of all the coal in all the coal-fields of all the world represents, in billions of foot tons, a mere fraction of the energy of the rivers of Europe, nay of England; and, while the richest coal mines are soon worked out, and coal demands immense labour for its transference from the bowels of the earth to the centres of industry, there is just as much energy in the tides and rivers to-day as there was a thousand years ago. The wind represents an energy almost beyond the imagination to grasp. In a single heavy three days' gale the energy that could be extracted from ten thousand well-placed windmills transmuted into electro-motor power, and properly stored, would be worth untold millions and tens of millions of tons of coal. For motive power we shall not always look to our coal mines; we shall utilise our rivers and estuaries, and come to regard a stiff gale as an inexhaustible source of material wealth.

I can distinctly remember, when a little boy, watching a brilliant electric light over the offices of the Elkington Electro Plate Works, in Newhall Street, Birmingham, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's marriage. It was a marvellous achievement, and aroused general curiosity and attention. The wondering crowds looking at the dazzling light were a proof of this, but long after that time well-informed people contended that the electric current could never be transmitted any great distance for practical purposes, and would always be extravagantly expensive, while there was no possibility of its being divided. It was only yesterday, as it were, that we saw the exhibitions at South Kensington magnificently lighted up by electricity. The problem *is* solved, the current can be transmitted vast distances, houses and streets can be easily and economically supplied with it; nay, more, its cost is rapidly diminishing, and holders of gas shares cannot doubt that before long, in spite of better methods of preparing gas, the electric light will not only be the great illuminator in main thoroughfares, churches, public buildings, railway stations and ships, but that its economy over gas will be as pronounced as its superior lighting power. Marvellous progress has of late been

made in that branch of mechanical art, which has as its aim doing work by means of the electric current. Electricity, as every schoolboy knows, is no new discovery. Thales and his learned contemporaries wondered when they saw a piece of amber or *elektron*, when vigorously rubbed for a few minutes, attracting light bodies; but two thousand years later Dr. Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's great physician, had got little farther in practical results than the Greek sages. Conjecture found an inexhaustible field in electricity, and Robert Boyle hazarded the explanation that an invisible glutinous substance came out of resins and glass, when friction was applied to them, and seized hold of light bodies within its reach, and carried them back with itself to the place from which it had started. Generations passed away, and the powers of electricity, as we are beginning to understand them, remained unknown, the subject continuing one more of curiosity than practical utility. But the philosopher's toy of one age is, a generation later, the trusty servant of the world, and watching the movement of pith balls and bits of paper has given us the electric telegraph. The first practical step in the application of electrical force to remunerative mechanical ends was due to Michael Faraday in 1830, and yet it was a poor little thing after all—a mere pigmy effort compared with the giant results of our day. It amounted to no more than showing that a magnet could be made to produce an electrical current in a contiguous strand of copper wire. The important point in this experiment is that it is not the vertical magnet that produces, in the small suspended needle, the disturbance, but it is the movement of the vertical bar magnet that moves the suspended needle, which only swings when the bar magnet is dropped into the coil or taken out of it. The electrical current is not the cause of the movement, nor is it the primary source of that movement; it is only the means of its transmission from the place where it originated to the place where it takes effect; it is a case of the conversion as well as of the transmission of force. The mechanical impulse is first transmuted into an electric current, and then, with more or less completeness, reconverted into mechanical effort, when the produced movement is set up: in other words, the muscular power of the operator's arm, by which the bar magnet is lifted or dropped into the coil, is absolutely and essentially transformed into the propagation of an electrical effort: that is, into an electrical current along the wire; it was, in short, Michael Faraday's arm which moved the needle at the end of the wire. I need hardly remind the reader that an electrical current is only one form of energy; in other words, electricity is nothing more than one of the many forms of energy; heat can be converted

into electricity, so can chemical action. This means that to get a large amount of electro-motive power available for mechanical purposes either coal must be burnt, or wind used, or the energy of the tides and rivers economised and transmuted. But, before coal can be burnt, it must be worked, brought to the surface, and perhaps conveyed long distances, and then transmuted into electricity. Much of this costly labour would be saved if something cheaper, more abundant, and practically inexhaustible like the tides could be found, and it is to the tides that, when certain mechanical impediments are overcome, we shall look for our motive power.

Professor Silvanus Thompson has pointed out that the construction of a few yards of embankment, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, probably he means in the Avon, would provide a tidal basin, with a rise and fall of twenty-three feet, which would suffice, turned to mechanical uses, to charge every year ten million Faure accumulators, and to raise twenty billions of pounds one foot high. One-tenth of this energy would be sufficient for the permanent lighting of Bristol. He also calculates that one-fifth part of the tidal energy, now running to waste in the estuary of the Severn, near Bristol, where the rise and fall exceed twenty-three feet, would, transmuted into electricity, be enough to light every city and to turn every loom, spindle, and axle in the United Kingdom. Professor Perry, in some brilliant comments on certain of Professor Joule's experiments, goes farther. He prophesies that we shall have great central stations, perhaps at the bottom of coal mines, where enormous steam engines will drive immense electrical machines. Along every street he believes wires will be laid, tapped into every house, much like gas pipes, and the current will pass through little electric machines to drive machinery, ventilate houses and rooms, replace stoves and fires, and work everything required in the household economy, from mangles, sewing machines, and barbers' brushes, down to apple-parers; and he adds that with properly constructed machines the energy of Niagara could be converted into electrical power, and be transmitted to New York, there to be used for everything to which human labour is applied, and to much for which human strength is inadequate. Sir Frederick Bramwell goes still farther: he prophesies that in less than fifty years the steam engine will be obsolete, and will be replaced by more powerful and convenient machines driven by electro-motor power; and no one need think that this great engineer has let his imagination run away with him. His is not the baseless vision of a heated imagination. Are not engines, tramcars, and railways successfully and economically worked by electricity; only last

year Dr. Samuel Hyde, of Buxton House, Buxton, showed me a small engine at work, lighting the whole of the vast establishment of which he is the resident physician with a soft, soothing, but withal brilliant, electric light, while Faure's accumulators were being charged in large numbers for Sunday use by the surplus energy of the machine, which also worked an elevator.

To come to another and not less interesting, though far less brilliant, part of the subject. What has not medicine done in our day for the good of mankind? Need we blush at any comparison between its achievements and those of other callings? How stupendous have been the results, direct and indirect, that have rewarded some apparently obscure or unimportant discovery? For centuries scientific students tried to find reliable and safe anæsthetics, and there is no doubt that for at least five hundred years some were known and occasionally used. But it has only been in our day that surgery and medicine have been revolutionised by the introduction and, still more important, by the constant resort to chloroform and other members of that class. Did the pioneers in the introduction of chloroform even dimly foreshadow the result of their labours? Impossible! nor have we yet grasped all that it will enable us to accomplish. Chloroform is one of the most extraordinary of the many blessings that have distinguished this age; it may even dispute the palm with electricity and the steam engine as the greatest advance of modern times. It has done more for the relief of suffering than anything else; it has rendered rapid surgical advance possible, and opened a vista of which the keenest vision cannot see the end; it has removed the dread of operations, nay, it has enabled hundreds of thousands, millions rather, of sufferers to face operations that, without its beneficent help, would have been impossible. Its dangers are altogether beneath notice when fairly weighed in the balance. Surgeon McGuire, of Stonewall Jackson's army, gave it 28,000 times without a death; Dr. Chisholm over 10,000 times with equal good fortune; and the French surgeons in the Crimea administered it 20,000 times without a single accident. The gigantic strides which abdominal surgery has made at the hands of Mr. Lawson Tait, and other operators of genius, and which Mr. Greig Smith, of Bristol, has so brilliantly described in his great and scholarly work on Abdominal Surgery, are the outcome of its introduction. It may have terminated a few hundred lives prematurely, but it has prolonged millions. A generation that has seen chloroform and cocaine introduced into common use need not complain that it has not borne its full share in alleviating human suffering.

Let me say something about the natural history of cocaine, that invaluable drug which, with meteor-like rapidity, has come into common use. It has the singular property of deadening mucous membranes, so that operations on the eye can be carried out without the necessity of bringing the whole system under the influence of an anæsthetic, as was necessary when chloroform and other members of that class were alone available. A strong solution of cocaine is applied to the mucous surface, and in a few minutes sensibility is temporarily gone, and the most serious operations are practicable. Patients have repeatedly assured me that they have not felt anything, and that they did not experience any discomfort even in long and tedious operations. Cocaine is also a valuable drug for internal administration, and, apart from operations, is most soothing to the surface of an inflamed eye; indeed, it saves many an eye that would otherwise be doomed. My old school-fellow and fellow-student, Professor Priestley Smith, of Birmingham, considers that the most striking advance in ophthalmic surgery in modern times has been the introduction into practice, by Kohler, of Vienna, of this elegant preparation. But this drug, though it has only just come into use, and though four years ago it was totally unknown to the general public by name, and to the medical profession as a therapeutic agent, is one of great antiquity, and was familiar enough by repute to the student of foreign lands and nations. When the Spaniards first landed in South America they found the natives of the tropical valleys of the Eastern Andes, or rather of Bolivia, Peru, and Brazil, chewing the leaves of a plant, now scientifically called *Erythroxylon coca*, the latter being a corruption of "khoka," which, in the Aymara language, means *the plant*. Not only did the Indians chew it rolled into a ball and called "acullico," but with every fresh supply they put into their mouths a little unslaked lime on the end of a bit of wood, which, after being moistened, they dipped into a lime flask. The Indian of America is a strange compound of melancholy and fortitude. He vanishes before the white man, though generally displaying conspicuous courage and determination in the conflict. He delights in dreamy contemplation, and to this may be ascribed his passion for tobacco and coca, to both of which he is peculiarly addicted. It is the custom to give the workpeople of the districts where coca is cultivated a few moments' rest, while they chew their favourite narcotic, to the enjoyment of which absolute repose and absence of preoccupation are essential. In this way the Indian gets through an ounce or an ounce and a half of coca leaves in twenty-four hours. The time given to the consumption of coca is called "chaccar," and

employers of labour find it worth their while to allow workpeople to have this enjoyment at stated periods. Von Tschudi, speaking of the Indians of the Peruvian Andes, and his description applies to all ramifications of the Red-skin race, remarks that in their domestic relations they are unsocial and gloomy ; husband, wife, and children live together with little appearance of warm affection ; children approach their seniors with curious timidity, and whole days sometimes pass without the interchange of a word of kindness between them. When not engaged in out-door work, the South American Indian sits gloomily in his hut, chewing coca, and brooding in silence over reflections that seem to offer little that is cheering. It has been asserted that coca diminishes the need for food, and increases the power of surmounting great heights, and I remember reading, several years ago, some excellent papers by the late Sir Robert Christison of Edinburgh, on this subject, in which he powerfully described the marvellous improvement in his own power of breathing, in ascending lofty hills, whilst he chewed coca leaves. Coca, therefore, is not a new thing, except as regards its introduction, or rather, that of its active principle—the hydrochlorate of cocaine—into the armoury of the modern scientific surgeon. But its properties were such that when once recognised it could not be long before it came into common use for medical purposes. At first the exorbitant price of the alkaloid repelled medical practitioners, as much as four shillings a grain being asked and paid—in other words, nearly £100 per ounce. That soon fell to half the price, then to threepence the grain, and now it can be got at less than £2 per ounce, and no doubt will become still cheaper when more extensively cultivated for the European market. The history of coca is that of many other drugs—known at first to few, and confined to limited areas, then described more or less intelligently by some learned inquirer, and after a time introduced into all parts of the world, and, finally, when applied to legitimate uses, adding to the conveniences and pleasures of life, and becoming instead of a curiosity the prized possession of millions.

Saccharin is another marvel of the age and will bear description here. In Sir Henry Roscoe's masterly review of chemistry at Manchester, in 1887, a passage that struck many of his readers and hearers with surprise was the one in which he spoke of saccharin, that curious agent, 300 times as sweet as ordinary cane sugar. Most people knew that the progress of chemical science had of late been rapid beyond precedent, and that coal-tar had been a mine from which the chemist had extracted dyes, scents, and flavours, that had almost revolutionised the arts, and which had enormously increased the

elegancies and comforts of life ; but few were aware that the ardent chemist could almost see a time when many valuable adjuncts to human food would actually be built up in the laboratory, in any quantity required. There is a great difference between analysing a food and building it up from its very foundation, and, while everyone knew that the chemist could take to pieces most foods in common use and find out their component parts, it was not commonly known that it was becoming possible to take the different ingredients, put them together, and manufacture in the laboratory something indistinguishable from the finished product of nature's own providing. The triumphs of analytical chemistry were complete before those of synthetical chemistry filled the eager student of science with hope, and here it is that the greatest and most brilliant promise seems awaiting him. Hardly any limit can be seen to what chemistry may do, and a young man of real genius and fixity of purpose, who wanted a field vast enough for all his energies and for the longest life, would find none comparable with chemical science : labour cannot be wasted there. A man may immortalise himself by carefully examining what other people throw away, and nothing is so insignificant and familiar that a careful examination of it may not lead to great discoveries pregnant with wonders. Every year fresh plants are brought to England, and fresh fruits and vegetable products are made known, and it requires no very deep insight into what has been done, and into what is taking place, to justify the assertion that before the present century has run its course chemistry will have enriched the world with products that for usefulness, potency, and cheapness, will transcend nearly everything that is at present within the reach and at the command of man.

The chemist has long possessed chemical agents whose potency oppresses the mind ; for instance, one grain of the ammoniacal hypo-sulphite of silver makes 32,000 grains of water intensely sweet, while one grain of strychnine makes one pint of water bitter ; but the sweetening properties of this silver salt were a scientific fact of little use in practical life. Some years ago, however, Dr. Fahlberg, as the fruit of eight years' incessant work, succeeded in converting saccharin, a singular derivative of coal-tar, wholly unconnected with the silver salt named above, from a laboratory curiosity into a commercial product, and perhaps Sir Henry Roscoe, one of the most competent judges in the world, did not go too far when he called saccharin " the most remarkable of all the marvellous products of the coal-tar industry."

Saccharin has been attracting the attention of medical men, and

according to the medical papers, which are, however, always rather sanguine, will be invaluable in covering the nauseous and loathsome taste of some of those powerful new medicines with which science has enriched the pharmacopœia, and which, although useful beyond all expectation, are sometimes most unpalatable, or, like cascara sagrada, so nauseous that many sufferers bear the ills they know rather than face the still more unpleasant evil of being half poisoned by the foul smelling and disgusting remedy.

I shall not attempt to describe the steps in the manufacture of saccharin, nor shall I perplex myself and my readers with a page or two of chemical symbols, which another advance in chemistry may cause to be abandoned. Suffice it that saccharin, or benzoyl sulphonic imide, is a white amorphous powder, which under the microscope is found to have a distinct crystalline appearance. It is intensely sweet, although when tasted in its pure form not so overpoweringly so as one would expect from descriptions. This is disappointing, but the discoverer stated at Manchester at the British Association gathering, and his explanation is reasonable, that the intensity of the sweet flavour gives rise to so powerful an action on the nerves of taste as to deaden them, in the same manner as too strong a light dazzles instead of assisting vision. Saccharin is an essence which, to be of practical value, must be freely diluted, and in this respect it is analogous to vanillin, another of the recently discovered derivatives of coal-tar, which is superseding the familiar natural vegetable product, vanilla, as a flavouring material.

In cold water saccharin is only slightly soluble ; in water of the temperature of 120° F. it is only moderately soluble ; while even in boiling water it does not perfectly dissolve ; but when the solution is neutralised, and carbonate of soda or carbonate of potash is added, solubility is greatly increased. When saccharin is added to a solution of carbonate of potash, or of carbonate of soda, carbonic acid is given off, and a compound of soda or potash salts with saccharin is formed. These salts are nearly as sweet as saccharin, and as they are freely soluble are far more convenient. One saccharin tabloid, the form in which this potent agent is often taken, is fairly equivalent to a lump of white sugar. I find that it is better to put the tabloid into the cup, and then add the hot coffee or tea, and finally the milk.

Alcohol, which dissolves so many substances on which water alone hardly acts, also takes up saccharin, and the manufacturer of pure unadulterated sweet wines, cordials and liquors, will soon include it in his armoury. Mosso has investigated the subject, and finds that one gallon of a ten per cent. mixture of alcohol and water dissolves 378·7

grains of saccharin ; one gallon of a forty per cent. mixture takes up 1391·6 grains ; one of eighty per cent. holds 2250·5 ; while absolute alcohol only suspends 2118·9 grains. The reader will notice that an eighty per cent. mixture of alcohol and water takes up the largest amount, and it is often curious that the strongest solvent, as at first sight it appears, is less effective than a weaker form of the same solvent. Saccharin is also abundantly soluble in warm glycerine ; at a temperature of 224° F. it melts, and is then partially decomposed and gives off a characteristic odour. Professor Stutzer, of Bonn, tells us that one grain of saccharin distinctly sweetens 70,000 grains of pure distilled water. Saccharin is not a fermentable sugar, and is coming into common use in the treatment of many diseases, and is used in many cases in which the palate craves for sweets, but in which ordinary cane sugar cannot without danger be permitted. There is no doubt that it will, to some extent, enter into formidable competition with cane sugar, especially in making confectionery and preserves ; and sweetmeats are being prepared that, while as palatable as those we are accustomed to, are less objectionable. But I must pause, leaving much unsaid that is claimed for saccharin—that truly marvellous product of modern chemistry.

A department in which much remained to be done was the preparation of drugs in such forms that they could be taken without great discomfort, and of late years there has been wonderful advance in the preparation of palatable medicines. Pleasant and palatable medicines ! the reader will exclaim in surprise. What next ? Medicines are associated with everything that is distasteful—a smooth-faced, oily-tongued, cat-like creature, yclept a doctor, gliding in to look at our tongue, feel our pulse, and persuade us to do what he wants, as though, forsooth ! we were not more competent than he to look after ourselves ; and then sending us bottles of medicines, which, as soon as the cork is removed, scent the room with the evil smells of Capua and Cologne. This at least is what people say when they are well ; but illness changes their tone, and who then so welcome, so kind, as the once derided doctor ? But pleasant medicines indeed ! when were two words less closely connected ? Medicines sometimes are nice, though—in the shape of homœopathic globules that have stood a few hours in a room filled with bottled up drugs, just to give them a faint, far away suspicion of containing one part in fifty millions of belladonna, or veratria, or atropine, though to get any good you must swallow the contents of hundreds of tiny bottles. And yet, let me assure the reader that medicines, and powerful ones, too—no sugar-coated pilules, no make believes, but real, honest, strong medicines—

are to be got, which are not only palatable, but actually pleasant. Illness is robbed of half its terrors, and that much-ried person the doctor, the sport of every breeze, not even his own best friend can approach without sending a shudder through us. Scientific research has done it, and the advance of the medical art has been made easier and surer. Let me explain how this has come about. Suppose that a minute quantity of a perfectly pure drug were subjected to pressure, and given a shape similar to a small seed; it could then be laid on the tongue, and swallowed, and hardly be tasted, and what a comfort that would be, although the gastric juice would act on it as freely as saliva on sugar! Who first thought of using the pure drug in its simplest form and smallest bulk, and compressing it, I do not know, but not many years ago the medical world was startled by the appearance of tiny bottles, somewhat larger than those of homœopathists, containing small round discs of pretty appearance, and about half the size of a threepenny piece, but somewhat thicker. On the bottles was seen something like this, "Tabloids of Compressed Sulphate of Quinine," or of "Saccharin," or "Cocaine," or "Chlorate of Potash." First one doctor then another swallowed in bravado a dozen tabloids, and in a few hours they were rewarded by such twinges as convinced them that tabloids were something more than plain sugar. At last tabloids were seen in every good-class chemist's shop, and the beautiful little bottles began to be met with in most houses, and we now learn that this form of administering drugs promises to become general. I am naturally sceptical, and turned up my nose at tabloids, and it would have taken the College of Physicians and the College of Surgeons, and a score of bishops to boot, to shake my unbelief. I had, however, been much impressed by Sir Henry Roscoe's observations on saccharin, and was revolving the matter in my mind when my eye caught an advertisement of Burroughs, Wellcome, & Co.'s saccharin tabloids, one of which was equal to a lump of sugar. I knew that this eminent firm had done much to popularise tabloids, and I decided to write to them for a few saccharin samples. I subsequently learnt that it was they who had fitted out Stanley and other great explorers with their medical equipments. A courteous reply reached me, and a little bottle, small enough to go in the waistcoat pocket, and containing one hundred millet-seed-like white discs was sent me. I tried one, and was astonished: the tabloid was excellent, and Sir Henry Roscoe's reputation for accuracy more than vindicated. Then I induced friends to try them, and the result confirmed my conclusions, which have also been strengthened by my observations on many patients since.

Lest the reader should think I am allowing my enthusiasm to run away with me, and that my judgment is so warped as to be of no value, I venture to reproduce the following passage from the official report of Surgeon-General J. A. Marston, C.B., one of the most distinguished army surgeons of the day, at the International Medical Congress, at Washington in September, 1887. Dr. Marston says:—
 “These tabloids are not more expensive than the ordinary forms of administering medicines, as they can be made at a very small advance on the crude drug. They keep well in all climates, and are unaffected by heat or moisture. Specimens were examined which had been round the world in the steam-ship ‘Ceylon,’ and Mr. H. M. Stanley, in his work, ‘The Congo,’ vol. 2, pp. 325 and 327, refers to their value. I forward some samples of compressed forms of medicine now in use, which have been submitted to me by Messrs, Burroughs, Wellcome, & Co., Snow Hill, E.C.” How the same names keep reappearing! but the history of compressed tabloids can no more be written without the introduction of this firm than can that of the Peninsular War without the constant mention of Wellington.

Not knowing what they contained, my curiosity was stimulated but it did not enter into my head that tabloids consisted of nothing but pure, concentrated drugs. For some time I fancied that the active ingredient was mixed with starch, sugar, or I know not what. At last I wrote to one of the foremost firms for permission to inspect their works, and, although my name could hardly be known to the proprietors, I received permission, though contrary to trade rule, to do so, and in due course I was met by a representative of the firm. This gentleman showed me the whole place. I shall not pause to describe the exquisite cleanliness, the cheerfulness of the workpeople, and the extensive scale of the operations—that must be passed over, but to my astonishment I found innumerable presses at work preparing tabloids—saccharin, cocaine, chlorate of potash, borax, quinine, cascara sagrada, rhubarb and soda, nitrate of potash, carbonate of soda, and dozens more, indeed, in one list I have just counted sixty-nine sorts. No sugar, starch, gum, glue, oil, or other foreign ingredients are added, only the pure drug and nothing besides; and inquiries have satisfied me that the purity of the drugs is above question. My able conductor assured me that wherever good drugs could be found they were bought; some were of English preparation, others came from Germany, others again from America: never mind cost or distance, the best drug is the only one used, and, as a result, tabloids are superseding the more nauseous drugs, which used to make us ill and cause us to turn our youthful face to the wall and weep. Probably

almost every complaint could be treated with tabloids ; indeed, I will go farther and assert that every disease can be successfully combated by their help, and I have no doubt, though I have not inquired, that tabloids could be inexpensively made up according to any formula approved by the whim or ripe judgment of the physician. Moreover, as the energetic movers in this field are not satisfied with what has been accomplished, they no sooner hear that another new and valuable drug is discovered than they obtain samples, and it appears in air-tight bottles in tabloid form. Only think of passing through rheumatic fever or scarlatina and taking tabloids of salicylate of soda or chlorate of potash every hour or two, instead of making hideous faces and trying to swallow a wine-glass of some loathsome mixture !

In addition to tabloids for medical purposes, properly so-called, others are prepared for local application to the throat. These are sucked, but even then there is nothing particularly unpalatable in them, or, more correctly speaking, sucking a tiny tabloid and soothing the throat with cocaine or borax, or chlorate of potash, is very different and far more efficacious than brushing the back of the mouth with an irritating and unsavoury wash. I have lately prescribed some very powerful tabloids for clients of mine whose nervousness and dislike of medicines were a great trouble to me, and they have warmly thanked me for introducing them to such agreeable remedies. From inquiries I have made, chemists tell me that the demand for throat and voice tabloids is reaching dimensions fabulously great, and that they are fast driving from the field the old-time, mawkish sugar lozenges.

Thinking I might as well see all I could, my kind conductor took me over every department, and everywhere I noticed the same skill, the same cleanliness, the same perfection of appliances and materials. Absorbent wool was being made in tons, while Kepler Extract of Malt was being prepared in quantities that almost made me suspect that it must be one of the principal articles of household consumption. For the latter the finest ripe barley is coarsely ground and mashed, strained, and filtered, and then partly evaporated in a vacuum chamber at a moderate temperature. If evaporation were permitted at the full pressure of the atmosphere, a very high temperature would be needed, and the extract would be discoloured and burnt ; but by using a vacuum chamber a lower temperature is sufficient and the extract is not burnt, discoloured, or injured. A solution of cod-liver oil in Kepler Malt Extract is prepared, having all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the more familiar but very unpalatable emulsions.

Another department was engaged putting up active principles in small bottles, fitted with delicate drop-measuring stoppers : among these the little bottles of pinol and hazeline were particularly attractive : a few drops of these invaluable preparations are put on a lump of sugar and swallowed. Everyone has heard of the now fashionable pine treatment, that is, baths to which an extract from the needles of the pumilio pine is added, and Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome, & Co. have turned their attention in this direction, and prepare bottles of pine extract. The contents of a bottle are put in a bath, so that there is no need to go to Bournemouth or any other place to have treatment ; it can be managed with perfect ease and comfort in one's own home, provided it contains, as every house should, a bathroom.

After all I have said little remains except that the skill and ripe judgment, which have been so triumphantly vindicated in the manufacture of tabloids, and of so many voice and throat medicines, and of a whole host of other matters, such as lilliputian discs for hypodermic injections, has been brought to bear on toilet accessories ; and lanoline soap tablets, lanoline cold cream, and lanoline pomade are among the most elegant preparations of the day. Lanoline is a cholesterine fat, differing from ordinary fat in not leaving a sticky layer on the skin, for the glycerine in ordinary fats is replaced by cholesterine crystals. Lanoline is coming into general use for medical and surgical purposes, and has no rival, but its domestic uses are not less remarkable, and the introduction of beautiful porcelain jars of lanoline toilet accessories will increase its popularity.

I returned home from my visit of inspection wiser but not sadder ; my long connection with the healing art had made me at times fancy that little was left to learn ; but I confess my mistake and cry *peccavi*. Since that visit I have prescribed tabloids with a persistency that has rather astonished my patients, and has made some chemists think that I have totally changed my method of practice. The results have more than satisfied me, and I predict that a brilliant future awaits the new forms, though let me warn readers to remember the words of one of the leading medical journals—"Tabloids," it said, "are powerful drugs, not to be trifled with, and not to be swallowed all day long, except with scrupulous attention to the directions given and in the proper quantities."

I think my readers will admit that the title which I have given my long and discursive article is fully vindicated, and that, though I have only touched a very small part of the field, I have proved that the advances of modern science have been marvellous, and that they are full of promise of still more wonderful triumphs.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI,

IPPLEPEN.

ROUND AND ABOUT AN OLD DEVON VILLAGE.

“**T**HE country between Teign and Dart is perhaps as pretty as any in England. It is so lovely in all its varieties of rivers, rivulets, broken ground, hills and dales, old broken time-worn timber, green knolls, rich pastures, and heathy commons, that the wonder is that English lovers of scenery know so little of it.”

So writes Anthony Trollope, no mean judge of a country-side, and his description is more than ever true of the part where the rivers draw nearest, and of the centre of the isthmus, where the old trade road from Totnes—called by the Polychronicon the oldest town in England—terraced along the sides of the shallow valley far above the treacherous bogs, attains the watershed and passes between the two green knolls to which the Celtic people gave the usual name of Penns. It pauses at the Cross Roads, whose decapitated Market Cross attests the thoroughness of the Parliamentary Commissioner Dowsing, name immortalised by schoolboys ever since, and then pursues its eastward course.

Men of many races have passed along it, and made their homes in the old cob-walled cottages, dating, many of them, from centuries back, and externally but little changed. All the races have left types behind them. There is still to be seen the little long-headed Celt, whose fathers dwelt in the British villages close by. A stolid blue-eyed Saxon recalls his ancestor, to whom, as the only Englishman in a French colony, the name “L’Anglais” adhered. Atrabilious dark-haired Jutes represent the race which gave names to Daneton and Denbury Down, while, greatest survival of all, a Levantine, who so far as looks, stature, complexion, and acuteness in business go, might have been imported last week from Ionian Izmir, reproduces the great sea-faring race, who long before Homer wrote had passed the Pillars of Hercules in pursuit of the greatest of all their divinities, gain.

Church before State ; before telling of the glorious views to be seen from every glowing upland, or the pure and sparkling breezes,

healthful alike whether they blow from moor or sea, or the deep ferny combs wherein course limpid streams gushing out from hill-sides ablaze with golden gorse, or the glorious winding lanes, things of beauty all through Nature's calendar from yellow primrose to purple bryony, let us speak of the various faiths which for at least thirty centuries have influenced man's hopes and fears in this pleasant land, for all of them have left traces.

North of the village, on the hill beyond the Towns-end, is an earth-work, in which some have recognised the figure of a serpent, albeit much blurred and mutilated. On this point there may be a doubt, but there is none as to the existence of the worship itself as a dominant religion. When the first Christian missionary planted his preaching cross, he thought it prudent to acknowledge existing institutions by carving on the four corners of its pedestal the dragon's claw. Not necessarily, though, an absolute bowing-down in the House of Rimmon. The serpent bore an important part in all representations connected with the worship of Mithra, whose emblems occur in the ruined Christian Churches of the Trans-Jordan; and Fergusson opines that serpent-worshippers were more open to Christian influences than men of other faiths. But, side by side with the serpent cult, long before the missionary had raised his cross, was the worship of the Sun-god himself. The Phœnician trader had come, and with him his faith.

Bronze, the metal most in use in and before Homeric times, had tin for its component, and the Tyrian merchant, located on the great coast highway between the civilisations north and south of him, had, long ere that, organised the means by which it was to be brought to his storehouse.

The long sea route from Sidon to Ictis needed something more than Horace's "robur et æs triplex circa pectus." It needed capital, credit, goods, and grain for barter with natives, and, above all, resident agents to set in motion tin streamers and tin smelters, to boat the ingots down stream to the storehouses, there to remain till the ships came to carry it away. In effect it required a resident colony at the shipping port, duly fortified, too, against customers who might fancy booty more than barter. In an address to the British Association at Bristol, Sir Charles Wilson throws much light on old traffic routes between east and west, but the true history of ancient trade remains to be written. Antiquarian research can alone reveal it, and such a find as that piece of jade in the Swiss Lake dwellings speaks volumes as to how it got there, and what the bringer took back in exchange for it. It calls up the facts of a

distributing centre and a collecting centre, with tolerably secure communication between them, of institutions in work centuries before Homer himself, and reaching from Thibet to the Tegern See. The tin industry here in England implies a resident colony, perpetually renewed by fresh blood as its older members died off, for there was no "run home" for the worn-out or sick-unto-death trader, however deep "Heim Weh" had set its mark upon him. Exile was for life, with hardly any exception.

The tin industry implies a society for mutual succour and defence, for friendship, nay more, the home, the family, the presence of women, the nurture of children, and most of all, religion. In the home of his enforced adoption among the steep hills which surround Totnes, there opened to the east a long sloping valley on whose skyline the sun would rise with grand yet chastened splendour to his worshipper and child, waiting from earliest dawn to prostrate himself before his deity, as in the old days of infancy among the Syrian Hills. And through this nick in the hills there ran the trade road he knew so well, of such importance indeed as to cause them to build Totnes Bridge for it—of its exact width, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet—at some period lost in the ages.

Here then on the "penn" visible from his home, would be placed the Temple of the Sun-God, the place of the sacred fire, served by an hierophant, of priestly caste descending from father to son, and dwelling close to, if not on, the Holy Ground. The Penn of the Temple would be distinguished by the Celts around as the Hill of The Light, and Oibel Penn, let us say Spark Hill, it still remains. And here still, in this conserving Devon land, that priest still remains—a true Levantine in face, figure, complexion, and keen business instinct: nay even in his priestly name. Pilgrims, therefore, who can no longer seek at Castle Malwood in the green New Forest glades the last of those Purkises whose ancestor drew the Red King's body in his charcoal cart to its grave in Winton Cathedral, nor can see at Chertsey the last of the Wapshots, who had held their land, father to son, from the days of King Alfred, can go to our village and see there "Baal's Man of Glory," in the person of the Venerable

בֶּל־אִשְׁחֹד

(Baal Ishod), once of Baalford under Baal Tor; for such does his name mean, and such was his paternal dwelling for generations. An ancient name, before which Courtenay, Howard, and Pusey are but mushrooms, yet doomed to perish from the earth with its present possessor, who has no male issue.

So much for the Sun Faith. This at least can be said for it : it was natural, reasonable, intelligible, and in the absence of Revelation inevitable—moreover it lives still.

But time has rolled on ; the missionary pilgrim need no longer inscribe upon the symbol of his faith the totem of a worship he has set himself to subvert. His British or Saxon Church would be a poor affair, such as we see at Bradford-on-Avon. It was not worth while to build a stately House of Prayer when the thousandth year came on apace and the end of all things was at hand—even had there been men and means to do the work, and blessed peace to do it in. Commerce, too, the motive power of all that makes life worth living, had all but died out when the coming south of the northern hordes, and later still, the fierce simplicity of Arabian warriors, had cut the channels which conveyed it, and crushed the centres to which it flowed.

The Conqueror gave our village fief to one of his followers from Brittany, and more than a century later, one of his descendants imported a cell from the Abbey of Fougères, from which village he had taken his name. It is permissible to think that the new comers must have appreciated the ferns which reminded them of the name of their parent house, and it is said that visitors come even now to the lane which connects church and priory for one rare variety. Good men of business, however, like all the foreign cells—as their suppression by Henry V. and the enormous Tithe Barn and Market Cross go to prove—as well as the massive granite church piers which would have to be wrought on Dartmoor and brought down by water and thence across the quaking bogs in the valleys.

Trouble would come upon the lonely foreigners at the outbreak of every French war ; the King would take them under his gracious sequestration, probably easier put on than taken off, as the broad arrow's way is even now.

In this way indeed does our village leap into light for the only time in the tangled skein of English history. Philip of Valois had broken the truce, the fiery Edward declared war on the 14th June 1345, and the next day called on his clergy for their prayers for his success ; they must have prayed to some purpose indeed (Professor Huxley, please note), for the war was to include the siege of Calais, the even-yet famous victory of Crècy, and the offer of the Imperial Crown of Germany to the English hero—a dignity then declined, but in our own times to vest in one of his descendants, when the long-drawn agony of Frederick the Noble had closed in a merciful release from suffering.

Prayers and Patriotism go together. His English clergy had granted their King an annual tenth as aid in his war, but when the alien Priors were summoned to meet in London for a similar purpose on the morrow of St. Peter's Chains, 2nd August 1345, eighty-four were absent, among them Prior Nicholas of Ipplepen, with his colleagues of Totnes and Exeter.

The Plantagenet wrath blazed up ; was he to imprison all English merchants who declined to lend him a loan, while the foreign priests found funds for his French enemy, and escaped from supporting the Monarch of the land? Then thundered forth from Westminster a summons to all the delinquents to attend there on the 7th of October, "to consent to and do what might then be ordered." In the tail of the letter came the sting. "We warn you that if ye come not at the said day, that we will cause the priorship, lands, and tenements aforesaid, to you by us committed, to be handed over to those who will be willing to give more for them and help us in our war."

Prior Nicholas was wise in his generation, and forthwith sold at the Market Cross the cow, half-score sheep, or eight cloves of wool which represented the 12s. which was assessed upon him.

And not only restraints of princes during war, but perils of robbers during peace, came their way. To dash at their defenceless treasures, rovers of the sea came down the beautiful and romantic combe which descends from the pass over the seaboard hills above Torbay. They were met by the Church's *levée en masse* at the ford where the steep shoulder of the hill abutted on a deep and impassable morass, and successfully resisted at the narrow passage through which soaked, rather than flowed, a small stagnant stream mantled over with bright green mosses, and in whose bed may even now lurk a few corroded calthrops, which did good service by laming both man and horse. Well might the Frenchmen, nomenclators then as now, call the place the Battle-ford. This colony, indeed, indulged itself much in name-changing, and always for good cause. On two sides of them Bow (Beau) and Bulleigh (Beaulieu) speak for themselves ; but it is not quite so clear why they not only themselves called, but also got their Celtic neighbours to call, a large waste on another of their borders, Or-leigh, or the Gold Place. It was formerly a British village, with, of course, a Celtic name, and one would think the yield must have been pretty considerable, and pretty constant for a long period, to have made the name permanent, at all events with the country folk round, in the space of only four generations. It is true that in a quarry, once part of this waste and belonging to the writer, there is now being opened out the skeleton

of a powerful geyser, and as all the gold now in existence has been brought up in similar fissures from the earth's molten centre, where the great and inaccessible store lies safely banked, this vent may have brought up that long forgotten nugget.

Of all races, however, that have been there, two are now unrepresented. Hear it, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots! there is never a Caledonian in the place, and Paddy from Cork is absent too! Can it be because our drinks are Plymouth Gin and cider not over sweet? And why, while all the land is red, and cattle red too, are there no red-haired people?

The monks of Ottery, to whom the cell from Fougères gave place in 1438, would seem to have added the beautiful sacramental chancel screen and vine pulpit which remain in the church, saved, as yet, from Lord Grimthorpes.

So much for religion in our village itself; but the remains close by are as interesting. Think of Sir Guy Bryan, while representing Henry VII. at the Court of the Medici, planning out the home which he was to build at his place of rest at Tor Bryan, and laying before Lorenzo the Magnificent the details of the church which he afterwards rebuilt—the drawings for those ten sumptuous windows of which only the heads remain—the sketch for the chancel screen, by some young artist from a Florentine studio, who was to travel home with the failing old man, and there paint that sumptuous Coronation of the Virgin, surrounded by evangelists, apostles, and martyrs, in such glowing colours as to make one wonder that the Arundel Society has not made a copy of it before the glorious tints disappear again, and now for ever. For while we have to thank Dowsing, or his deputy, for sparing us the window-heads, deeper gratitude is due to that particular churchwarden who put no size in his pail when he whitewashed the screen, so that it was rubbed off thirty years ago, and is really as fresh as paint. The screen was probably erected by the artist himself, as he has put thirty-three crocketed finials on the rood beam, as if his thoughts had reverted to his village church and the thirty-three strokes which in Italy, daily at *none*, recall the years of the Saviour's life on earth. And the desire of a Caroline vicar to perpetuate his memory, by a shocking bad pun, upon his tombstone, has preserved to our day the ancient altar-slab with its five wounds.

Close by in the Wood of Waters—Dyer's Wood—is a different edifice, a hermit's cave with a church built on to it, and a rock-hewn stair of access in the cliff face—a competition which must have been found formidable enough by the parish priest, before Sir Guy came;

and, on a much used road not far off, an Anker had established himself, and established his human pig-sty, for reasons which that decidedly evil-smelling and unsanitary holy man no doubt found satisfactory.

Of other and secular antiquities, the number is great. Seen for miles round is the wooded crown of Denbury, with its double camp, and the two war-paths so deftly planned among the bogs and pitfalls that an assailant could only approach it with his right arm laid bare to the slings and arrows of the defenders. Equally conspicuous, the cairn to which the Celts from their village on Orleigh Common carried their dead king, and laid him to rest where he would lie for all time in the sight of a people who mourned his matchless abilities in cattle-lifting and general highway robbery. The shadow of his name still exists—as the farm is called Coppa Dolla. Now Coppa Dolla is “kobber tollool,” קבר-תולול (The Heaped-up Grave). And the Australoid monarch was a living memory when the Phœnician came 3,000 years ago and revered the hero's grave, which must have been venerable to him, or he would not have re-named it in his own sacred tongue.

Lastly. Oh, to recover the Saga which the Bard would sing of his standing by his chieftain's side on the King's Hill—Roydune, when there raged below the fight of which three large grave-mounds attest the slaughter. This Aceldama must have been long shunned as uncanny, for when the Saxon came he called it the “Field of Thorns.”

One more last curiosity, unlike the rest, however, because best seen in showery weather. Our Spark Hill stands on a knoll in a cirque, perhaps ten miles by twelve, in full view of Dartmoor. A mass of cloud arises therefrom, which is absolutely cleft in twain by the divergent attraction of the hills, and sails majestically east and west; so that rain, and even thunder, may be on each hand of and behind the visitor, while the sun gleams bright upon the old village which has so many memories of the past in place and people only. For if our village has no history, it has at all events no gruesome tale of horror. Since the days when Almeric de St. Amand had pit and gallows there, and a ghastly memory of the Protector Somerset's suppression of the Western insurgents which survives in a “gallows gate” two miles off, homicide has kept aloof from us, and we have not even a ghost!

An autumn day, or even more, passes pleasantly enough among the simple, kindly, and courteous folk, for the most part born on and racy of the soil, genial, cheery, but by no means ignorant of the world's ways, for here, as in the Lorna Doone land, “Them as thinks theirselves somebody must expect to get tooked in.”

*SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE
AUTHOR OF "JANE EYRE."*

A VISIT to Yorkshire and Westmoreland during the glorious summer sunshine of the present year, with the recently issued pretty little volumes of the Brontë works as companions, afforded the writer a welcome opportunity of revisiting some of the places so vividly described in the earlier part of "Jane Eyre." Thirty years ago readers of Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte Brontë were following with keen interest the biographer's identification of persons and places mentioned in the famous novel; and there were doubtless many pilgrims to the scene of "Mr. Brocklehurst's" triumphs of "grace" over "nature," and of poor little Helen Burns' martyrdom.

A generation has passed away since then, and there are but few survivors among those who thought they had a right to feel aggrieved at the publication of what, no doubt, were very painful revelations. "Jane Eyre," however, is a book which has survived the curiosity and enthusiasm with which its first appearance was greeted, and has continued to charm thousands of readers who are unable from personal knowledge to identify any of the *dramatis personæ*, and who perhaps have never cared to find the "key" in Mrs. Gaskell's pages.

To these, as well as to the older admirers of the novel, the following notes may not be without some interest. So deeply did Charlotte Brontë feel every line of the personal narrative contained in Chapters IV. to XI. of "Jane Eyre" that she could spare but comparatively few words for descriptions of the scenery and characteristics of "Lowood," and "Lowton," although there is no district in England more worthy of artistic word-painting. Mrs. Gaskell's description of Cowan Bridge—the "Lowood" of the novel—is in all substantial particulars as accurate to-day as when she wrote it thirty years ago. Standing close to the highway leading from Leeds to Kirkby Lonsdale (the "Lowton" of "Jane Eyre"), about half-a-mile from the railway station and two miles from the town itself, there is no difficulty in finding the building in which Mr. Carus-Wilson ("Mr. Brocklehurst" of "Jane Eyre") established the Clergy Daughters'

School. A visitor at the present time will, however, see it to greater advantage than did Mrs. Gaskell. The part which she describes as being converted into a "poor kind of public house, then to let, and having all the squalid appearance of a deserted place," is now by far the more attractive of the two tenements into which the old house is divided, the window being gay with flowers, and the place both clean and tidy. The other cottage is not of so cheerful an aspect; and through the open door, when conversing with the rather untidy-looking person who came out at our approach, could easily be seen "the low ceilings and stone floors of a hundred years ago." A glance at the tiny bedroom windows and the general structure of the house is sufficient to satisfy anyone possessing the most elementary knowledge of sanitation, that the building was totally unsuited for the purpose to which it was put in 1823. The space between the house and the Leck brook is still a garden; but no trace remains of the wall, or the gate at which the coach stopped when "rain, wind, and darkness filled the air," and poor little "Jane Eyre" entered the school in which she was to learn such bitter lessons of experience.

Lovely as the country is round Kirkby Lonsdale, and beyond Cowan Bridge, it is difficult to agree with Mrs. Gaskell that the hamlet "is beautifully situated," or to share her wonder, "how the school there came to be so unhealthy." The situation is low, and apparently damp; and in every way a complete contrast to the site of the present school at Casterton. The Leck is still a lovely stream unpolluted by manufacturers and unspoiled by civilisation; and it is pleasant to imagine Jane Eyre seated with her companion on a favourite stone "rising white and dry from the very middle of the beck," and looking with admiring eyes on the "prospect of noble summits girdling a great hill-hollow rich in verdure and shadow." Blotting out this cheerful picture follows another painted in more sombre colours. That deadly fever which, "quickenings with the quickening spring," crept into the school in 1825, is described with graphic force in the pages of "Jane Eyre," and the pathetic account of Helen Burns' illness and death was inspired by the recollection of Maria Brontë's sufferings. The eldest of the Brontë children did not, however, die at the school, having been removed in time to linger for a few days at her own home among the moors. We have it on Mrs. Gaskell's authority that none of the Brontë girls took the fever. She says, moreover, that though 40 girls were attacked "none of them died at Cowan Bridge." But local tradition contradicts this statement. In Leck churchyard, a short distance from Cowan Bridge, are two gravestones, the inscriptions on which record the deaths of

pupils at the school (one of the names is Becker), at the time of the epidemic described in the novel. If the date of the year—which is somewhat illegible from age—is correctly deciphered, the pathetic record in “Jane Eyre,” “many already smitten went home only to die : some died at the school, and were buried quietly and quickly,” is literally true.

Readers of the novel will remember the description of Jane Eyre's walk into “Lowton” when she went to inquire for answers to her advertisement ; and how she tells us of the road to the “little burgh” lying “along the side of the beck, and through the sweetest curves of the dale.” Kirkby Lonsdale, in spite of the railway running through the vale of the Lune, is but little altered from the “Lowton” of Charlotte Brontë's day. A compact little town with narrow streets and quaint old courts, it is not without importance in its own district. Then, too, the magnificent Norman Church, and the ancient and most picturesque stone bridge over the Lune are well worth a visit ; while the view of river, meadow, wood, and mountain, which one gets from “the brow,” just beyond the precincts of the churchyard, is perfect and complete in every element of beauty.

Prominent among the houses to be seen in this lovely landscape is Casterton Hall—the “Brocklehurst Hall” of “Jane Eyre,” and for many years the home of the Carus-Wilson family. The property, including the lovely Casterton Woods, has now passed into other hands.

There are other localities described in “Jane Eyre,” including Tunstall Church, to which the girls had to walk on Sundays, in all weathers, for the privilege of hearing “Mr. Brocklehurst” preach, on which much might be said, but the limits of this paper forbid. To pass to reminiscences of a more personal nature. Now, as in past years, the character of Charlotte Brontë is incomprehensible to many worthy and, as a rule, charitably-minded people.

Quite recently the writer was assured by a lady, who was neither a prude, nor a prig—that Charlotte Brontë's character and disposition were not at all as depicted by Mrs. Gaskell ; and that in fact she was ill-tempered and essentially ungrateful. When asking for some authority for this unflattering description he was told that the lady in whose family Charlotte Brontë passed through her first experience as a governess had expressed this opinion. This is the same lady of whom Mrs. Gaskell relates that when one of her children, with the natural affection inspired by kindness, exclaimed “I love 'ou, Miss Brontë !” it was reproved by its mother's indignant reply, “Love the *governess*, my dear !” It is but fair to add that the writer's

informant emphatically denied the truth of this story. Those, however, whose faith in Charlotte Brontë's nobility of character is shaken by testimony of this kind, should study it as disclosed in her letters to her sister Emily. In these letters her innermost feelings, so jealously guarded from the outer world, are laid bare. Perhaps no truer portrait of Charlotte Brontë's *own* character can be found than in her biographical notice of her sisters, "Ellis and Acton Bell," of whom she writes, "that for strangers they were nothing, for superficial observers less than nothing, but for those who had known them all their lives in the intimacy of close relationship, they were genuinely good and truly great." The lady already referred to spoke of Mr. Nicholls as "uninviting," and "not at all the sort of man one cares to meet."

That he was not of polished manners, nor of a highly cultivated mind, can readily be gathered; but the testimony of his talented wife to his unwavering fidelity, his loving patience, and unselfish care for her, in sickness and in health—attributes of a true hero—is more than enough to ensure justice being done to Mr. Nicholls' character by those whose appreciation is worth having.

The capacity for hero-worship was a marked characteristic of Charlotte Brontë. As all readers of the biography will recollect, the Duke of Wellington stood in the first rank of her "great men"; and, in these latter days, when the title "grand old man" has been appropriated by the social and political admirers of a venerable contemporary statesman, it is interesting to recall the fact that Charlotte Brontë invented or borrowed the expression in writing of "the Duke." In a letter dated June, 1850, describing a visit to London, we find this sentence:—"I can only just notify what I deem three of its chief incidents: a sight of the Duke of Wellington at the Chapel Royal (*he is a real grand old man*), a visit to the House of Commons," &c. It is to be feared, however, that Charlotte Brontë's Toryism was of too unbending a type to have admitted into her category of heroes the G. O. M. of 1889!

Before bringing these reminiscences to a close, it is pleasant to record the account given by another lady of a visit to Haworth a few years ago. So great is the growth of population in the district round Keighley and Haworth (to which the railway now extends) that the desolate loneliness of Haworth Parsonage and the moors beyond, so graphically described by Charlotte Brontë and her biographer, can now be scarcely realised. On visiting the church and looking at the Brontë tablet, with its pathetic record of eight deaths, this lady got into conversation with one of the older generation of Haworth

women, who, though at first (with true Yorkshire caution) a little suspicious of a stranger, eventually spoke freely and in the most affectionate way of Miss Brontë, mentioning as one of her chief characteristics the shyness and reserve of which the authoress herself was so painfully conscious. "She never raised her eyes from her book when in church," said the good woman. How clearly the picture rises before our mental vision! The tiny, but well proportioned figure; her dress exquisitely neat, but perfectly plain; her face without pretension to beauty, but with the light of genius shining bright and clear through the expressive eyes. Here, in the old church—plain and unpretending like herself—where for so many years her prayers and praises went up to the God in whom she never lost her trust, we can most fitly take our leave of Charlotte Brontë.

FRANCIS H. CANDY.

TABLE TALK.

THE PRAISE OF SOLITUDE.

IS any man, poet or other, sincere in praise of solitude? If ever there was a man of whom it might be said, as he himself said of Milton, that his "soul was like a star and dwelt apart," that man surely was Wordsworth. From Professor Minto, however, we learn that the poet who piped so constantly in praise of solitude wrote in his sixtieth year to Sir W. R. Hamilton that "wandering was his ruling passion." Professor Minto adds that Wordsworth "was seldom long in solitude without becoming restless and beginning to pine for change, and that he would have travelled much more than he did but for the simple reason that he could not afford it." We know that Byron lived in London until it was made socially too hot for him, and that Shelley's self-imposed exile was due, in part at least, to the unpopularity of his writings. Fitzgerald seems to have shrunk, to some extent, from society, and Thoreau found the companionship of birds, beasts, and fishes more attractive than that of man. Timons are, however, few. As a rule, men are gregarious to an extent they cannot themselves conceive, and there are few except those whom it frightens to whom the life of a city such as London is not exhilarating. A mistake greater than that of the man who, in a moment of depression, quits his work and seeks combined retirement and leisure, is not easily made. A late Duke of Bedford used to say, according to Reynolds, the dramatist, that "he believed Woburn was usually considered one of the finest seats in England; and yet such was the monotony of a country house, and such was the charm of London society, that he could scarcely ever get anybody but dull *toading* (*sic*) *tuft-hunters* to remain there more than four days successively." Men will stay in the country for the pleasures of sport, for duty, or for business, but the praises of solitude are seldom wholly sincere.

IMAGINARY TRAVELS.

IT is curious how, imperceptibly to themselves, men are influenced by the times in which they live. If ever there could be a case in which a man would shake off the effect of his surroundings it

would assuredly be when he was painting an imaginary or an ideal world. Yet here, even, temporary influences assert themselves as strongly as elsewhere. Satire is a favourite vehicle of those who, having wrong to combat, find direct speech dangerous, and the "Histoire des Etats et Empires de la Lune" of Cyrano de Bergerac, is the first essay in a line in which Gulliver and Micromégas follow. Theories of government and social development are advocated in works such as the "Republic" of Plato, the "Utopia" of More, and the "Oceana" of Harrington. In the present century science is paramount, and an imaginary voyage is almost compulsorily scientific in base. Such is the "Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet," of Mr. Hugh MacColl.¹ This contains the record of a supposed visit to the planet Mars. It serves no practical end, and is a work of pure fantasy. As such it lacks the grace and daintiness of "Peter Wilkins"—in its way the most pleasing romance of the kind ever written. The author hesitates to abandon himself to his fancy in dealing with the relations of the sexes, and the wooing by his hero of the blue-skinned Ree is a little too human and conventional. The machinery of the story is, however, very happy, and the dream of possibilities scarcely goes beyond the limits of the actual province of science.

IMAGINARY LIFE ON MARS.

MORE scientific knowledge than I can claim is necessary to judge how far Mr. MacColl's theories have the kind of truth which should underlie extravagance. The story is sympathetic, amusing, and spirited. It is a cunning stroke to make the inhabitants of the newly-visited planet descendants of men, since the resemblance between their proceedings and those on earth is thus rendered natural. Were it otherwise the author might be taxed with want of invention. Decidedly cognate with European tongues is the language of that part of Mars on which the supposed traveller alights. "Oh, chari vadhira, na dich chit," says the heroine to her father, and one is quite prepared to translate it, "Oh, dear father, don't say that." Chari for dear suggests cher or caro; vadhira is almost father; na is, of course, a common negative, and dich is apparently derived from dict. The religious difficulty is avoided, but monogamy, at least, appears to be in force. "Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet" is, in fact, a very ingenious and diverting *jeu d'esprit*—if it be regarded in no other light.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

BY LYNN C. D'OYLE.

THERE, where the head of the Mule Horn falls in a cascade amongst the boulders, broken in its descent and turned aside so often by large red moss-grown rocks, past which, though falling, it merely seems to glide—handed down, as it were, from ledge to ledge, from rock to rock, from boulder to boulder, a tongue of crystal water falling, flowing on, almost without a murmur; where the valley of the stream, between mountain and mountain, lies open, save for the willows and the wild roses that cluster thickly on either bank and join hands across the water; where the road down the mountain side is rough and rocky, overgrown with wild creepers, and blocked here and there by fallen pines and tangled briars, till it is well-nigh impassable, even on foot; and where now all is solitude and (save for the low murmur of the water) silence, there stood, only a few years ago, a saw-mill.

Where now the bear and the elk come down to drink, and the breaking twig makes several echoes, there, only a few years ago, those rocks re-echoed to the ring of the woodman's axe, the falling and rolling of heavy timber, the puffing of steam, and the hum of the circular saw.

And that is why, though countless pines hang dauntlessly out over the cliffs that bound this great ravine, its floor is clear of timber. A rough fence crosses the "neck" below—it made a pasture for the oxen. The tumble-down cabin, and the enclosure within the stockade around it, were respectively the abode and the "truck-patch" of those to whom the mill belonged.

Perhaps, some day, the solitude may again be broken (and permanently) by the ever-advancing flood of civilisation. Perhaps, even, some day, a busy and thriving town may have sprung up in this now secluded spot.

Some such thought as this, and others, vaguer and less well-defined, engendered of the solitary grandeur of the scene and the glow of a full calm autumn day in the rare mountain atmosphere, passed through my mind as I worked my way slowly up the valley, making towards the saw-mill. I had come over from the camp where I was living, about four miles distant. I was bent on taking a holiday. With rod and tackle I had followed up the stream in search of mountain-trout ; for I knew that here they abounded. Yet, although I had cast my fly diligently into every likely nook of the stream, and behind every boulder in the current, I had met with no better success than certain fishermen of old had once obtained (though no doubt they were the better craftsmen).

Having come to a clear place, where the stream was not overgrown with briars, and where it opened out into a kind of basin of considerable width, I stood near the bank and cast out over the water ; meditated and cast—cast and meditated. Never so much as a “rise” !

Turning round with the sudden conviction that in some mysterious way the solitude of the place had been invaded, I came face to face with an Indian. He stood close behind me, motionless, as no doubt he had for some time been standing, watching me fish (and fish in vain).

I had imbibed some of the local antipathy for Redskins, and it was in no way diminished by the crafty way in which this particular one must have come upon me. I asked myself, what right had he to come prying about me, with not so much as a “How?” And yet the mere fact that he was a red man proclaimed that in reality he had more right there than I. We looked at each other for a moment, rather dubiously on my part, quite impassively on his, but as he was apparently not disposed to break the silence, I turned to the stream once more. We exchanged never a word, and I went on with my fishing, casting lustily over the water, now up-stream, now down ; and he looked on as before. Presently, however, I was surprised by the remark, very dryly expressed, by my hitherto silent friend :

“ White-man dam fool ! ”

In which sweeping category he of course included the whole white race, and me in particular.

Perhaps it was all the English he knew. At any rate it was by actions alone, and not by words, that he further explained himself.

Taking my rod (a light split-cane) in his hands, he shook it—and grinned. Now the thoughts passing in an Indian's mind must be jocular indeed, to bring such an expression to his stoical and impassive face. And when he came to examine my artificial fly, he went still further—he *smiled*. A very huge joke indeed is required to win a red smile. I knew what was passing within him; he was thinking that white men must have a very poor opinion of the sagacity of a trout. It may, or may not (probably not), have crossed his mind that in our language the two words—fish and fool—are sometimes used synonymously.

Having stripped my fly from the hook (a proceeding which I submitted to, partly out of admiration of his impertinence and partly out of curiosity as to his next proceeding), he began to amuse *me* (perhaps it was my turn) by jumping about in the neighbouring grass, like a big, tanned, overgrown school-boy, until he had captured a grasshopper. Having impaled the unfortunate insect upon the hook, and taking the line in his hand, he went a few yards lower down the stream; then, lying down at full length, drew himself slowly and cautiously to the brink, and lowered his bait—close in, under the edge. In about a minute he had secured a fine fish. Solemnly handing me the tackle (and not the trout), with the simple remark “Injun no dam fool,” he as solemnly and noiselessly withdrew altogether, and disappeared.

I had met with a man who, though red, in this strange record plays an important rôle.

Also I had gained my first practical experience of how to take mountain-trout. And if you say it is not the way to take trout, then I must assure you that there is as much difference between taking an English and a mountain-trout, as there is between catching a European mole and a Yankee one.

As I wagged my head sagaciously over this very identical distinction and difference, I passed on through a small patch of willows tangled with creepers, round a bend of the ravine, and came out in full view of the old saw-mill and the deserted log-hut. But to my surprise (for I had been here once before, and quite lately) it was *not* deserted. On the contrary, it had been transformed into a decent dwelling, from the chimney of which smoke curled upwards and threw its shadow upon the grey cliffs beyond. There was a good attempt at a garden round the house, and two young men were engaged with a yoke of oxen in extracting stumps.

I made my way up to them and was very cordially greeted ; they might well be glad to see a visitor in so lonely a place. They were two brothers, named Keane, frank and pleasant fellows, who talked quite openly of their pleasure at having lighted on this lovely spot, and one so well adapted for their purpose—for the proximity of the camp would ensure them a ready market for all “truck” produce.

“It’s a strange thing,” I presently said, half-aloud, as I looked up the slope of the valley, “that this land hasn’t been taken up before. It’s been already cleared of timber, by the saw-mill ; and it lies so that every inch of it can be irrigated with a little trouble—”

“Which is uncommonly pleasant, from our point of view,” put in Henry, the elder of the two brothers. “But the fact is, the place has the reputation, as it seems, of being a little bit uncanny—not now, but in the winter. There’s something, but what it is, exactly, we haven’t made out, about a shadow that comes when snow has fallen. But I don’t think we are quite the kind of men to be frightened by *that* sort of thing. And at any rate, we are ready for it.

“Talking of being ready,” put in Will, the younger, “I fancy that’s what the dinner is, at this present moment. Suppose we go in and have it ?”

I had only known them half-an-hour or so, but they pressed me so heartily to join them in their meal that I gladly assented—though at first I had demurred a little, for I had gathered that there was a Mrs. Keane at the house, not in particularly good health, and was afraid I should be intruding.

“Not at all !” said Will. “On the contrary, it’ll be a great treat for the missus ; she is such an uncommonly bright little woman, and so fond of seeing people. I’m afraid sometimes, do you know,” a little anxiously to his brother, “that she’ll find this place rather lonesome.” And then to me again, “she was such a favourite where we came from.”

He spoke earnestly, almost tenderly, and at the tone of his voice a shade seemed to fall upon his brother’s face. But I had barely time to notice it before we had arrived at the log-hut ; and a moment later I was making the acquaintance of Mrs. Keane herself. She was a very pretty little woman, rather dark, and evidently of a lively disposition when in good health. Even now, beyond the fact that she looked a trifle worn, I could not see that there was much the matter with her. Will Keane himself seemed to think so, for, looking admiringly at her after a rather lively sally on her part at his expense, he spoke across the table to his brother :

"The mountain air is doing the missus as much good as we thought it would. She is a heap better than she was this time last week, ain't she?"

"Yes, that she is," assented Henry, heartily. "You see, turning to me, "that's why we came here. She was sort o' sickly, 'way back in Illinois, and we thought the mountains might set her up some; and so we sold out there—though we *did* leave a real good thing."

Altogether, they were a cheery and united trio; such as, in that wild country, it did one's heart good to meet. I ventured to say as much to Will Keane, as I was taking my leave in the afternoon, and to congratulate him on the happy disposition of his wife.

"My wife?" he ejaculated, with round eyes, and then suddenly flushing up. "You mistake—I'm her *brother-in-law*. Her brother-in-law, man, don't you see? She's my brother's wife. Why, what on earth——?"

I muttered all sorts of apologies for my stupid mistake; and so departed. It *was* a stupid mistake, certainly; and yet somehow, as I made my way back towards the camp, it perplexed me as I thought of it. I had been introduced to Mrs. Keane in hazy terms; and the equal familiarity with which both brothers addressed her had given me no clue as to their respective relationship to her. Why, then, had I unconsciously settled within my mind that of the two, Will was her husband? Somehow the idea clung to me that he had an entry to her inner life that was denied to the elder brother.

Often, that autumn, I used to find myself over on the head of the Mule Horn. Will Keane and I became great friends; he was a trifle the younger, a fine, open, handsome fellow, overflowing with good-heartedness and good humour, and many were the hunting excursions we made together (though neither of us were much of hunters). But I began to see that Mrs. Keane was again falling off in health; I began to see that the shade came more often to Henry Keane's face—more often, and more pronounced. He was growing morose—at times almost savage in his temper. Will was but dimly conscious of it—utterly unconscious of the reason for it; but I began to believe that the sooner he had some inkling, the sooner he went away, the better it would be for the peace of mind of Mrs. Keane, and of her husband.

Presently I was laid up for a time in camp with an injured foot, and my visits to the valley were intermitted. It was drawing on for winter when I went up once more to see my friends. The door

of the cabin was opened to me by Mrs. Keane. She asked me to come in, cordially, saying that her husband was away on the ridge, but would no doubt be in presently. She seemed to me very wan and worn, and began at once, and in a low tone, "You have come to see Will? I am afraid you won't see him for some time. He's gone——"

"Gone?"

"Yes. Gone back East."

"What! And never came to see me?"

"Well, you see," she answered, flushing up, "he went off in rather a huff. The truth of it is"—she spoke hurriedly, and looking down as with her fingers she picked at the edge of the table, "he had a fuss with Henry; packed up his things, and went off in a huff. I never saw Will act so, before."

"Henry drove him over the ridge to the Fork," she continued presently; "I can't understand why he hasn't written to me"—she broke off, and flushed again. And somehow the whole pitiful little story seemed clear to me. "But here comes Henry," she added, getting up.

I wended my way home that evening sadly, thinking of Will and of how I should miss him; and also of how few women answer the greatest question of their lives in such a way that they never regret it.

In no long space winter was upon us. The snow commenced to fall, and gradually lay lower and lower down the mountain sides, until it settled in the valleys, joining mountain with mountain.

One day in the dead of the season I met Henry in the camp.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed; "snowed out?"

"No, not that exactly," he said. "There ain't much doing out on the claim through the winter; and it's lonesome, so we've come into the camp to live—the wife and me."

"The shadow?" I asked, jokingly, remembering what he had once said to me about it. "Frightened away by it, after all?"

"The shadow?" he uttered suddenly and fiercely, white to the lips. Then, suddenly altering and lowering his tone, "For heaven's sake don't say a word of such rubbish, about the—the shadow, or any such rot, to my wife. She's weak and ill enough, already, God knows." He was wan as death, and thin: worn somehow in these few weeks to the shadow of his old strong self.

What he said about his wife was true. Mrs. Keane was growing weaker; day by day she faded away. Henry was very tender and patient with her, but his demeanour towards other people was terribly

altered. He was listless, and seemed to have no heart in any work that he found to do. The men of the camp began to shake their heads about him ; for, saddled as he was with a sick wife, he would find it hard to get along in the world ; and, in a place where everything was " high," they were gradually drifting into poverty. Not that there was any chance of their wanting the necessaries of life—the camp would not allow that !

The winter was a very long and severe one, and Mrs. Keane grew worse. One night I was called to the little cabin on the hill—she was dying. It was just as spring was opening up. As one man remarked : " She'd tuk the trouble ter live all through the winter, just ter die when she ought ter ha' been up and doin'."

I entered the cabin but instantly drew back, startled. For she started up, calling out : " There ! there !—I see it. The shadow ! Henry—the shadow !" And sank back again, murmuring feverishly to herself. She was delirious.

Presently, quietly, " There—I see it again. There—straight up." Her eyes were set with a glassy stare at the ceiling. " No, don't frighten it away. Why ! it's a man."

Henry sat beside her motionless, his face buried. And so, it seemed to us who watched, a long time passed.

Presently the lips of the sick woman again moved ; for a moment no words came ; then, feeble as they were, a cold shiver ran through me, and I felt the presence of a being from another world.

" More distinct, now. Yes, I thought so. Ah, coming down. Down. Down." The colour was returning to her pallid cheeks ; slowly she raised her arms, and opened them ; to her lips, in death, there came a sweeter smile than any that I had seen there in life, as her last breath formed one word.

" WILL."

Then the colour faded away, and of a living form only the marble counterpart remained. But Henry Keane sat there still, his face buried deeper than before—a strong man, collapsed.

And though in no long space spring had really come at last, he did not go back to the Mule Horn. He sold his claim, and came to live in the camp ; and in a listless way did little odd jobs. He was taking to drink.

But when the next snow fell, the family to whom he had sold out came back to the camp. They said it was " too lonesome, out there." And they in their turn sold out to a man from Iowa, who went to live there by himself.

When the following winter set in, and the eternal covering of the

mountain gradually spread downwards till it draped the valleys also, he too returned.

"It's too wild like, out there, these long nights, for a man wi' no pardner," had been his sole remark, and he departed for the East, presumably to get a "pardner"; for in the vicinity of the Mule Horn they were scarce. Men began to fight shy of the place.

But Henry Keane was taking more and more to drink; and, that article in the camp being of the deadliest kind, he was passing from one stage to another; until it was forgotten that he ever had been a decent member of the community.

As for me, I spent much of my time in shooting. On such expeditions I sometimes met the Indian from whom I had received so good a lesson in fishing; for he came on to the Mule Horn now and again, to hunt, spear, and trap. And sometimes, even, he would come and see me in camp—always leaving on such occasions with sundry little presents of coffee, sugar, and tobacco. He took much interest in my shooting, especially of blue-grouse—strong flying birds; he could not shoot them, flying, with his rifle, and I verily believe that he was not aware of the difference between a gun and a rifle, and consequently put me down as a most extraordinary shot.

So time passed on until late in the "fall," when a stranger came among us.

"I've traded for a 'claim' up on the head of the Mule Horn. What kind of a place is it?" he asked of me.

"It's a fine piece of land," I replied, "but somehow no one seems to stay on it. It has changed hands several times."

"How's that?"

"I don't know, exactly. They stay there and make money, all right, through the summer, but don't seem to be able to stand the winter."

"Blamed fools," he said to me as we happened to meet, a few days later, and alluding to the former occupiers of the claim, "hadn't dug a well. How could they expect to stay the winter? Why, all the natural water would freeze up, or snow under." And he went off, laughing at the foolishness of all men but himself.

Once more, a few days later, I went up the river in search of blue-grouse; for a goodly number of them had lately come into the valleys, and they were beautiful eating. And once more I met my Indian friend, coming down.

He greeted me with "How?" (which you will remember he did not at our first meeting).

Perhaps he was really turning back, or perhaps he wished to see

me do a little more of my famous blue-grouse shooting. At any rate, he turned and came back with me up the stream. I had bagged several grouse by the time we reached the "neck." I generally gave him one or two on these occasions, and perhaps that had something to do with his tenacity, and then we passed out on to the flat—a favourite place for birds when no one was about.

But now several men were there. They had evidently been digging for water, as a number of large piles of earth and "hardpan" testified. We went up to where they were now at work.

"It's a queer thing about this water question, anyhow," said the new proprietor, scratching his head perplexedly. "We've dug thirty feet in three different places. I won't go lower than thirty feet. There must be water lying here closer to the surface than that. What do you say?"

It was my Indian friend that answered.

"Injun heap water-witch. Show white man where to dig."

And going to the stream, he cut a fork of willow, leaving about three inches of the stem on the fork, as a point, and cutting off each branch at the distance of a foot; then, holding one of the ends in either hand, with the wrists turned upwards so that the point stood to his breast, he began with measured strides to pace about the flat.

"Der *you* believe in that 'ar nonsense?" inquired the new proprietor of me, as he watched the proceeding with a cynical eye.

"I'm bound to say, I do," I answered. "I'll tell you why. When I was living in Tennessee, in a valley at the base of the Cumberland mountains, a doctor well known throughout the district, and a great personal friend of mine, was digging a well. He lived about half a mile from me, and on considerably higher ground. His men had reached a depth of about a hundred and thirty feet without striking water, when there chanced to come along a man known throughout the section as a 'water-witch.'"

"'It's a queer thing, your not finding any water,' he said to the doctor; 'it lays through this country in seams. You've gone too deep.'"

"He took a fork from a neighbouring peach tree, and 'divined' that a 'seam' passed a little to one side of the hundred-and-thirty foot hole.

"'You can't have missed it by many feet,' he said, standing on the spot which his rod had indicated, 'and you've gone about a hundred feet too low. Let me down your hole.'"

"When he had been lowered down about one-fourth of the depth

he called up to the men at the windlass to stop, and thrusting the point of the fork into the clay, left it there, saying, 'That is where you must tunnel in.'

"And, sure enough, the men had barely commenced to tunnel in, when a strong stream of water burst through, soon filling the well right up to that level. And as that means about a hundred feet of water, the doctor had got what is practically an inexhaustible supply. That is a perfectly true story, and if you are interested in it I fancy you could easily obtain the proofs of it being authentic. And that is why I believe in 'water-witches.'"

"Wal', it's a queer thing, anyhow," said the new proprietor, half-convinced, and scratching his head—"but—look there! Geerew-salem! if there ain't the Redskin makin' a p'int, at last!"

For, about thirty yards below the cabin, and at a spot where the grass was scant and looked a trifle browner than elsewhere, the point of the divining rod had commenced to turn over. Another couple of paces, and it dropped, pointing to the ground. Without saying a word, the Indian plunged the fork into the ground and withdrew.

Marking out a circle six feet in diameter, the men commenced eagerly to dig. Their progress was rapid; the earth handled easily, as though it were not in its virgin rigidity, but had been disturbed before.

Hardly four feet in depth had been dug away, when the spade struck something solid. It sounded like the root of a tree; but on being raised it proved to be a small box containing a few trinkets—among them, three pipes, a worked tobacco pouch, a silver watch and chain, a pistol, several knives, and what had evidently been a photograph, in a nickel frame.

The men began to dig again, and brought to light a much larger box, which we at once pulled up eagerly out of the hole. We began to think that the Indian was a treasure-finder instead of a water-witch. But when we had removed the lid of the box, we found that it contained portions of a human body.

"Whar's that 'ar Redskin?" exclaimed one of the men. For it was evident that a crime had been committed, and naturally the first thought to strike us was that the Indian who had pointed out the spot so accurately might likely enough have been at least an accessory to the deed. But, as we have said, he had disappeared so soon as he had stuck his rod into the ground. For my part, I thought he had shown some signs of awe, and that as he had passed by me he had muttered "Manitou! Manitou! The Shadow."

It was perhaps well for him that he had thus withdrawn himself. In the first moments of disgust and suspicion the men might have handled him roughly.

But when the news of the discovery spread to the camp, and the trinkets were handled, several men recognised them—one man one thing, one man another—as having belonged to Will Keane. And then people fell to discussing his sudden disappearance, and to doubting that old story of his brother (now a debased hanger-on of the camp), who said that he himself had driven him over the ridge to the Fork.

They sought out Henry Keane, with doubt fast turning to suspicion. And that suspicion at once leaped to certainty. For he made no attempt to deny his guilt. Needless to recount a painful story of brotherly love quenched in a rising flood of jealousy; of long-stifled anger vented in sudden and blind fury upon the unconsciously-offending man rather than upon the erring woman; and of the huddling away stealthily by night of the relics of the crime in the well that Will Keane had just begun to dig but was never to complete.

But as the self-convicted fratricide drew to the end of his confession he suddenly lifted his head; a wild light, almost of insanity, gleamed in his eyes, and a shudder seemed to haunt his voice, as he said:

“But one night, when the first snow had fallen, I looked out at midnight from the cabin door. The moon was full and high; the centre of the valley was bright as day. And there, over the spot where he was lying dead, I saw, stretched out upon the snow, the Shadow. The shadow of a man. And one night my wife saw it too. Then, though she did not *know*, I think—God help me!—(his voice fell)—“sometimes I think—she *guessed*.”

He made no appeal for his life; no attempt to evade his doom. In a few hours he had suffered the extreme and summary penalty of Western law.

And I remember how white-haired Judge Rush, looking back at the old sycamore, said:

“Boys, he’s what I call ‘effectually bound over to keep the peace.’”

There was a mystery about the discovery of the crime, and I was determined to sift it to the bottom.

The divining-rod in the hands of the Indian had been the means of bringing the ghastly deed to light.

Did he know?—had he seen?

He was more communicative with me than he would have been

with any other man, for we had been so long on friendly terms ; but from his broken English I gathered nothing but the reason for that passing agitation of his, at the moment when, after sticking the divining-rod in the ground, he had so hurriedly withdrawn.

He had been startled on noticing the spot which the rod had indicated. For it was a spot that he honoured with a mixture of superstition and reverence.

It seems that the valley at the head of the Mule Horn had, since it was cleared of timber, been known to his tribe as the "Valley of Manitou," or the "Valley of the Shadow," because, when the valley was covered with snow, and the broad full moon looked down upon it, a shadow lay upon the open flat—a shadow which was unnatural—the shadow of Manitou. The valley lies due north and south, and the cliffs which wall it in are so high and precipitous that the moon shines in upon it only for an hour or two each night ; and when it crossed the meridian at no great altitude, and shone obliquely, then this shadow was thrown in a broad line up the ravine ; but when the moon was full and passed high overhead, the shadow was concentrated as the orb approached the zenith, until there became vividly outlined, in the deepest purple upon the brightly-lit snow, the form of a man stretched at full length. And it was to the spot where this shadow fell that the rod, in broad daylight, had pointed.

I had now heard so much about this shadow, openly and by inference, that I became possessed of a desire to see the uncanny thing for myself.

"Look here," I said, when I found that my Indian friend had nothing more to reveal ; "the next snow that falls we will go up there together and spend the night—at the full moon."

He consented.

We had not long to wait. Just before the moon was full, the snow came down. A day later I appointed to meet my friend at the "gap" by the stream, where we had first met, and in the afternoon I started. Half way there I met the new proprietor coming down with a well-filled sack on his back.

"Goin' to spend a day or two in camp," he explained ; "lonesome up there, it is, these sort o' nights, with nobody to talk to," and on he went, as so many of his predecessors had gone before him.

At the appointed spot I met the Indian, and, together, we walked up to the hut. All was calm and mantled in the purest white, save for the background of the grey cliffs over which the gaunt pines peered from above. The solitude of the place was to me more oppressive than I had ever noticed it before. Almost it seemed as

if the world had cooled (as some day perhaps it may), and that we two were the sole representatives of two long-forgotten races of men upon the once populous globe. And so we entered the hut. Small trace of his short occupancy had the late proprietor left there.

At twelve o'clock—for not till then would I stir—we opened the door and looked out.

The moon was high above us ; not a breath from heaven swayed the over-reaching pines upon the silent cliffs ; all around us was quiet, and calm, and pure. The earth lay covered with a spotless veil, as though to blot out all memory and record of crime or sin that here had been committed.

But there, in front of us, and upon the exact spot where we had expected to see it, lay a shadow—outlined, not (as I had expected) in purple, but in deepest black ; and we advanced upon it.

Could it be fancy? No, it was too distinct.

But as we drew near, I saw that it did not assume the figure of a man reclining, as I had been led to expect, and as my own fancy had at first dictated.

It was the shadow of a cross !

As we watched it it gradually lengthened out, and, at last, as the moon fell below the pine tops on the cliff, faded away.

And my companion whispered, mysteriously,

“Manitou!—Hanta-pah—Aryskoui!”—(It is the mark of the God of War)—“Whacta!”—(it is good).

MYTHS OF THE GREAT DEPARTED.

A STUDY IN LEGENDARY FOLK-LORE.

THE most superficial student of folk-lore and tradition cannot fail to be struck by the constant recurrence, in regions the most remote from each other, and among the most diverse races, of certain myths, legends and *märchen*, not merely identical in their more essential features, for this might be accounted for by the identity, all over the world, of that subsoil of human nature in which tradition takes root, but bearing a strong resemblance to one another, even in those minuter details which we might well expect to vary with the circumstances of time, place, and surroundings, or with the fancy of each narrator. Several explanations of this phenomenon have been suggested by the mythologists. Setting aside the theory of direct borrowing, which in many, perhaps in most, cases appears wholly untenable, the two most probable opinions are the following:—First, that human nature is everywhere essentially the same, and that this sameness appears in the products of the human intellect and imagination; secondly, that throughout the ages during which men have dwelt upon the globe, a constant interchange of traditions and beliefs has taken place among them, leading to the gradual but complete diffusion throughout all nations of the myths and traditions of each. Both of these agencies have, no doubt, been very largely at work; but, though sufficient to account for the sameness apparent in the broader features of these myths, they are altogether inadequate to explain that coincidence in point of detail to which we have before alluded—a phenomenon for which a satisfactory explanation yet remains to be found.

However, our present task is not to investigate the causes which have led to the universal diffusion of these world-myths, as they may be called, but to examine one single class of them, a class which yields to few, if any, in the favour it has enjoyed among all nations and in all ages. In every part of the world, and among peoples in every stage of civilisation or barbarism, we find legends relating how

some national hero or sage, at the end of his earthly career, is transported to some supernatural abode without having tasted of death. The story often concludes with a prophecy that the vanished hero shall some day come again to establish a reign of righteousness and prosperity among his people. This myth, in one form or another, exists among the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Hindus, Persians, Germans, Franks, Irish, Welsh, Cornish, Bretons, Danes, Finns, Aztecs, Algonquins, Hurons, and many other nations, both civilised and savage.

One of the best known or, at any rate, most complete forms of this myth, is that of the German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, or *Rothbart*, who, tradition tells, is not dead, but dwells in a cavern in the heart of the Kyffhausen mountain, until the appointed time is come when he shall issue forth, and rule over a united Germany in power and might. He now sits within his mountain hall, asleep at the head of a massive stone table, through which his beard has grown, half waking, from time to time, to partake of food and drink, with which he is supplied by an old man, his attendant. His subterranean abode is not hermetically sealed; many have found it from time to time, or have been conducted thither by the old man who waits upon the slumbering monarch. These favoured individuals generally seem to have been liberally treated, and dismissed with gifts of gold of ancient coinage, and wine such as they had never before tasted in the course of their lives. However, like most recipients of supernatural bounty, these persons oftener than not forfeited their gifts by their own misconduct. Whenever a stranger finds his way, or is led, into the hall, the Redbeard raises his head, and asks, "Do the ravens still fly about the hills?" And upon being told that they do, he rejoins, "Then I must sleep for another hundred years."

Mr. Patrick Kennedy¹ records an Irish legend, which bears a remarkable likeness to that of the German Emperor. "Once upon a time," Gearoidh Iarla (*i.e.* Earl Gerald), a scion of the great house of Geraldine, was a mighty chieftain in Ireland—a lover of justice, and the mainstay of his countrymen in their resistance to English tyranny. He was also a great "medicine man," and possessed the power of transforming himself into any animal he pleased. His wife often wanted him to let her see him in some of these shapes, but he always refused to comply with her desire, alleging that, if she experienced any terror at such a time, some calamity would befall him, from which he would not recover until many generations of men had passed away. At length, however, he yielded to her importunities, and assumed the form of a beautiful goldfinch. The lady, though

¹ *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.*

startled at first, was highly pleased by this demonstration of her husband's power; when, suddenly, as the transformed Earl was charming his wife with his song and graceful flight, a hawk flew into the room. The Earl took refuge in his wife's bosom, pursued by the hawk, who, however, dashed against the table and fell dead; but the Countess, terrified by her husband's danger, uttered a loud scream. Immediately the Earl vanished from her sight and from the sight of men. "Himself and his warriors are now sleeping in a long cavern, under the Rath of Mullaghmast. There is a table running through the middle of the cave. The Earl is sitting at the head, and his troopers, in complete armour, down along both sides of the table, and their heads resting on it;" behind them stand their horses in their stalls, ready saddled and bridled. "When the day comes, the miller's son, that's to be born with six fingers on each hand, will blow his trumpet, and the horses will stamp and whinny, and the knights awake and mount their steeds, and go forth to battle." Then will the Earl rout the English in a great battle, and reign king of Ireland for twoscore years. One night in every seven years, Earl Gerald issues forth from his cavern, and rides round the Curragh of Kildare. On this night the door of the cave stands open, and anyone who can find it may enter in. About a hundred years ago a drunken horse-dealer actually did so. Startled by the unexpected sight, he dropped a bridle which he carried in his hands, whereupon one of the sleepers half raised his head, and asked, "Is it yet time?" The fellow had the presence of mind to reply, "Not yet, but it will be soon," and the trooper's head dropped again upon the table. When the Earl began his septennial rides, his horse was shod with silver shoes, half an inch thick; when these are worn as thin as a cat's ear the day of Ireland's deliverance is at hand. The last time the Earl was seen, his horse's shoes were no thicker than a sixpence!

This grand legend is remarkable for combining with the heroic myth a story of a much more primitive cast, in which the hero is endowed with the usual sorcerer's power of transforming himself into animal shapes—a power which he shares, not only with the gods of the Greek and Hindu mythologies, but also with the Australian *birraark* and North American *boo-o'in*, and, indeed, with the medicine men of most rude tribes. In fact, the heroic legend would appear to have been grafted upon a story of much earlier date, a hypothesis which would explain the want of connection between cause and effect, apparent in the Earl's enforced seclusion, consequent upon the trivial incident of his wife's alarm.

According to another Irish legend, the giant Mahon McMahan,

a contemporary of Finn MacComhal, sleeps with his followers in the recesses of Carrigmahon, county Cork. In this legend we find the incident of the sleeper's beard growing into the stone table, as in the Barbarossa story.¹

Bruce's invasion of Ireland sowed the seed of a plentiful crop of legends, one of which is pertinent to our present subject. It tells how the hero is not dead, but sleeps, surrounded by his chief warriors, in a cave under a ruin upon Rathlin Island, known as "Bruce's Castle," the entrance to which is visible once every seven years, as in the case of Earl Gerald. A man once found his way in, and saw on the ground at his feet, in the midst of the sleeping warriors, a sabre half-unsheathed. "On his attempting to draw it, every man of the sleepers lifted up his head, and put his hand on his sword." The man fled, but heard them "calling fiercely after him, 'Ugh ! ugh ! Why could we not be left to sleep ?' and they clanged their swords on the ground with a terrible noise, and then all was still, and the gate of the cave closed with a mighty sound like a clap of thunder." When Bruce and his followers awake, they will unite Ireland to Scotland.²

Ireland is rich in traditions of vanished heroes. Of a different character from those just narrated is the story of the "Good O'Donoghue," a chieftain, who, in old times, ruled over the neighbourhood of Killarney, renowned alike for prowess in war and for justice and beneficence in time of peace. The account of his disappearance is given by T. Crofton Croker as follows: "At one of those splendid feasts for which his court was celebrated, surrounded by the most distinguished of his subjects, he was engaged in a prophetic relation of the events which were to happen in ages yet to come. . . . In the midst of his predictions, he rose slowly from his seat, advanced with a solemn, measured, and majestic tread to the shore of the lake, and walked forward composedly on its unyielding surface. When he had nearly reached the centre he paused for a moment, then, turning slowly round, looked towards his friends, and, waving his arms to them with the cheerful air of one who takes a short farewell, disappeared from their view." The O'Donoghue had departed to the Tir-n'an Oge, that enchanted land of perpetual youth so well described by Mr. W. B. Yeats in his charming little collection of the "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry." Every May-day morning he revisits the earth, but is seldom seen ; when he is, it is a sign of good luck in general, and plentiful harvests in particular. He appears

¹ T. Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*.

² Lady Wilde, *Ancient Legends of Ireland*, i. 161.

under different circumstances, and in various guise. Once, at sunrise, the eastern waters of the lake were suddenly agitated, though the rest of the surface remained smooth and unbroken. A great wave rushed foaming to the opposite shore, followed by the O'Donoghue, in full armour, with white plume and flowing scarf of light blue, and mounted upon a milk-white horse. He was accompanied by a vast concourse of youths and maidens, bound together with wreaths of spring flowers, and moving to the sound of delightful music. The whole band passed over the surface of the lake, and finally disappeared in the mist. The periodical visits of the O'Donoghue are generally accompanied by some act of beneficence, but he has not, so far as I know, any great destiny to fulfil in the future.

Passing to the kindred Celtic race inhabiting Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, we find the same tradition. King Arthur, as everybody knows, did not perish in "that last weird battle in the west," when he slew his treacherous nephew, Mordred, by whom he was sorely wounded, but was carried away by the three weeping queens in their barge—

To the island valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, nor any snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer seas.

Lord Tennyson's exquisite narrative is founded, as is well known, upon authentic Welsh traditions, some of which have come down to us in their original form, and were familiar, in translations, to the romancers and poets of the Middle Ages. An old English ballad tells how Sire Lukyn (who answers to "the bold Sir Bevidere"), after having thrown Excalibur into the "rivere," and seen it caught and flourished by "a hande and an arme"—

Then hasten'd backe to tell the kinge,
But he was gone from under the tree ;
But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after hee did him spye ;
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.
And whether the kinge were there or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde ;
For from that sad and direfulle day,
Hee never more was seen on molde.

The Welsh, as Holingshed tells us, "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but convciéd awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant

place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe, and reign in as great authority as ever." The same tradition prevailed in Brittany, as we learn from a chronicle printed at Antwerp in 1493: "The Bretons supposen that he shall come yet, and conquer all Bretaine; for certes this is the prophicye of Merlin. He sayd that his deth shall be doubtteous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubtte, and shullen for ever more, for men wyt not wether that he lyveth or is ded." The Breton tradition is, that the "island valley of Avilion," or Avalon, or Agalon, is to the north-west of Brittany. The Britons held it to be a valley near Glastonbury, where the tomb of Arthur used to be shown. The chivalric romancers related that King Arthur was sleeping in the enchanted palace of his sister, the Fata Morgana, which might be seen, on clear days, in the straits of Messina, opposite Reggio. The Cornish believe that the soul of the king has migrated either into a chough, in which form he sometimes hovers about the ruins of Tintagel, where once he held his court; or else in that of a raven, in which form he must remain until his second coming, or, as some say, until the day of judgment. Hence the Cornishmen are unwilling to kill a raven. The Cornish tradition bears the marks of extreme antiquity, and was probably applied to heroes of a date many ages anterior to that of King Arthur. For the introduction of the raven, compare the Barbarossa legend, but the circumstances are so dissimilar that the mention of the same bird in both legends is probably a mere coincidence.

The Franks, according to one account, believed that Charlemagne was not dead, but that he slept within a vault of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the midst of priceless treasures, clad in robes of State, and with the Imperial diadem on his head.

In like manner, the Danish national hero, Olger Danske, is said to be yet alive, and to be sleeping within an enchanted castle, where he will sleep on until the hour of Denmark's sore need, when he will rise and vanquish all her enemies. At the battle of Copenhagen, in 1801, it was said that Olger was seen in the Danish fleet, fighting valiantly against the English.

We find the same tradition flourishing among Eastern nations. The Persian chroniclers tell how Jima or Yima, who has been identified by Eugene Burnouf with the Jemshid of the Shah-Nameh, fell, after a reign of great glory and magnificence, by reason of his presuming, like Herod, to arrogate to himself divine power and majesty. According to Firdausi, he was deposed by Zohâk, captured, and sawn asunder. "According to the earlier traditions of the Avesta, Jima does not die, but, when evil and misery begin to prevail on

earth, retires to a smaller space, a kind of garden of Eden, where he continues his happy life with those who remain true to him."¹

Khai-Khosrau, another Persian monarch, becoming, like the Emperor Charles V., weary of the vanity of empire, and the sinfulness of mankind, determined to devote himself to a religious life. Despite the remonstrances of his nobles, he made a sumptuous feast in the desert, which lasted for seven days, distributed liberal gifts among all the poor of his realm, appointed his successor, and took leave of his chieftains and counsellors. He then proceeded to a fountain in the desert, accompanied by a large band of warriors who still refused to leave him. Kai-Khosrau now bade his remaining followers farewell, and bidding them hasten away, lest they should be overwhelmed in an approaching snowstorm, disappeared into the fountain. His followers remained for a while stupefied with amazement and grief; then, regardless of their king's warning, they tarried yet longer to refresh themselves with food and sleep. Then a furious wind arose, driving before it sheets of snow, and the followers of Kai-Khosrau were discovered, some time after, frozen stiff and dead.²

The account given in the Talmud of the translation of Enoch appears to be a compound of the Persian legend of Kai-Khosrau and the Biblical account of the ascension of Elijah. Probably the former element was acquired during the captivity, a period which so greatly influenced Talmudic and Cabbalistic lore.

According to the Rabbis, Enoch reigned with justice and righteousness for 353 years in unbroken peace. In the 253rd year of his reign Adam died, and about this time Enoch felt come over him a great longing for a life of seclusion and meditation. He did not all at once abandon his active duties, but gradually withdrew himself more and more, until he only appeared before his people once a year. He now became so holy that the people feared to approach him, though they listened gladly to his teaching; and, when he had taught them fully concerning the ways of the Lord, an angel called to him and said: "Enoch, ascend to heaven, and reign over the children of God in heaven, as thou hast reigned over the children of God on earth." Then Enoch called together the people, and told them what had befallen him; but, before quitting them, he made them repeat the lessons he had taught them. Then he mounted his horse and departed on a seven days' journey, on each day taking leave of as many of his followers as he could induce to return;

¹ Spiegel, *c.* Professor Max Müller's *Science of Language*, ii. 568, n.

² Firdausi, *Shah-Nameh*.

but some still clung to him. Now, on the seventh day, Enoch was carried up to heaven by a chariot and horses of fire, in the midst of a whirlwind ; but such of his followers as had remained with him to the last never returned ; and, when people went to seek for them, they found their bodies buried beneath masses of ice and snow.

The legends of Kai-Khosrau and Enoch say nothing of the future return of these heroes ; but it will be remembered that the Jews firmly believed that, before the coming of the Messiah, "Elias must first come, to restore all things," a prophecy which they understood in its literal sense.

The disappearance of Kai-Khosrau, Enoch and Elijah remind us of the apotheosis of Romulus, who, according to Roman tradition, was holding an assembly in the Campus Martius, when he was carried up to heaven in a sudden storm, there to become the god Quirinus.¹ His story forms a connecting link between the purely heroic myths we have hitherto been examining, and the myths of those men and women, who, like Hercules, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, Ino, and many others among the Greeks, recruit the pantheons of most pagan nations by their apotheosis at or after death.

While speaking of Greek traditions, it may not be superfluous to refer to the prophecy in the *Odyssey* that Menelaus should not die, but should be sent by the immortals "to the Elysian plain, and the ends of the earth . . . where the means of life come most easily to men ; there is no snow, or violent storm, or ever any rain ;" but a clear west wind is always blowing from the ocean.²

Among the nations of the East, the myth often takes a different form, the hero being destined to return, not in his original shape, but in a fresh avatar. Herein we may discern the Oriental mystic and theosophic tendency, and the belief in metempsychosis, which has prevailed time out of mind in the East. The Brahmins state that Vishnu has already passed through nine avatars, namely, as a fish, a tortoise, a boar, a man-lion, a dwarf, the elder and younger Rama, Krishna, and Buddha. His tenth avatar, as Kalki, will be the last. He will then combat, and for ever destroy, all evil and unrighteousness, and establish a reign of peace that shall never end.

According to the *Avesta*, Zoroaster is to return, at intervals of long ages, in the form of three prophets, to be miraculously born from his seed of so many virgins. The third of these prophets, the Sosiosch, is to appear at the end of the last age of the world, to vanquish Ahriman and the Diws, to banish all unrighteousness, and to establish a new heaven and a new earth.

¹ Livy, book i.

² *Odyssey*, iv. 562 *et seq.*

The like myth is not less generally prevalent among less civilised nations than the foregoing. Among these more barbarous races, the vanished hero is generally a national deity, or deified hero, often the culture-deity. Thus, the Aztec tradition is that Quetzatcoatl, their culture-deity, described as a white man with a beard, came to them across the sea from the East. He dwelt among them for several years, instructing them in laws, religion, and the arts; then he sailed away again into the East, in a boat covered with serpents' skin. Before his departure, however, he promised to come again, and reign over Anahuac in peace and prosperity. The expectation on the part of the Aztecs that Quetzatcoatl would return, proved of material service to the Spaniards upon their first arrival in Mexico, for the natives, until they were miserably undeceived, took Cortes for their beneficent god, returned according to his promise. Many attempts have been made to give a basis of historic truth to this myth, and to derive it from some former discovery of Mexico by Europeans. These early voyagers have been variously supposed to have been Norsemen, Irish or Welsh; the tradition of the Welsh prince Madoc's visit to Mexico is well known. A recent writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* has attempted, with much ingenuity, to identify Quetzatcoatl with the Irish St. Brendan, or Brandon, whom he supposes to have visited Anahuac, preached the Christian religion, and returned to Ireland, promising to come back again some day. St. Brandon is generally supposed to have set sail from Ireland, in search of Hy-Brasail, the Island of the Blest, and never to have been heard of again. The writer in question deems this last voyage to have been an attempt of the Saint to fulfil the promise he made on quitting Mexico. The Conquistadores supposed Quetzatcoatl to have been a Christian missionary, some believing him to have been St. Thomas; others, I believe, St. Bartholomew. Of course the myth has received a solar interpretation—*cela va sans dire*—and certainly this explanation seems probable. It is true that the sun is not in the habit of returning into the east, whence he came, but the solar mythologists—and, indeed, other mythologists, too—would appear to have studied the Procrustes myth with considerable advantage. Besides, we rarely find a myth wholly consistent in all its parts. The case of those who support the historical interpretation is rather weakened by the fact that the Peruvians also have a tradition that certain white-bearded men brought civilisation from the East. Now, it is highly improbable that, before the arrival of the Spaniards, any European had ever crossed the American continent, while it may be very plausibly argued that

the bright sun-god would naturally be termed a white man. The beard, in each case, may either represent the sun's rays, by a common metaphor, or may simply be an addition posterior to the arrival of the Spaniards, in order to make the story more symmetrical. Such things do occur in barbarous myth, as well as in civilised gossip.

In the more northern part of the American continent, it is said that Glooskap, the chief divinity of the Algonquin tribes of Maine and New Brunswick, was miraculously born "in the land of the Wabanahi, which is next to sunrise." Thence he came to America in a stone canoe (or floating island), and created men and animals, or—and here appears the customary inconsistency of myth—dispelled the physical and mental darkness which prevailed before his arrival. This darkness must have been very dense, for an Indian pathetically relates, "it was so dark that they could not even see to slay their enemies"; a state of things almost as bad as that prevailing in Chaos, when, if we may believe Hans Sachs, it was so dark that the very cats would run up against each other. Glooskap taught men to hunt and fish, to build huts, canoes and weirs, and to make nets and weapons. He also taught them the names of plants and animals, and which were fit for the use of man, and the names of the stars. He rid the country of monsters and cannibals which infested it; he constructed roads and bridges. But men and beasts alike proved ungrateful, and Glooskap, unable longer to endure their increasing wickedness, made a great feast, to which all the animals came. He then got into his canoe, and went away, singing the while; and, when his voice had died quite away, the beasts found that they could no longer understand each other as before, and dispersed, and have never since met in council. And "until the day when Glooskap shall return to restore the golden age, and make men and animals dwell once more together in amity and peace, all Nature mourns." The Algonquins believe that he sits in a great wigwam, making a vast store of arrows against the day when he shall come forth to destroy all the world. Then will there be a great battle between him and the powers of evil, in which he will conquer; this world will be brought to a violent end, and then come the happy hunting-grounds, which will last for ever.¹ This part of the tradition may have its germ in the Christian account of the last judgment, but, as Mr. Leland correctly points out, the Algonquin fable much more strongly resembles the Norse prophecies of Ragnarök. Mr. Leland, indeed, is inclined to derive the myth from Norse sources. Such an origin is possible, but it is also quite possible that it was

¹ Leland, *Algonquin Legends*.

independently evolved by the Indian mind. Both the Norse and Algonquin accounts of the end of the world are very similar to that contained in the Avesta.

The Hurons had a similar story concerning the disappearance of their culture-deity, Hiawatha, who corresponds to the Glooskap of the Algonquin mythology.

Returning to Europe, we discern a remarkable similarity between the Glooskap myth, and that of Wainämöinen, the culture-deity of Finland, and hero of the Finnish national epic, "The Kalevala." Wainämöinen, like Glooskap, was born in a miraculous manner, and, upon his landing in Finland, taught men agriculture and the social arts. In the course of a long life, Wainämöinen travelled and fought, made love, and war, and poetry, practised magic, and visited Hades, all after the approved fashion of the barbarous, or semi-barbarous, hero. At length, however, the child Christ was born, of whose birth "The Kalevala" gives the following curious account: The maid Marjatta, "as pure as the dew is, as holy as the stars are, that live without stain," was feeding her flocks, and listening to "the golden cuckoo," when a berry fell into her bosom.¹ She conceived and bore a child, who, with his mother, was despised and rejected, and thrust into a stable. Wainämöinen foreseeing in his advent the downfall of paganism, advised that he should be slain. The child rebuked him, whereupon he built a magic bark, by the spell of his song, and floated out to sea, singing, "Times go by, and suns shall rise and set, and then shall men have need of me, and shall look for the promise of my coming, that I may make a new sampo,² and a new harp, and bring back sunlight and moonshine, and the joy that is banished from the world."³

Hitherto we have been dealing with mythical or semi-mythical heroes, or, any at rate, with characters about whose names a considerable accretion of myth has gathered. But even when we come more indisputably within the domain of history, we constantly find that, when the end of an exalted personage has been attended by some mystery, a rumour has been disseminated, and obtained a wide credence, that he is not yet dead, and that his return may yet be looked for.

Thus, the Saxons believed that Harold was not really slain at Hastings, although his body was identified upon the field of battle,

¹ The Aztec war-god Huitzilopotchli was conceived of a floating ball of humming-bird's feathers, which his mother placed in her bosom.

² A mill for corn one day, for salt the next, for money the next.

³ See A. Lang, "The Kalevala" in *Custom and Myth*.

but that he had been wounded and secretly carried off by some monks. Some said that he took monastic vows ; but a story prevailed that he fought in the English or Anglo-Norman ranks at the battle of Tenchebraye, in a suit of black armour, and, by his prowess, materially contributed to the victory of Henry I. over his brother, Duke Robert.

Like rumours prevailed concerning King Sebastian, of Portugal, who was slain in Africa, in battle with the Moors, and James IV. of Scotland, who fell at Flodden.

The existence of these and the like rumours partly accounts for the ready credence which has always been accorded to pretenders, who assume the name of some dead king or prince. The name of these impostors is legion ; but, as the subject hardly comes within the scope of the present paper, it will suffice to instance, in ancient history, the pseudo-Nero, a freedman, whose personal resemblance to Nero, and skill in playing on the harp, convinced many persons that he was that monarch, and attracted a large following until he was put to death.¹ In modern history Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck are familiar examples, the former of whom asserted that he was the young Earl of Warwick, escaped from the Tower, and the latter passed himself off as the Duke of York, who had been murdered in the Tower by Richard III.

The ready acceptance, however, which these impostors have met with may, perhaps, be also partly accounted for by the favour which the multitude is ever ready to show to anyone who will promise, regardless of the laws of political economy, that, under his *régime*, there shall be "seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny," and that "the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops."

Far into the present century, even, such beliefs have held their ground. Long after Bonaparte had been dead and buried, and his heart, to use Sir Lucius O'Trigger's expression, "pickled, and sent home," the veterans of the *grande armée* continued to believe that their Emperor was still alive, and would return some day to lead on the French eagles again to victory. This superstition gave occasion to a heartless practical joke, with the account of which we will close this, by no means exhaustive, study of a very interesting subject. There was quartered in a provincial town of France a veteran of the Old Guard, who was firmly convinced of the future coming of the Emperor, and would descant upon this topic at a *café* he used to frequent, at such a length as alternately to amuse and bore a party of young men whom he used to meet there, and who would often draw the old man out-

¹ Tacitus, *History*, ii. 8.

One day it became known to them that a certain relative of Napoleon, who bore a striking resemblance to him, would enter the town that night, in command of a detachment of troops. Seeing an opportunity of indulging in a joke at the old man's expense, they told him, as a great secret, that his hopes were about to be realised, and that, if he desired to witness the Emperor's return, he should get himself placed on duty that night at the gate of the town. The veteran did so, and, palpitating with joy and expectancy, awaited the appointed hour. It came, the sound of drums approached, the troops entered the place, and, at their head, rode one, whose calm face and clear cut features awakened in the old soldier's mind memories of the glorious past. In an agony of joy he exclaimed, "C'est lui!"—he dropped his musket, threw up his arms, and with a cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" fell dead.

C. S. BOSWELL.

SOME MINOR BRITISH GAME BIRDS.

WOODCOCK, PLOVER, AND SNIPE.

AT the time of the heaviest bird-migrations in autumn, vast flocks of woodcocks pitch on the English coasts. They stay through the winter, and in spring the majority re-cross the wild North Sea *en route* to their northern breeding haunts. The woodcock is a "shifting" species; and just as any bird is erratic in its wanderings, so it is interesting to naturalists. The British Association is already on the track of the "woodsnipe"; as are several individual observers in a more literal sense. There was a time when the nesting of the woodcock in England was of such rare occurrence as to be recorded in the natural history journals. We now know that it has bred in almost every English county, and that the number of birds which remain in our woods to breed is annually increasing. This fact proves that the woodcock's habits are being modified, and ornithologists have now to discover the reasons of its extended range.

In coming to this country, woodcocks generally travel by night, and invariably against a head wind. Those which are exhausted pitch upon the East coast, and here lie resting until nightfall, when they pass on. The probability is that if these birds had not experienced a rough passage they would not have touched the eastern seaboard, but would have kept well in the upper currents of the air, and first dropped down in our western woods, or even those of Ireland. The migratory bodies are usually preceded by flocks of tiny goldcrests; and so invariable is this rule that the latter have come to be called "woodcock pilots." The males precede the females by a few days; the latter bringing with them the young that have been bred that year. It is a point worthy of notice, and one upon which much confusion exists, that the birds that come to us are usually in the very best condition. Soon after their arrival they disperse themselves over the leaf-strewn woods, and the same birds are known to resort to the same spots for many successive years. They seek out the warmer parts of the wood, and

in such secluded situations sleep and rest during the day. At dusk they issue forth with their peculiar owl-like flight, to seek their feeding grounds. Like many birds they have well-defined routes, and daily, at twilight, may be seen flying along the rides and paths of the forests, or skirting along the plantations. Coppice-belts they like best, especially such as contain spring-runs. It is here that the bird most easily finds food, the soft ground enabling it to probe quickly and to a considerable depth in search of earth-worms. These constitute its principal diet, and the quantity that a single bird will devour is enormous. The long mobile bill of the woodcock is a study in itself. The rapidity with which the bird uses it in following a worm in the ground is marvellous. It is extremely flexible—so much so as to be bent and twisted into every conceivable shape without harm—and it is as sensitive as flexible.

Every sportsman knows that woodcocks are here to-day, gone to-morrow. He often finds that where there were plenty yesterday not a single 'cock remains. Ireland, perhaps, affords the best shooting. It was here that the Earl of Clermont shot fifty brace of woodcock in one day. This feat was the result of a wager; and the bag was made by two o'clock in the afternoon, with a single-barrelled flint-lock. The birds were shot in a moist wood; and it is in such spots on the mild West coast that the woodcock finds its favourite haunt. In England the birds affect coppice-woods—frequenting most those which are wet, and such as have rich deposits of dead and decaying leaves. Most of these copses are of oak, birch, and hazel, and being only of a few years' growth get thick in the top. Killing 'cock as they dash through the twigs of the bushes, is one great test of the shooter's skill. Then the birds have a habit of dropping down at a short distance, which almost invariably deludes an inexperienced gunner. When they are put up from their resting-places during the day the flight is rapid; at evening it is slow. It is now that they are easiest to shoot; though in some parts of the country they are still taken in nets as they fly at dusk through the paths of the wood. Netting woodcocks was at one time the common way of taking them; for they have always been highly esteemed as food. Another method of capture was by "gins" and "springes"; and it would seem that in times past the "woodsnipe" was considered a stupid bird.

None of the denizens of the woods conform better or more closely to its environment. The browns and duns and yellows of its plumage all have their counterparts in the leaves among which it lies; and it has been pointed out that the one conspicuous

ornament of the bird is covered by a special provision from the gaze of those for whose admiration it is not intended. This is the bright colouring of the tail-feathers, which cannot be seen except at the will of the bird or in flight. Its protection lacks in one thing, however; and that is its large, dark eye. This is full, bright, and (so to speak) obtrusive. It is not often that a special provision of this kind is injurious to its owner; but the lustre which beams from the woodcock's eye is apt to betray its presence, and even to negative the advantage of its protective colouring. This has long been known. Hudibras has it that "Fools are known by looking wise, as men find woodcocks by their eyes."

The woodcock is an early breeder, the eggs being found by the second week in April. These are usually four in number; and the nest is placed among dried grass, leaves, and fern. The young are able to run about immediately they are hatched, and are sometimes found with portions of shell adhering to their down. In a few days they are led to the vicinity of water, where they remain until they are able to fly. It is said that a small bank of moss is sometimes constructed by the old birds, and upon this worms are placed. In its yielding substance they have their first lesson in boring, and obtain the kind of food which constitutes their chief diet in after-life. One of the most interesting traits about the woodcock is the fact of its occasionally conveying its young through the air, which is done by only one or two other birds. This is no recent discovery. The fact was known as early as the middle of last century; though Gilbert White rightly surmised that those observers were mistaken who fancied the young were conveyed either by or in the bill. It is just as erroneous, however, to substitute the claws, as some have done. The truth is, that when the parent bird wishes to convey her young one from a place of danger to one of safety, the tiny thing is gently pressed between the feet and against the breast, the aid of the bill being resorted to only when the burden has been hastily taken up. In this way the whole of the brood is sometimes removed from one part of a wood to another when the birds have been much disturbed. On this subject there is an interesting note in *Lays of the Deer Forest*, by the brothers Stuart:—"One morning, sitting on a grey-stone, I saw a dark eye which was fixed upon mine from the bed of leaves before me, when suddenly the little brown head of a young woodcock peeped out from the feathers of the old one's breast, uttering that plaintive cry for which language has no sign. There were two more young woodcocks, and, to relieve the anxiety of the *madre*, I left her. Near the place where I found her

there was a soft green stripe, such as woodcocks love. I had no doubt that the family would be there next day: and as I passed near, I turned aside to see what they were doing. Upon a dry bank half-way down the brae, I almost stumbled over a bird, which rose at my feet; and as it darted through the trees I saw that it had something in its claws, and at the same time I heard the plaintive cry of young woodcocks just under my feet. I looked down—there were two; and I thought a hawk had carried off the third, and perhaps killed the mother. This, however, I found, on following the bird, was the old woodcock, which, being flushed again suddenly, after a low flight of only a few yards dropped what it was carrying—her own young woodcock." This trait may be confirmed by anyone who will look out the bird in its haunts, and is all the more interesting as it seems to be quite an acquired one. The bird is in no way adapted to transport its young through the air.

There are upwards of a dozen species of British plover; birds interesting to the naturalist, dear to the heart of the shore-shooter, and to the sportsman of the marshes. Some of these are summer visitants to our shores, others come in winter, while a few stay with us throughout the year. The common green plover, or peewit, with its crest, its peculiarly rounded wings, its plaintive cry, is the best known; and this species breeds with us, as the great abundance of its eggs proves. In autumn the old birds and their young descend from the uplands, where the latter are bred, and seek out the mud-banks and ooze-flats on which to spend the winter. Plashy meadows and marshes are also favourite feeding-grounds; and here the lapwing makes "game" for an army of gunners. The vast flocks of plovers that congregate in autumn are said to be increasing in numbers. Hundreds of thousands of eggs are collected annually; "bunches" of green plover are displayed at the game-shops during the autumn; and yet there are more of these birds in England than ever there were. This may be accounted for by the closeness with which the plover conforms to its environment through every season. The plover is dainty eating, as are also its eggs. "To live like a plover"—meaning to live on the wind—is a saying of no aptitude. All the species are voracious feeders on substantial. Their chief food consists of insects and worms from ploughed land; but immediately upon the setting in of frost they betake themselves to the mosses and marshes, or even to the coast and estuaries of rivers. Here they feed liberally and at large, becoming very plump and fat. Here the birds often remain till the return of spring. Although many are shot, most of the birds that find their way to market are taken

in nets by professional fowlers. When the flocks are heaviest, and during hard weather, from fifty to eighty plovers are sometimes secured at one raising of the net.

Flying with the lapwing may often be seen flocks or "trips" of Golden plover, one of the most beautiful birds of its family, and much less common as a species than the last. Like the rare dotterel, it breeds on the highest mountains, and in the nesting season has the golden markings of its back set off by the rich velvety black of its breast. This is an adornment donned for the summer season, and is changed at the time of the autumnal migration from the elevated breeding-grounds to the lowlands. At all times it has a piping, plaintive whistle, which conforms well to the wild solitudes where it is heard. The flocks of golden plover are usually smaller than those of green, and more compact. When feeding together the two kinds are not easily discriminated. The moment they take wing, however, a difference is detected; the golden plover flying straight and quick, often in a V-shaped bunch, the green going loosely and without apparent order. All plover are restless and shifting before a change of weather; and when this is for the worse the golden plover always fly south. They are delicate birds, in fact, and little fitted to withstand the rigours of our northern climate. As a table bird they are daintier even than the green plover, and fetch a higher price. The death-dealing punt-gun is terribly destructive to this species, from the compact mode of flying described above. As many as a hundred birds have been killed at a single shot.

The beautiful little Ringed plover, or sea-lark, is another of our breeding species. It is permanently resident on our coasts, and is one of the most interesting of British shore-birds. At no time infrequent, there is a considerable accession in winter; and it is a pretty sight to watch a flock of these feeding among sand or shingle, or even upon a mud-flat. It is in such spots, too, that it lays its creamy spotted eggs—(pointed like those of all plovers)—often without the slightest semblance of a nest. No shore bird is as nimble as the ringed plover. It runs with the utmost grace and ease, picking up tiny crustaceans as it goes. Although not uncommon, the ringed plover is somewhat locally distributed, which may also be said of the Kentish plover. This is a rare species, and is seldom found in numbers far from the south-eastern counties—from the "saltings" of Essex and Kent. In haunt and habit it much resembles the "sea-lark."

Only one other of the plover kind is resident with us throughout the year; this is the Oyster Catcher. Sea-pie and Olive it is also

called on some parts of our coasts. It is easily distinguished by its well-defined black-and-white markings; and every shooooter knows its shrill, rattling whistle, its short, uneasy flights, and its restless paddlings up and down the ooze. Watch the sea-pie from behind some boulder, and see how admirably adapted is its bill to its wants. Flattened sideways and as hard as stone, no bivalve can resist it. It breeds among the weed and driftwood just above high-water mark, and lays three or four eggs of a cream-coloured ground, blotched and spotted with varying shades of rich dark brown. The little ringed plover is an exceedingly rare British bird, and is much like our own ringed plover in miniature.

The Grey plover and the Turnstone are spring and autumn visitants, having their breeding haunts in the far north; though it is probable that the first has bred a few times within the British Islands. Specimens have been seen in the London markets attired in summer plumage, and the birds themselves have been observed about the Farne Islands in June. The grey plover is fairly numerous after its advent in September, keeping in small flocks and sticking closely to the coast-lines. It is larger than the green and golden plovers, is sometimes seen in company with them, and, like them, assumes a black breast in the breeding season. It occurs less frequently in the bags of the puntsman than the birds just named. It is rarely obtained far inland. Like its congeners, it forms a delicate morsel to the *gourmet*. The turnstone, also known as the Hebridal Sand-piper, is a handsome bird in black, white, and chestnut. In its haunts it feeds upon various sea-sand haunting creatures which it obtains by turning over the stones with its bill. In this office the birds often assist each other. It comes in September in limited numbers, going north to its breeding haunts early in spring.

The Dotterel and Norfolk plover are summer visitants. The former breeds upon the tops of the highest mountains, and rarely stays more than a few days during the times of the spring and autumn migrations. It is every year decreasing in consequence of the persistency with which it is hunted down for feathers for dressing flies. We have found it breeding upon Skiddaw, Sca Fell, and Helvellyn. The Norfolk plover, thick-knee, or stone-curlew, is a summer visitant, coming in small numbers and being only locally distributed. It breeds in a few of the eastern counties.

December, with its frost and snow, its cold, grey skies, and biting northern weather, always brings in skeins of wild-fowl. The heart of the fowler warms as he hears the clangour and wild cries of the birds afar up, for although he cannot see their forms, he

easily determines the species. He hears the gaggle of geese, the trumpeting of wild swans, and the cry of the curlew as it hovers over the lights. Among the fowl that are driven down by stress of weather are wisps of snipe, and, although comparatively small, no game is dearer to the heart of the inland sportsman or shoreshooter. Four species of snipe are found in Britain, though one of these, the Red-breasted or Brown snipe can only be looked upon as a rare straggler. The remaining three species are the Common snipe, the Great snipe, and the Jack snipe. All snipe have a peculiar zig-zag flight, and this peculiarity renders them most difficult to kill. Bagging the first snipe constitutes an era in the life of every sportsman, and is an event always remembered. Another characteristic of birds of this genus is the beauty and design of their plumage. The ground colour is streaked and pencilled in a remarkable manner with straw-coloured feathers, which enables the bird to conform in a marvellous manner to the bleached stalks of the aquatic herbage that constitutes its haunt. The arrangement is somewhat similar to that of the woodcock lying among its dead oak leaves.

The Common snipe is one of our well-known marsh birds, though drainage and better farming have not only restricted its breeding haunts, but have caused it to be less numerous. Still, it probably breeds in every county in England, and our resident birds are augmented in numbers by bands of immigrants which annually winter within our shores. These come mostly from Scandinavia, and soon after their arrival may be seen dispersing themselves over the marshes in search of food. At this time they are exceedingly wary, and the alarm note of a single bird will put every one up from the marsh. The startled cry of the snipe resembles the syllables "scape, scape, scape," and is often a literal translation of what takes place before the gunner. The bird feeds on plashy meadows, wet moors, by tarns and stream-sides, and on mosses which margin the coast. This being so, it is one of the first to be affected by severe weather. If on elevated ground when the frost sets in, it immediately betakes itself to the lowlands, and when supplies fail here it soon starves, becoming thin and skeleton-like. Under ordinary circumstances the bird is a ravenous feeder, lays on a thick layer of fat, and is certainly a delicacy. Soon after the turn of the year snipe show an inclination to pair, one of them circling high in the air, and flying round and round, over their future nesting site. It is now that they produce a peculiar drumming noise, caused, as some say, by the rapid action of the wings when making a downward swoop; while others assert that the noise is produced by the stiff tail feathers; and others again that

it is uttered by the bird itself. This "bleating" much resembles the booming of a large bee, and has given to the bird several expressive provincial names. To many northern shepherds the noise indicates dry weather and frost. The snipe is an early breeder, and in open seasons its beautiful eggs may be found by March or early April. These are laid in a depression among rushes or aquatic herbage, and have a ground colour of greenish olive, blotched with varying shades of brown. Incubation lasts only a fortnight, and the result of this are tiny young, which run as soon as they are hatched, clothed in an exquisite covering of dappled down. The birds strongly object to any intrusion on their breeding haunts, though this presents a capital opportunity of hearing the peculiar sound already referred to. The male will be seen flying high in circles, and whenever he indulges the remarkable action of his wings in his curving descent, the sound proceeds from him. Upon being hatched the young are immediately led to water, and the protection of thick and dank herbage. Here, too, food is abundant, which, for these tiny things, consists of the lowest forms of aquatic life. It is interesting to watch snipe boring for food, and it is surprising what hard ground their admirably adapted long mobile bills can penetrate. This is an exceedingly sensitive organ, however, the outer membrane being underlaid by delicate nerve fibre, which infallibly tells the bird when it touches food, although far hidden from sight. The seeds which are sometimes found in birds of the snipe kind have come there not by being eaten, but attached to some glutinous food, and taken accidentally.

The second species, the Great snipe, long remained unknown as a British bird, owing to its being considered only a large variety of the common species. Pennant was the first to elevate it to the rank of a species, and, once pointed out, its claim was admitted. The great snipe does not breed in Britain, and those killed here are mostly birds of the year, these occurring from early to late autumn. During a single season the writer shot three examples of this bird; one was flushed from turnips, the other two from a high-lying tussocky pasture—an ideal spot for hares, and for which we were on the lookout. In going away the great snipe is much slower than its common cousin and is not given to zig-zagging to such an extent. It lies close, lies heavily, and on the wing reminds one very much of the woodcock. Unlike its congeners, it does not soon "plump," but flies straight away. "Solitary snipe" is misleading, as a pair are often found in company; whilst double snipe, woodcock snipe, and little woodcock are each expressive and descriptive. With regard to

food and habit, this species has much in common with its congeners. It is usually found on high and dry situations from October to the end of the year, and seems to prefer loose soil to wet marshes, as the former gives a greater variety of food. This consists of worms, insects and their larvæ, beetles, tiny landshells, and grit ; and when in season are loaded with flesh and fat. Only a slight nest is constructed at breeding time, when four eggs are laid ; these are olive-green with purplish brown blotches. The bird is not known to breed with us, though it does in Scandinavia, and here it is sometimes known to tear up the surrounding moss with which to cover its back. This it does for the purpose of concealment, a proceeding which is sometimes practised by the woodcock. The following interesting fact is recorded by two gentlemen who have observed the bird in its breeding grounds :—"The great snipe has a *lek* or playing ground, similar to that of some of the grouse tribe, the places of meeting, or *Spil-pads*, being frequented by several pairs of birds from dusk to early morning, The male utters a low note, resembling *bip, bip, bipbiperere, biperere*, varied by a sound like the smacking of a tongue, produced by striking the mandibles smartly and in rapid succession ; he then jumps upon a tussock of grass, swelling out his feathers, spreading his tail, dropping his wings in front of the female, and uttering a tremulous *sbirr*. . . . The males fight by slashing feebly with their wings, but the combat is not of long duration." As the characteristics of the great snipe become known, it will doubtless be recorded as occurring more frequently than it has been in the past. As has been suggested, it is most probable that in a big bag of snipe the rarer species may have been frequently overlooked, and especially as the common snipe varies in size perhaps more than any other bird.

The Jack-snipe is the smallest British species, and is only a winter visitant to this country. It breeds upon the *tundras* of the far north, and arrives here late in September. Unlike its congeners it is usually seen single, and procures its food in the boggiest situations. It feeds much at dusk both morning and evening, and when satisfied retires a short distance upland, where among dry grass tufts it rests during the day. Its food consists of worms and other soft-bodied creatures, and under favourable conditions it lays on much fat and is considered a delicacy at table. Upon its first arrival it makes for wet meadows, plashy uplands, and sea-coast tracts, though the wet weather regulates the altitude at which the bird is found. If severe frosts set in it leaves the hill-tarns for lower land, and seeks the protection of grass and rushes by the margins of streams. Open weather, however, soon drives it from

the valleys. The jack-snipe is very local in its likes and will return again and again to the same spot; in ordinary seasons its numbers are about equal to those of the common species. It lies well to the gun, often until almost trodden on, and birds have been known to have been picked up from before the nose of a dog. It is more easily killed than any of its congeners, for although it flies in a zig-zag manner it invariably rises right from the feet of the sportsman. About April, the birds congregate for their journey northwards, and there is no authentic record of the species having bred in Britain. Mr. John Wolley, an English naturalist, discovered in Lapland the first known eggs of the jack-snipe. And this is how he relates the interesting find:—"We had not been many hours in the marsh when I saw a bird get up, and I marked it down. The nest was found. A sight of the eggs, as they lay untouched, raised my expectations to the highest pitch. I went to the spot where I had marked the bird, and put it up again, and again saw it, after a short low flight, drop suddenly into cover. Once more it rose a few feet from where it had settled. I fired; and in a minute had in my hand a true jack-snipe, the undoubted parent of the nest of eggs! In the course of the day and night I found three more nests, and examined the birds of each. One allowed me to touch it with my hand before it rose, and another only got up when my foot was within six inches of it. The nest of June 17, and the two of June 18, were all alike in structure, made loosely of dried pieces of grass and *equisetum* not at all woven together, with a few old leaves of the dwarf birch, placed in a dry sedgy or grassy spot close to more open swamp."

At one time snipe were commonly taken in England in "pantles" made of twisted horsehair. These were set about three inches from the ground; and snipe and teal were mostly taken in them. In preparing the snares the fowler trampled a strip of oozy ground, until, in the darkness, it had the appearance of a narrow plash of water. The birds were taken as they went to feed in ground presumably containing food of which they were fond.

JOHN WATSON

THE BRITISH CLIMATE.

THERE are few subjects on which people are, as a rule, more imperfectly informed than on the weather. Why should this be? for meteorology has great practical uses, and in addition to the curious facts which its study discloses, and which should interest the thoughtful, there is hardly anything on which it is more incumbent that medical men, at any rate, should have correct information for the guidance of their clients. Only a few weeks ago I saw in what purported to be a scientific periodical, edited by a metropolitan physician of some eminence, a paragraph which stated that the shaded thermometer in summer reached 140° F. in Canada, and in the winter fell "all the time" to 13° below zero. Canada is a large country, but 100° is a very high reading in any part of the Dominion. At Montreal in 1875, according to the official report of the Chief Signal Officer of the United States' Army, the maximum was 87° , and the minimum -22.1° , but readings over 75° and below zero were rare; at Port Stanley the highest in the same year was 81° , and in 1876 90° , while the mercury only six times fell below zero; at Quebec a maximum of 85° was only once reached; at Saugeen 86° , with a minimum of -8.1° ; at Toronto 88° was once reached in 1875, but this was unusual, and the thermometer rarely exceeded 80° . The Dominion of Canada is a vast empire, and in many districts the winter cold is intense and continuous, still the foregoing figures show that the thermometer never reaches 140° , while, on the other hand, the older and more thickly inhabited regions have not a mean winter temperature of -13° , but one at least twenty degrees above. Quebec is cold enough all will admit, but its January mean is 12° above zero. "Figures," says Sir William Butler, "convey but a poor idea of cold, yet they are the only means we have, and by a comparison of figures some persons, at least, will understand the cold of an Athabaskan winter. The citadel of Quebec has the reputation of being a cold winter residence; its mean temperature for the month of January is $11^{\circ} 7' F.$, but the mean temperature of the month of January 1844 at Fort Chipeweyan was $-22^{\circ} 74'$, or over 30° colder; and during the preceding month—December—the wind blew with a total pressure

of 1,160 pounds to the square foot. It is perhaps needless to say more about an Athabaskan winter." When scientific papers are inaccurate it is not surprising to find educated people, who do not profess to be scientific, making still more stupid blunders. A Wiltshire rector told me that he thought nothing of 120° F. in his parish, nor of zero. He might as well have said that the Wilts men ranged from three to ten feet in height. Few people in England understand what a minimum of 10° or a maximum of 90° really does signify, and they would be none the worse for a little information. I shall endeavour to compress into as brief a compass as possible some facts which will be new to many of my readers, but on which they can rely.

We have been passing, since the beginning of September 1887, through a time of almost continuously low temperature, with heavy rain to begin with, then a long drought, then again abnormal rain, but finally some months with the temperature above the mean. Into the cause of this state of things I need not enter, nor would it be easy to frame a good explanation.

The following summary of the weather of the past year in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis will come in appropriately at this time ; I have greatly abridged it from official reports. It gives the salient features of 1888, and shows the compensation which, as I shall point out later, obtains in the weather between the deficit of one season and the excess of another. Last year was not eventful for the occurrence of exceptional meteorological phenomena, and it was particularly free from wind-storms, and, beyond the persistent low temperature and copious rainfall during the summer, little of moment occurred ; yet, from a meteorological point of view, it was not uninteresting. The absence of warmth until the latter part of the autumn, and the very small amount of sunshine, rendered the year dreary and the weather unusually depressing. In the earlier months the scarcity of water caused considerable apprehension, as the British supply mainly depends upon the autumn and winter rainfall, which had been greatly below the average. The heavy summer rains changed the whole aspect of things, the fall being sufficiently heavy to find ready access to the springs, and the total absence of warm, sunny days allowed the ground to remain soddened. Whilst in England we were enjoying quiet weather at the beginning of last year, very different conditions obtained in other parts of the Northern Hemisphere. In New York on March 12 a memorable snowstorm occurred, which was a blizzard of the true American type, the storm being so severe as to paralyse trade, and seventy-five trains were blocked in the snow within a radius of fifty miles. In ten

minutes the thermometer fell thirty-four degrees Centigrade, or 61° F., while the wind rose to hurricane strength. When the streets were cleared of snow many corpses of men and women were found huddled in doorways or under any shelter. Mr. Abercromby, in his work on weather, mentions that in every blizzard a very curious circumstance attends these deaths : in almost every case the victims are found to have begun to strip themselves. When the body is nearly reduced to an icicle only a very little blood continues to circulate languidly through the brain. Then delirium sets in with a delusive sensation of warmth, under the influence of which the traveller begins to divest himself of his clothes. The summer conditions over England were, as so often happens here, less agreeable than in Europe generally, and instead of summer we had once more an intermittent kind of spring. While we were experiencing a deluge and sunless days, the northern parts of Europe were having an exceptionally fine summer, and in Norway and Sweden the weather was finer than for years, although vessels plying in sub-arctic waters reported that ice was unusually abundant, and was fallen in with much farther south than usual.

The subjoined table, drawn up from observations published by the Meteorological Office, gives the principal elements of the weather in London in 1888 :—

1888	Temperature					Rainfall			Sun- shine
	Highest	Lowest	Absolute range	Mean	Difference from average	Percentage of rainy days	Total fall in inches	Difference from average in inches	Percentage of possible duration
January .	51°	24°	27°	38°	average	23	0·97	0·94 less	9
February .	52°	20°	32°	36°	4° below	52	0·95	0·55 less	8
March .	56°	25°	31°	39°	3° below	61	2·75	1·23 more	11
April .	65°	29°	36°	45°	3° below	43	1·86	0·20 more	22
May .	76°	34°	42°	54°	1° below	13	0·80	1·27 less	44
June .	85°	45°	40°	59°	1° below	60	2·85	0·84 more	29
July .	72°	43°	29°	59°	4° below	74	5·94	3·63 more	20
August .	85°	44°	41°	60°	2° below	35	3·15	0·89 more	32
September	74°	41°	33°	57°	average	47	1·03	1·32 less	34
October .	70°	28°	42°	47°	4° below	29	1·32	1·42 less	27
November	60°	32°	28°	48°	5° above	63	4·04	1·76 more	8
December	58°	25°	33°	42°	2° above	52	1·13	0·80 less	7
Year	85°	20°	65°	49°	1° below	46	26·79	2·24 more	21

The absolute highest temperature of the year was 85°, registered in June and in August ; whilst in July, usually the warmest

month, the thermometer did not exceed 72° , a reading surpassed by 2° in September, and by 4° in May, and almost equalled in October. The lowest reading was 20° in February, and frost was registered in the shade in every month from January to April, and from October to December, whilst in July the thermometer fell to 43° . The range of temperature was very large for London in May and October, reaching 42° , but in July it was exceedingly small, being only 29° . The total range for the year was 65° , or 8° less than in 1887, but in fair agreement with the average of recent years. The mean temperature was below the average in seven months, in agreement with it in two, and above in three, while the yearly mean was 1° colder than usual. The persistent character of the cold is shown by the fact that during the three years, 1886-88, only eight months have had a mean temperature in excess of the average.

The largest monthly rainfall occurred in July, the excess amounting to $3\cdot62$ in., and very heavy falls were recorded in March and in November. The smallest monthly fall was in May; but there was a large deficiency in January, September, and October. The total fall for the year near London was $2\cdot24$ in. in excess of the average.

Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., our greatest living authority on the British rainfall, published, a short time ago, an able *résumé* of the rainfall; this I have freely abridged, though retaining its principal features. Mr. Symons remarks that the first question generally asked is, "Was 1888 a wet or a dry year?" It was decidedly a dry year measured by the total rainfall, and taking the United Kingdom as a whole, excepting over the south-east of Ireland and a strip running due west from London to the Bristol Channel, every record examined gives a total under the average of 1870-79, and in many cases the deficiency is large; this is shown by the following table:—

STATIONS AT WHICH THE TOTAL RAINFALL IN 1888 WAS MORE THAN FIVE INCHES BELOW THE AVERAGE OF 1870-79.

Station	County	Average	1888	Deficiency
		Inches	Inches	Inches
Barnstaple . . .	Devon . . .	42·43	34·29	-8·14
Bodmin . . .	Cornwall . . .	54·48	48·35	-6·13
Woolstaston . . .	Salop . . .	37·08	29·75	-7·33
Manchester . . .	Lancashire . . .	36·73	28·40	-8·33
Arncliffe . . .	Yorkshire . . .	60·95	52·69	-8·26
Hull . . .	Yorkshire . . .	29·17	23·73	-5·44
Seathwaite . . .	Cumberland . . .	134·95	119·89	-15·06
Haverfordwest . . .	Pembroke . . .	53·32	47·08	-6·24
Llandudno . . .	Carnarvon . . .	33·63	25·87	-7·76
Cargen . . .	Kirkcudbright . . .	46·65	35·79	-10·86
Kilmorey . . .	Argyll . . .	61·48	56·12	-5·36
Ballinasloe . . .	Galway . . .	38·89	32·18	-6·71

It is strange that it should have been in a dry year that fruits did not ripen from want of sun, that much hay was spoilt by rain, that the harvest was, generally, several weeks late, and that, as one of Mr. Symons's correspondents wrote from the banks of the Tweed, "I did not get in the last of my corn until November 9." The explanation lies in the irregular distribution over the months, though, as Mr. Symons was anxious not to overload his paper with figures, he substituted for a formal table a running commentary.

"January.—Dry in all parts of the British Isles. February.—Dry at all stations except Inverness. March.—Generally rather wetter than usual; but at its close no station except Inverness had had as much rain as usual. April, May, and June had nearly their average; at the end of the six months only Warringstown, county Down, had had its average fall, while the deficiency at Bodmin and at Haverfordwest amounted to 7.03 in., and 7.99 in. respectively. July.—Wet, or very wet, everywhere; at many places it made up for all previous deficiencies. August.—The total fall was less than the average at all stations except London. September.—Rainfall less than the average at every station, and of the stations we are now considering at the end of the third quarter, only one had had its average for the nine months; this time the station was London. October had less than its average rainfall everywhere, except at Inverness. November was wet, except on the east coast of England. December had, at some stations, within an inch of the average; at some, especially at Cork, it had above the average, at others below it, as at Inverness. This inquiry has brought us nearer to the explanation of the anomaly, for it shows that much of the total deficiency was due to the dry spring, and that July, which is so important for harvest work, was much wetter than usual. As the study of rainfall progresses it becomes more and more obvious that total quantities are not all that we want to know. A thunderstorm lasting two hours may bring down more water than usually falls in a month, and we might have a month with the total fall above the average, and yet with thirty cloudless and sunny days. The converse also holds good: last August being a good illustration, it was largely responsible for the apparent enigma; it had almost everywhere less than the usual quantity, but its frequency was excessive. Taking the average of a large number of stations all over the British Isles, at most of them there were out of the thirty-one more than seventeen days with rain. As we had a very wet July, and an August with more wet days than dry, and as both months were distinguished by an absence of sun and by very low temperatures, it is not remarkable that agriculturists suffered and that the country at large complained."

A most interesting letter from the same pen appeared in the "Times" last November. I give it practically verbatim. It was entitled, "A Wet Week in the English Lakes," and ran as follows:—

"The rainfall in the English Lake District at the end of October was so exceptionally heavy, that I think the following details may be acceptable:—

TOTAL RAINFALL ON EACH DAY FROM OCTOBER 25 TO OCTOBER 30.

Station	25	26	27	28	29	30	25-30
	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.
Broughton-in-Furness	'43	'54	1.83	'10	'16	'94	4'00
Broughton-in-Ulpha	'85	'86	2'06	'10	'24	1'45	5'56
Hawkshead, Esthwaite	'93	1'66	2'48	'24	'18	1'10	6'59
Windermere, Bowness	'92	1'68	2'45	'41	'15	1'15	6'76
Windermere, Ambleside	1'80	2'57	3'63	'41	'20	1'25	9'86
Borrowdale, Seathwaite	1'50	3'56	4'57	'24	'29	1'65	11'81
Borrowdale, Vicarage	1'46	3'38	4'80	'40	'18	1'56	11'78
Borrowdale, Grange	1'55	3'15	4'61	'30	'18	1'34	11'13
Thirlmere, Wythburn	1'94	3'78	5'20	'67	—	1'80	13'39
Buttermere, Hassness	1'85	3'21	4'56	'46	'14	1'53	11'75
Ulleswater, Patterdale	1'31	2'30	4'45	1'03	'11	2'07	11'27
Shap	'89	2'39	3'50	1'12	'24	'81	8'95

"This shows that at the heads of Windermere, Derwentwater, Thirlmere, Buttermere, and Ulleswater the fall on the 26th and 27th exceeded six inches, and that the fall in those localities during the six days ranged from 10 to 13½ inches. When I mention that the total fall in London for the whole of October was less than an inch and a quarter, the contrast becomes very striking. So large a fall in so short a time would do mischief almost anywhere, and even in the Lakes such a fall is quite unusual. Many roads became impassable; temporary streams rushed through houses; at two (perhaps more) places of worship service was impossible, as the surrounding roads were flooded; gates, fences, and timber were carried down the streams, as well as numerous fowls and other small animals. A farmer in Borrowdale had twenty sheep washed away. The waters of Lodore could be seen from Keswick coming down the gorge in a foaming torrent, and the roaring was like continuous thunder, but as the road was under water, few could get a close view. The total quantity of water deposited is almost incredible; it was certainly ten inches deep over an area of 400 square miles, and if spread over the area of the City of London would have risen to the level of the golden gallery of St. Paul's; or, to put it in another form, had Messrs. Hemans and Hassard's scheme for supplying London with pure mountain water been carried out, these six days would have provided

all that London needs and wastes, for half a year. Or, to put it in tons' weight, it must have exceeded one hundred million tons."

The table given shows that in most months the amount of bright sunshine last year was small. In December the sun only shone 7 per cent. of the possible duration, and in the other winter months the amounts were almost equally insignificant : unfortunately our British winter is never conspicuous for cloudless skies and bright invigorating sunshine. The only months with a large percentage were May and September. During the year there were eighty-two frosty nights, eight fewer than in 1887, but slightly in excess of those of 1886, whilst 1884 had only twenty-four. There were in 1888 fifty-two frosty nights during the first three months. At Greenwich 234 days had a temperature below the mean, and 132 days had an excess ; whilst from January to October there were 218 cold against 87 warm days. There was not a single hot day that is, a day with the mean decidedly above the average, from June 27 to August 6, and only eighteen during the whole summer. So low is our normal summer temperature, and so accustomed are we to heated rooms, that even in summer only those days with a mean somewhat above the average seem pleasantly hot to most of us.

The Registrar General's returns show, however, that the weather was exceptionally healthy ; in the Metropolitan district 79,690 deaths occurred from all causes during the fifty-two weeks from December 25, 1887, to December 22, 1888, which gives an average of 18·5 per 1,000 in a population estimated at 4,282,921. This is the lowest death-rate ever recorded, and is 0·3 per 1,000 under that of 1887, which was, up to that time, the healthiest year ever known. The cool summer and mild autumn had much to do with the low death-rate, although the steady decrease of late years points to other causes, and among these must be included better sanitary arrangements. A similar improvement is seen in the twenty-eight great towns, the rate being 19·3 per 1,000 in 1888, and 20·8 in 1887. Only five weeks had a death-rate in excess of that of the previous ten years, and of these two were in January, when much fog prevailed over England generally, and in Scotland, and a cold spell was experienced, the changes of temperature being also sudden and considerable. The other three weeks with a high death-rate occurred in October, when very dense fogs prevailed, while at the commencement of the month the weather was exceptionally severe. The death-rate from all causes was below the average from January 22 to October 6, and the deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs were also below the mean with the exception of one week, in which they exceeded it by *two*.

The deaths from zymotic diseases were below the average from February 26 to October 13, and during the year there were from this cause 3,143 fewer than usual, the deaths in the summer months being about 2,400 below the average, whereas in 1887 for the corresponding three months the deaths from zymotic diseases exceeded the average by nearly 900, which gives a difference of about 3,300, attributable to the very different meteorological conditions which characterised the two summers. The absolutely lowest death-rate in London was 14·2 per 1,000 in the week ending June 16, and this was lower than in any week since September 26, 1885, then the lowest rate since the first publication of the Registrar General's returns half a century ago.

No record of the weather of 1888 would be complete that did not go more into detail respecting some of the exceptional phenomena experienced during the year. In February, a sharp spell of cold occurred towards the end of the month, and from the 22nd to the 24th the thermometer in London did not rise above freezing point, whilst on the 23rd it did not reach 29°, the lowest day reading in February during the last fifteen years; the weather was unusually severe in many parts of England, and with the exception of 1886, so cold a February has not been experienced since 1873. In London the night temperatures in the shade fell below freezing point on nineteen consecutive nights from February 17 to March 6; there are, by the way, only five instances at Greenwich of frost lasting twenty days or more since 1845. March was very cold, the mean for the whole of the British Islands being one degree lower than in January, and in the middle of the month gales and snowstorms were frequent. The summer was cold and wet, the weather of July standing out conspicuously for its low temperature and excessive rainfall, whilst on the 11th snow fell in the Isle of Wight and in some other parts of England. The maximum July temperatures in London were the lowest in any July during the last half century, and the mean temperature on some days was many degrees lower than on several days in March and in December. At Greenwich the rainfall for the month was 7·09 in., or six times as large as that of July 1887 and 1·20 in. in excess of the largest previous July fall. The early autumn was exceptionally fine, and the harvest was gathered in in fair condition. October opened with a spell of cold altogether without precedent so early in the autumn, the shade thermometer in London falling to freezing point, or below, on six consecutive nights from the 5th to the 10th, while the Greenwich records for the last fifty years do not show more than two consecutive frosty nights so early in the month. November and December were exceptionally mild, and

higher temperatures were registered than for years past. The last day of the year was, however, excessively cold, the thermometer in London registering two degrees of frost at mid-day, and frost, in the shade at day time, is very rare in the south of England.

Having thus disposed of last year let us inquire what are, scientifically speaking, the characteristic features of British weather? Just these: mild, but raw, damp, foggy, stormy winters, cool summers, and an overcast sky. Ours is not, on the whole, a wet climate, so far as the amount of rain in inches goes, though parts of Cornwall, Devon, Wales, the Lake district, the Western Highlands, and the Irish mountains have a rainfall that would not disgrace a tropical hill country. But all parts of the British Isles have a large number of rainy days, and still worse, as far as the enjoyment of outdoor life goes, very many threatening ones. The driest parts of the kingdom have a rainfall ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five or forty inches a year, not a very large amount it must be confessed; and distributed pretty evenly over the twelve months, while the rain falling on any given day is usually trifling in amount. Twelve hours of steady, heavy rain roughly represent one inch, so that the rainfall of Bournemouth would, were it continuous and heavy, be represented by twelve days and nights; that of Lincoln by eight or nine; and that of Staffordshire by seventeen or eighteen. Tremendous downpours, far in excess of our usual wet days, though rare, are not however unknown.

One inch and a half usually falls on the wettest day of the year at every meteorological station in the United Kingdom, but not a year passes on which four inches do not fall at one or more stations. But vastly larger amounts *may* fall—at Black Hambleton, near Todmorden, on July 9, 1870, the rainfall exceeded nine inches, and at Scarborough on August 6, 1857, the only rain-gauge in the town was found to be running over; it held nine inches and a half; so that the actual fall probably much exceeded that figure, and it may be assumed that even in our temperate climate nearly twelve inches may fall in a single day, and three inches, at longer intervals, come down in a few hours in thunderstorms in almost every part of the kingdom. But what are these quantities compared with inter-tropical totals? On the Khasia Hills, N.E. of Calcutta, 610 inches of rain represent the average fall, though at Kurrachee the fall is only seven inches. Even in our Lake District many stations register 100 inches a year, while one reaches 140, and another 175. Were our sky clear, and had we brilliant sunshine instead of our normal leaden canopy, most parts of England might have to complain of

drought much as they do at Madrid, and that too were our rainfall not to diminish. But placed as we are, full in the course of the Atlantic currents, and surrounded by water, we have a damp atmosphere, a cloudy sky, and gentle rain on 150 days a year in the south, up to 200 or 250 in the west and north. No day is accounted rainy on which less than the one-hundredth of an inch falls; this represents one ton of water to the acre. There is less difference between a dry and a wet year than is commonly supposed, for the driest season, as I have explained above, may have a few very heavy rain storms, and the excess of one part of the year is commonly counterbalanced by the deficit of another. If the normal rainfall of a district is twenty inches, a departure of five inches either way is exceptional. At the same time the rainfall is that meteorological factor which, taking the whole year, has the greatest tendency to depart from the mean, and even in England we may have a whole month without rain, and next year six or eight inches may fall in the corresponding month. A season, too, may have in one year several times as heavy a rainfall as in the corresponding one of another, but the annual fall never departs from the average to a very marked extent, and it would hardly be possible to have the rainfall of the wettest year double as heavy as that of the driest on record.

The prevalence of bright sunlight shows very considerable departure from the mean in different months and seasons. The greatest absolute amount is in the south of England—Hastings and the Channel Islands coming at the top of the list. Their allowance ranges from 1,500 to 1,800 hours, or five hours a day the year through; or nearly two-fifths of the whole time that the sun is above the horizon. In the Midland districts the sun shines far less than at Bournemouth and Hastings; and at Buxton, which is nearly forgotten by the sun, the total number of hours may fall as low as 600, or rise to 900, so that a sunless week at Buxton is even in summer not rare. Such an occurrence at Bournemouth would be a phenomenon. But there is often a vast difference even in the same place in the sunlight in corresponding weeks of consecutive years, and one week may have two hours, the other sixty or more. In June and July of 1887 there were recorded at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich 507 hours of bright sunshine, while in 1888 the total was only 227; the average, however, is 346. In the same months in 1887, forty-three out of the sixty-one days had over six hours' sunshine registered; last year there were only fifteen, while the days without any sunlight were

respectively three and twelve. In 1887 only forty-eight per cent. of the sky was covered with cloud, while in 1888 it was eighty-two. In June and July, 1887, the maximum shade reading exceeded 80° F. on twenty-one days ; in 1888 on three days only. Still, even in the matter of sunlight, the longer the time over which observations extend, the more closely does the total approximate to the normal. Nowhere in England or the United Kingdom, however, do we get the magnificent weather of Spain, or Italy, or Virginia ; nowhere do we see the sun glowing like a ball of fire, standing out from an unclouded sky, a veritable blazing globe, as I have seen it in November in low latitudes. Our finest summer days are always somewhat hazy, especially in dry weather and at a little distance from the south coast, and the lights and shades are comparatively ill-defined. At the same time many worse climates than ours could be found ; and a long burning rainless season is not an unmixed advantage to health or to the farmer.

Let us come now to Temperature. Here, again, we find the annual mean more constant than is usually supposed : a departure of three degrees either way is almost unheard of. What does this mean ? The mean temperature of Bournemouth is, the year through, three degrees higher than that of Wolverhampton, so that it hardly ever happens that the latter has a year as warm as that usually experienced at Bournemouth ; nor does a very cold year at the latter fall to the usual mean of Wolverhampton. But between the south of England and Italy the difference is very much larger ; for instance, the mean temperature of Rome is full 12° above that of London or Bournemouth, and nearly 15° in excess of Wolverhampton, while May in London is not so warm as an ordinary January in south-eastern Spain. Between Scilly and London, which are often cited as showing great differences of climate, the difference of mean temperature in favour of the former is less than two degrees ; while between the extreme south of our island and the most northerly of the Zetlands, it barely reaches six. But the January temperature of Scilly is 45°, while that of London is 39° ; by March, London is fast overtaking the former, and when July comes the London mean is five or six higher than that of Scilly, with a far higher day reading ; so that a summer day in London is a very different matter to a Scilly one, and in my opinion incomparably pleasanter. Between the South of England and the northern isles there is little difference in January, and only 6° between the Channel Islands and the inland districts of Scotland. But July has a temperature eleven degrees higher in southern England than in the North of Scotland, with a still

greater day range. I am, of course, only speaking of means or averages, and I will now explain how these are taken. Standard thermometers are placed over short grass, four feet above the ground, in a Stevenson screen painted white, some distance from walls, houses and trees. The daily maximum and minimum are accurately recorded, then added together ; *one* is deducted, and the remainder is divided by two. The result is, *roughly, the mean* ; but for scientific purposes, when great precision is needed, other methods are adopted. An important hint should be given amateur meteorologists : common bath thermometers, hung up in porches and against walls, are of no earthly use, and, when accurate, record readings many degrees too low on hot days, and several degrees too high on bright nights ; while cheap spirit thermometers that have been exposed to the sun are often found to have a portion of their contents condensed in the part of the tube farthest from the bulb, and, consequently, they have been known to give a reading 12° too low, of which the owner was blissfully unconscious. Not only do wide differences obtain in the *means* of corresponding days, but there may be wider differences of another sort, which we will glance at. A cold night and a hot day may go together, or a warm night and a cool day. For instance, the highest and lowest readings of a London July day and night may be 76° and 44° , giving a mean, very roughly, of 59° to 59.5° , or the respective readings may be 64° and 58° . In the former case the sky has been clear, with brilliant sunshine, followed by rapid radiation at night ; in the latter a wet day has accompanied a dull night. In this way it sometimes comes about that a spell of brilliant midsummer, or still oftener of May weather, with high day temperatures, may actually be below the mean of the season, although people may complain of intense heat ; while at another time the mean may be much above the average, although the cool, sunless days tempt people to talk of its being strangely cold. I have more than once known instances of both.

The mean temperature of a place teaches us little as to its productions, or as to the pleasantness of out-door exercise : one district may have great summer heat and intense winter cold, or much fog, damp, and wind which make the summer days disagreeable and the winter ones unbearable. Most people would prefer a hot, calm summer day to the damp, misty weather of West Cornwall, while a calm frost is incomparably less disagreeable than the windy damp of the south-west coast, where, with the thermometer at 40° , no great-coat or macintosh will keep out the searching, raw wind. Sir William Butler, however, warns us that, contrary to the usual impression, the

northern parts of the Dominion have not always calm winter days, and his description of intense cold might be taken to heart by would-be emigrants to these inhospitable regions.

“ We had slept coldly, and ere daylight the thermometer showed 32° below zero. A strong wind swept through the fir-trees from the north. At sunrise the cold became more than one could bear. I do not think I had, in the experience of many bitter days of travel, ever felt such cold. We held on ; right in our teeth blew the bitter blasts, the dogs with low-bent heads tugged steadily onward, the half-breeds and Indians wrapped their blankets round their heads, and bending forward as they ran, made their way against the wind. To run was instantly to freeze one’s face ; to lie on the sleet was to chill through the body to the very marrow. It was impossible to face it long, and again we put in to shore, made a fire, and boiled some tea. At mid-day the sun shone, and the thermometer stood at 26° below zero ; the sun was utterly powerless to make itself felt in the slightest degree ; a drift of dry snow flew before the bitter wind. Was this really great cold ? I often asked myself. I had not long to wait for an answer. My two fellow-travellers were perhaps of all men in those regions best able to settle a question of cold. One had spent nigh thirty years in many parts of the Continent ; the other had dwelt for years within the Arctic Circle, and had travelled the shores of the Arctic Ocean at a time when the Esquimaux keep close within their greasy snow huts. Both were renowned travellers, in a land where bad travellers were unknown ; the testimony of such men was conclusive, and for years they had not known so cold a day.”

The most unpleasant June and July which I have ever passed were in Cornwall, near Land’s End. This was in 1879, no doubt a very bad season ; the thermometer seldom, at mid-day, exceeded 56°, and we had incessant mist, fog, and rain, and for the first time in my life I was several times in July obliged to have a fire. A remarkable instance of the small value of means is afforded by the respective climates of the northern shores of the Caspian, and of the Hebrides : both have much the same mean temperature, say 45° F., but on the Caspian there is intense frost, lasting some months, followed by a long summer of transcendent brilliancy, and burning heat ; corn grows luxuriantly, and choice vines, peaches, apricots, and mulberries bear fruit abundantly ; while in the Hebrides, where snow rarely lies, and thick ice is almost a phenomenon, the summer is so little better than the winter that corn seldom ripens, and is always of inferior quality, and fruit is an impossibility. Candidly speaking, the Hebridean climate, though it has the doubtful advantage of equability, and of a

mild, misty winter, is far less adapted to successful horticulture and out-door amusements than that of the Caspian.

Which is the most disagreeable climate on the face of the earth is hard to tell ; some people would say that of Edinburgh or Cornwall, though Admiral Fitzroy gives the palm to the countries on the Strait of Magellan. "It is so disagreeable," he says, "that the country is almost uninhabitable. Clouds, wind, and rain are continual in their annoyance. Perhaps there are not ten days in the year on which rain does not fall, and not thirty on which the wind does not blow strongly, yet the air is mild, and the temperature surprisingly uniform throughout the year. The temperature of that ill-omened region is uniformly low, rarely falling below freezing point, and seldom rising very much above it. Extremes of cold never occur, and even with the thermometer at freezing point the screen of vapour mitigates the rigour of the climate. In this way the vegetable and animal life of Tierra del Fuego, and of the mainland of Western Patagonia, exists under apparently anomalous conditions : vast forests adorn the mountain sides ; ferns closely allied to tropical species grow splendidly, large woody-stemmed trees of fuchsia and veronica may be seen in full flower, parrots abound, and humming birds are seen in great numbers as low as 53.5° S. latitude. The absence of frost favours many kinds of productions, while the low summer heat is equally injurious to others."

Nothing tends so greatly to make severe winter cold endurable as a perfectly calm and fairly dry atmosphere, and it is no exaggeration to say that 20° F. to a well-clothed person is not so disagreeable, under these circumstances, as 40° with a keen wind and the air nearly saturated. With a practically motionless atmosphere it is possible to get warm with the thermometer at zero, or even lower ; but how seldom this kind of weather occurs in our islands, and our frosts send a shudder through the most robust and light-hearted. But very intense cold is not agreeable in any part of the world, as an extract will show : "About three o'clock in the morning the men got up, unable to sleep on account of the cold, and set the fire going. Beyond a doubt it was cold ; I don't mean cold in the ordinary manner, cold such as you can localise to your feet, or your fingers, or your nose, but cold all over, crushing cold. Putting on coat and mocassins as close to the fire as possible, I ran to the tree on which I had hung the thermometer on the previous evening ; it stood at 37° below zero at 3.30 in the morning. Oh, how biting cold it was ! On, in the grey snow light, with a terrible wind sweeping up the long reaches of the river ; nothing spoken, for such cold makes

men silent, morose, and savage. After four hours' travelling we stopped to dine ; it was only 9.30, but we had breakfasted six hours before. Then I set up my thermometer again ; it registered 39° below zero, 71° of frost. What it must have been at day-break I cannot say ; but it was sensibly colder than at 10 o'clock, and I do not doubt must have been 45° below zero. I had never been exposed to anything like this cold before. Set full in the sun at 11 o'clock, the thermometer rose only to 26° below zero ; the sun seemed to have lost all power of warmth."

Almost at any season there may be, in England, a difference of 42° between the mean of corresponding days in different years, though this is very rare. The greatest departure in the temperature of months, weeks, and days, occurs in winter, the least in summer. For example : the mean of the coldest mid-January day in London is 35° or 36° , but January 20, 1838, had a mean of 10.7° . A mean as low as 20° is, however, very unusual. On the other hand, the hottest July day of modern times had a mean of 79.5° , or 15.5° above the mean, against a January deficit of 25° or 26° ; while a July day last year had a mean of 49° , a deficit of 14° or 15° as against January 24, 1834, with a mean of 52.7° , an excess of 17° . In London the thermometer has very occasionally, at long intervals, fallen to zero, and even three or four degrees below, while the highest readings have been 96.6° and 96.8° in July. On the other hand, the lowest recorded reading in the south of Scotland was 22° below zero, and a day in Scotland, with a mean of zero, has been recorded. Every other year the thermometer touches 90° in London, but in the following winter the minimum may not fall below 23° , giving an annual range of 65° or 66° . But what is this compared with Australia. At Deniliquin, which may be regarded as a fairly typical New South Wales station, the range between different years is startling—from a maximum of 121° in January 1863, to 102.1° in January 1871. Our British climate has many drawbacks, and I shall never stand up for it ; at the same time let me say that even more serious drawbacks attend many other climates. A lady who after a residence of seventeen years has recently returned from Virginia, exhausts her vocabulary without finding language sufficiently strong to denounce the extremes of heat and cold and the boxing of the thermometer up and down in that State ; but she may be somewhat prejudiced. As some people are fond of statistics, let me say that the late Professor Parkes gives Masavva and Khartoum, in 15° N. lat. on the Nile, in Lower Nubia, as the hottest places in the world ; they have a mean annual temperature of 90.5° F.

At Ashdall, Alton, Hants, a maximum of 101° was recorded July 15, 1881; this, as far as I can ascertain, is the highest reading ever registered in England by verified thermometers properly placed. So local, however, are very high or very low readings in the United Kingdom, that in July, 1881, the maximum reading at Cokermonth only once exceeded 70° . Again, in the memorable frost of January, 1881, while the minimum at some places fell 15° , 20° , and even 22° below zero, it was as high as 24° above zero at Valencia, 26° at Guernsey, and 29° at Scilly. In selecting a place for change of air or a summer holiday, a most important consideration is abundance of moderate warmth, brilliant sunlight, and rainless days. The south of England fairly answers these requirements from the beginning of May to the close of September, but during the winter all parts of the United Kingdom are bad—the drier, colder, north-eastern districts having keen searching winds, while the south-western ones have a continuance of wet winds and raw days, with temperatures so low that out-door exercise is not pleasant except to the very robust.

Climate has a tendency to arrange itself under one of two types—the so-called continental and the insular—that is, large diurnal and seasonal ranges from say 30° below to 110° above zero, a not uncommon range in some parts of the Northern States of the American Union; and small annual and seasonal ranges like that of Scilly, from a minimum of 30° to a maximum of 70° . The most remarkable instances of the two types would be found, on the one hand, in Northern Siberia, and, on the other, in some small equatorial island. At Singapore the difference between the hottest and the coldest months is $3^{\circ}6'$: January $78^{\circ}8'$, and July $82^{\circ}4'$; while at Jakoutsk it is $112^{\circ}5'$: January $-44^{\circ}5'$, and July 68° . While on the subject of low temperatures the following brief summary of the readings in Major Greely's Arctic expedition will be interesting. "We find," says a Westminster Reviewer, "that the mean of the year 1881-2 was $-4^{\circ}8'$: the maximum was 53° on June 30, the minimum $-62^{\circ}1'$ on February 3; the hours below freezing point were 7,104; below zero Fahrenheit 4,916; and below frozen mercury 1,281. In 1882-3 the mean was $-2^{\circ}8'$: the maximum $52^{\circ}4'$ on July 12, the minimum $-56^{\circ}5'$ on February 27; hours below freezing point 7,063; below zero 4,979; below frozen mercury 868. If we compare these figures with those given by Sir George Nares for the year 1875-6, we shall find a considerable difference in the minimum temperature. Sir George Nares' figures are:—*Discovery*, the station of which was within two hundred yards of Fort Conger: maximum 46° , minimum $-70^{\circ}8'$; mean $-4^{\circ}23'2''$."

“The *Alert* in winter quarters, $82^{\circ} 25' N.$, had—maximum 50° , minimum -73.75° ; mean 3.473° . The highest temperature recorded was at Lake Hazen, in June, when the thermometer rose in the shade to 64° , whilst at the same date at Fort. Conger it registered 51.2° , thus showing a difference of about 20° between the coast and the interior, and proving, Greely says, that the interior was warmer in summer and proportionally colder in winter than the coast. The latter inference we may, however, reasonably doubt, when we remember the open river and the winter pasturage of musk-oxen.”

The nearer the equator, from the small difference in the length of the day, and the little change in the angle with which the sun's rays strike the ground, the greater the equability of the thermometer all the year round. So that in extreme cases the annual range, night and day, may only be from a minimum of 80° to a maximum of 90° . But between the extremes of both types of climates there are countless varieties, and one can only roughly say that the nearer the sea and the less the distance from the equator the smaller the annual and the diurnal range, while the farther from the equator and from the sea the greater the extremes.

Hardly a year passes that some wiseacre does not write to the papers that the thermometer in his garden has reached a higher point than at Calcutta, or in Jamaica, or that the lowest reading has actually been higher than at Athens or Palermo during the same season. Both statements may be rigidly true, but the inference that the climate of England has anything in common with a tropical or subtropical one would not necessarily follow. It is quite possible that for three or four hours, on some abnormally hot day, the thermometer may read as high in Hants or Sussex as at Calcutta, or some other damp place not far from the sea in or near the tropics; but whereas in England the thermometer only stands at that high figure for a few hours once or twice in a couple of years, in the tropical region it will read as high for six, or eight, or ten hours a day for weeks and even months at a time. The absolutely highest readings after all are not on the equator, but fifteen, thirty, or thirty-five degrees north or south in dry regions like the plains of India, or the oases of the Sahara, or the rainless tracts of Australia, and there the daily maximum may reach 100° to 110° for a long time, occasionally running up to 118° or 120° , or even at rare intervals to 127° , or possibly 132° or 133° , the last the highest recorded maximum ever known, but 112° is a high reading in the hottest parts of the world. In Abyssinia the thermometer has occasionally marked 127° , and in Nubia 120° . But as reliable meteorological stations are infrequent

in tropical lands, especially in the great rainless tracts, we do not know with absolute certainty what figure may be reached in some exceptional season, possibly 140° or 150° as an extreme. Against this, however, must be set the fact that the extreme readings of 127° to 132° have not been surpassed during the past forty or fifty years, although the hottest regions of the earth have been repeatedly traversed by explorers well provided with instruments, and thoroughly accustomed to place them.

The highest shade-temperatures reached at Sydney range from 80° to 110° , but the thermometer seldom exceeds 100° , and once only in twenty years has the reading been 106.9° . Inland, however, the readings are far higher, and on January 21, 1845, Capt. Sturt's thermometer marked 131° F. Even in Australia the range is considerably greater than commonly supposed, and far exceeds anything we ever get in England; in other words, the regularity of our climate is greater than that of most parts of Australia. At Armidale in 1869 the mean maxima of the hottest month were 106° , but in 1867, only 97° ; at Wentworth in 1870 they were only 84° , while in 1873 they were 100° , a difference of 16° ; at Deniliquin in one year they were 85.8° , in another 103.1° , but the difference between the mean minima of the coldest and the mean maxima of the hottest month is truly startling: at Wentworth they fell to 40.8° or 60° below the mean maxima— 25° greater than the range at Greenwich—at Deniliquin to 35.3° , and in two consecutive years they actually marked 50.7° and 34.2° , and in a third year they were 32.5° , while at Urana they reached 57.0° in one year, and the next stood at 34.4° . What an outcry we should have in England had we such instability.

Everyone must have noticed the great charm of a bright, sunny, calm day, although the temperature may be quite moderate, while nothing is more depressing than one on which, without sharp cold, the earth and sky are enveloped in a dull uniform gloom. A traveller in temperate and highly favoured regions like Florence or Malaga is greatly surprised at the crowds whom he finds in the open air on fine evenings and cool days, compared with the small numbers to be seen in England at the same season and hour. Had we the sunlight and genial atmosphere of southern France, how quickly our habits would change! our houses would be thrown open, we should sit out in our gardens, perhaps in the streets, and no longer take "our pleasures sadly." All we need for perfect enjoyment is a calm dry atmosphere, not necessarily a high temperature; and in some parts of Colorado people are actually said to sit at open windows without extra clothing with the thermometer at 31° , and not to complain of cold; and

tourists often describe the pleasures of a summer residence in some of the valleys of the Tyrol where, without great heat, the evenings are often for a long time calm, refreshing, and delightful, from the absence of damp and wind.

To conclude : The present year has not been remarkable for abnormally high or low temperatures, and has presented the usual features of English weather. There was a singular and almost unprecedented absence of frost in the shade in London for many weeks during the latter part of the spring : this was favourable to vegetation, which often suffers seriously from April and May frosts. Then came a month or more of dry, genial weather, and the hay crop was large and of good quality ; but July was not dry and warm, though the abundant showers and comparative absence of sunlight were good for the green crops. The same rather low temperatures and excessive rainfall continued till the close of the summer, and the corn crops, especially in some districts, suffered greatly : other crops were gainers. Nevertheless, in spite of its dampness, gloom, and uncertainty, the climate of the south coast, I dare not say of England generally, has good features, and in the words of the Duke of Argyle at Boscombe, on July 29, it is characterised by an absence of extremes, and while we have no experience of the burning suns of Sicily and Greece, we also are spared the piercing cold of Canada and Russia ; so that we cannot deny that, while there are a few better climates, there are many far worse than ours.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S BOOK FIRES.

FEW things now seem more surprising than the sort of fury with which in the earlier part of the seventeenth century the extreme rights of monarchs were advocated by large numbers of Englishmen. Political servitude was then the favourite dream of thousands. The Church made herself especially prominent on the side of prerogative; the pulpits resounded with what our ancestors called crown divinity; and in the reign of Charles I. the rival principles, ultimately fought for on the battle-field, first came into conflict over sermons, the immediate cause, indeed, of so many of the greatest political movements of our history.

The first episode in this connection is the important case of Dr. Roger Manwaring, one of Charles's chaplains, who, at the time when the King was pressing for a compulsory loan, preached two sermons before him, advocating the King's right to impose any loan or tax without consent of Parliament, and, in fact, making a clean sweep of all the liberties of the subject whatsoever. At Charles's request, Manwaring published these sermons under the title of "Religion and Allegiance" (1627). But the popular party in Parliament resolved to make an example of him, and a long speech on the subject by Pym is preserved in Rushworth. The Commons begged the Lords to pronounce judgment upon him, and a most severe one they did pronounce. He was to be imprisoned during the House's pleasure; to be fined £1,000 to the king; to make a written submission at the bars of both Houses; to be suspended for three years; to be disabled from ever preaching at Court, or holding any ecclesiastical or secular office; and the king was to be moved to grant a proclamation for calling in and burning his book.

On June 23, 1628, Manwaring made accordingly a most abject submission at the bars of both Houses, Heylyn says, on his knees and with tears in his eyes, confessing his sermons to have been "full of dangerous passages, inferences, and scandalous aspersions in most parts;" and the next day Charles issued a proclamation for calling them in, as having incurred "the just censure and sentence of the

High Court of Parliament." The sentence of suppression presumably in this case carried the burning; but, if so, there is no mention of any public burning by the bishops and others, to whom the books were to be delivered by their owners.

Fuller says that much of Manwaring's sentence was remitted in consideration of his humble submission; and Charles the very same year not only pardoned him, but gave him ecclesiastical preferment, finally making him Bishop of St. David's. Heylyn attests the resentment this indiscreet indulgence roused in the Commons; but, unfortunately, as Manwaring was doubtless well aware, to have incurred the anger of Parliament was motive enough with Charles for the preferment of the offender, and the shortest road to it.

This is shown by the similar treatment accorded to the Rev. Richard Montagu, who had made himself conspicuous on the anti-Puritan side in the time of James. In defence of himself he had written his "*Appello Cæsarem*," with James's leave and encouragement. It was a long book, refuting the charges made against him of Popery and Arminianism, and full of bitter invectives against the Puritans. After the matter had been long under the consideration of Parliament, the House prayed the King to punish Montagu, and to suppress and burn his books; and this Charles did in a remarkable proclamation (Jan. 17, 1628), wherein the "*Appello Cæsarem*" is admitted to have been "*the first cause of those disputes and differences that have since much troubled the quiet of the Church*," and is therefore called in, Charles adding, that if others write again on the subject, "we shall take such order with them and those books that they shall wish they had never thought upon these needless controversies." It appears though from Rushworth that, in spite of this, several answers were penned to Montagu, and that they were suppressed. And what, indeed, would life be but for its "needless controversies"?

Nothing could be more praiseworthy than Charles's attempt to put a stop to the idle disputations and bitter recriminations of the combatants on either side of religious controversy. Could he have succeeded he might have staved off the Civil War, which we might almost more fitly call a religious one. But in those days few men, unfortunately, had the cool wisdom to remain as neutral between Arminian and Calvinist, Papist and Protestant, as between the rival Egyptian sects which, in Juvenal's time, fought for the worship of the ibis or the crocodile. Our comparatively greater safety in these days is due to the large increase of that neutral party, which was so sadly insignificant in the time of Charles. May that party never become less, but constantly grow!

Montagu, at the time of the proclamation of his book, had been appointed Bishop of Chichester, having been raised to that see in spite or because of his quarrel with Parliament. He was consecrated by Laud in August of the same year, and Heylyn admits that his promotion was more magnanimous than safe on the part of Charles, being clearly calculated to exasperate the House. Ten years later (1638) he was preferred to the see of Norwich. All his life he remained a prominent member of the Romanising party.

These books of Manwaring and Montagu are important as proving clearly two historical points, viz. :—(1) The early date at which the Court party alienated even the House of Lords. (2) The fact that the original exciting cause of all the subsequent discord between Puritan and Prelatist came from a prominent member of the Laudian or Romanising faction.

The rising temper of the people, and its justification, is shown even in these literary disputes. But the popular temper was destined to be more seriously roused by those atrocious sentences against the authors of certain books which were passed within a few years by the Star Chamber and High Commission. The heavy fines and cruel mutilations imposed by these courts were not new in the reign of Charles, but they became far more frequent, and were directed less against wrong conduct than disagreeable opinions. They are intimately connected with the memory of Laud, first as Bishop of London, and then as Archbishop of Canterbury, whose letters show that the severities in question were to him and Strafford (to use Hallam's expression) "the feebleness of excessive lenity." To the last Charles was not despotic enough to please Laud, who complains petulantly in his Diary of a prince "who knew not how to be, or be made great."

As the first illustration of Laud's method for attaining this end must be mentioned the case of a book which enjoys the distinction of having brought its author to a more severe punishment than any other book in the English language. Our literature has had many a martyr, but Alexander Leighton is the foremost of the rank.

He was a Scotch divine; nor can it be denied that his "Syon's Plea against the Prelacy" (1628) contained, indeed, some bitter things against the bishops; he said they were of no use in God's house, and called them caterpillars, moths, and cankerworms. But our ancestors habitually indulged in such expressions; and even Tyndale, the martyr, called church functionaries horse-leeches, maggots, caterpillars in a kingdom. Such terms were among the traditional amenities of all controversy, especially religious controversy.

But since the Martin-Marprelate Tracts or Latimer's sermons the strong anti-Episcopalian feeling of the country had never expressed itself so vigorously as in this "decade of grievances" against the hierarchy, presented to Parliament by a man who was too sensitive of "the ruin of religion and the sinking of the State."

The Star Chamber fined him £10,000, and then the High Commission Court deprived him of his ministry, and sentenced him to be whipped, to be pilloried, to lose his ears, to have his nose split, to be branded on his cheeks with "S. S." (Sower of Sedition), and to be imprisoned for life! Perhaps with all this, the burning of his book went without saying; though I have found no specific mention of its incurring that fate.

The sentence was executed in November, 1630, in frost and snow, making its victim, as he says himself, "a theatre of misery to men and angels." It was all done in the name of law and order, like all the other great atrocities of history. After ten years' imprisonment Leighton was released by the Long Parliament, and a few years later he wrote an account of his sufferings, and a report of his trial in the Star Chamber. Laud, the Bishop of London, was the moving spirit of the whole thing. At the end of his speech he apologised for his presence at the trial, admitting that by the Canon law no ecclesiastic might be present at a judicature where loss of life or limb was incurred, but contending that there was no such loss in ear-cutting, nose-slitting, branding, and whipping. Leighton, of course, may have been misinformed of what occurred at his trial (for he himself was not allowed to be present!); and so some doubt must also attach to the story that when the censure was delivered "the Prelate off with his cap, and holding up his hands gave thanks to God who had given him the victory over his enemies."

Shortly after his release, Leighton was made keeper of Lambeth Palace, and then he died, "rather insane of mind for the hardships he had suffered;" but, such is the irony of fate, the man who had paid so heavily for his antipathy to bishops became himself the father of an archbishop!

By an unexplained law of our nature the very severity of punishment seems to invite men to incur it; and Leighton's fate, like most penal warnings, rather incited to its imitation than deterred from it. The next to feel the grip of the Star Chamber was the famous William Prynne, barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and one of the most erudite as well as most voluminous writers our country has ever produced.

He was only thirty-three when in 1633 he published his "*Histrio-Mastix, or the Player's Scourge*;" his labour had taken him seven years,

nor was it the first work of his that had attracted the notice of authority. In a thousand closely printed pages, he argued, by an appeal to fifty-five councils, seventy-one fathers and Christian writers, one hundred and fifty Protestant and Catholic authors, and forty heathen philosophers into the bargain, that stage-plays, besides being sinful and heathenish, were "intolerable mischiefs to churches, to republics, to the manners, minds, and souls of men." Little as we think so now, this opinion, which was afterwards also Defoe's, was not without justification in those days. But Prynne's crusade did not stop at theatres; and Heylyn's account reveals the feeling of contemporaries: "Neither the hospitality of the gentry in the time of Christmas, nor the music in cathedrals and the chapels royal, nor the pomps and gallantries of the Court, nor the Queen's harmless recreations, nor the King's solacing himself sometimes in masques and dances could escape the venom of his pen." "He seemed to breathe nothing but disgrace to the nation, infamy to the Church, reproaches to the Court, dishonour to the Queen." For his remarks against women actors were thought to be aimed at Henrietta Maria, though the pastoral in which she took part was posterior by six weeks to the publication of the book!¹ The four legal societies "presented their Majesties with a pompous and magnificent masque, to let them see that Prynne's leaven had not soured them all, and that they were not poisoned with the same infection."²

This surely might have been enough; but by the time the matter had come before the Star Chamber, Laud had succeeded Abbot (with whom Prynne was on friendly terms) as Archbishop of Canterbury (August, 1633); and Laud was in favour of rigorous measures. So was Lord Dorset, and Lord Cottington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose judgment is of importance as showing that this was really the first occasion when the hangman's services were called in aid for the suppression of books:—

I do in the first place begin censure with his book. I condemn it to be burnt in the most public manner that can be. The manner in other countries is (where such books are) to be burnt by the hangman, though not used in England (yet I wish it may in respect of the strangeness and heinousness of the matter contained in it) to have a strange manner of burning, and therefore I shall desire it may be so burnt by the hand of the hangman.

If it may agree with the Court, I do adjudge Mr. Prynne to be put from the Bar, and to be for ever incapable of his profession. I do adjudge him, my

¹ Whitelock's *Memorials of Charles I.*, 1822. Laud is represented as mainly instrumental in the conduct of the whole of this nefarious proceeding, especially in procuring the sentence in the Star Chamber.

² *Life of Laud*, 249.

Lords, that the Society of Lincoln's Inn do put him out of the Society; and because he had his offspring from Oxford (now with a low voice said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "I am sorry that ever Oxford bred such an evil member") there to be degraded. And I do condemn Mr. Prynne to stand in the pillory in two places, in Westminster and Cheapside, and that he shall lose both his ears, one in each place, and with a paper on his head declaring how foul an offence it is, viz., that it is for an infamous libel against both their Majesties' State and Government. And lastly (nay, not lastly) I do condemn him in £5,000 fine to the King. And lastly, perpetual imprisonment.¹

In this spirit the highest in the land understood justice in those golden monarchical days, little recking of the retribution that their cruelty was laying in store for them. A few years later history presents us with another graphic picture of the same sort, showing us the facetious as well as the ferocious aspect of the Star Chamber. Again Prynne stands before his judges, a full court (and theoretically the Star Chamber was co-extensive with the House of Lords), but this time in company with Bastwick, the physician, and Burton, the divine. Sir J. Finch, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, says: "I had thought Mr. Prynne had had no ears, but methinks he hath ears." Thereupon many Lords look more closely at him, and the usher of the court is ordered to turn up his hair and show his ears. Their Lordships are displeased that no more had been cut off on the previous occasion, and "cast out some disgraceful words of him." To whom Prynne replies: "My Lords, there is never a one of your Honours but would be sorry to have your ears as many are." The Lord-Keeper says: "In good truth he is somewhat saucy." "I hope," says Prynne, "your Honours will not be offended. I pray God give you ears to hear."

The whole of this interesting trial is best read in the fourth volume of the Harleian "Miscellanies." Prynne's main offence on this occasion was his "News from Ipswich," written in prison, and his sentence was preceded by a speech from Laud, which the King made him afterwards publish, and which, after a denial of the Puritan charge of making innovations in religion, ended with the words: "Because the business hath some reflection upon myself I shall forbear to censure them, and leave them to God's mercy and the King's justice." Yet Laud in the very previous sentence had thanked his colleagues for the "just and honourable censure" they had passed; and when he spoke in this Pharisaical way of God's mercy and the King's justice, he knew that the said justice had condemned Prynne to be fined another £5,000, to be deprived of the remainder of his ears in the pillory, to be branded on both cheeks with "S. L."

¹ From the account in the *State Trials*.

(Schismatical Libeller), and to be imprisoned for life in Carnarvon Castle.¹ Apart from that, Laud's defence seems conclusive on many of the points brought against him.

Bastwick and Burton were at the same time, for their books, condemned to a fine of £5,000 each, to be pilloried, to lose their ears, and to be imprisoned, one at Launceston Castle, in Cornwall, and the other in Lancaster Castle. It does not appear that the burning of their books was on this occasion included in the sentence; but as the order for seizing libellous books was sometimes a separate matter from the sentence itself (Laud's "Hist.," 252), or could be ordered by the Archbishop alone, one may feel fairly sure that it followed.

The execution of this sentence (June 30, 1637) marks a turning-point in our history. The people strewed their way from the prison to the pillory with sweet herbs. From the pillory they severally addressed the sympathetic crowd, Bastwick, for instance, saying, "Had I as much blood as would swell the Thames, I would shed it every drop in this cause." Prynne, returning to prison by boat, actually made two Latin verses on the letters branded on his cheeks, with a pun upon Laud's name. As probably no one ever made verses on such an occasion before or since, they are deserving of quotation:—

Stigmata maxillis referens insignia Laudis,
Exultans remeo, victima grata Deo.

Their journey to their several prisons was a triumphal procession all the way; the people, as Heylyn reluctantly writes, "either foolishly or factiously resorting to them as they passed, and seeming to bemoan their sufferings as unjustly rigorous. And such a haunt there was to the several castles to which they were condemned . . . that the State found it necessary to remove them further," Prynne to Jersey, Burton to Guernsey, and Bastwick to Scilly. The alarm of the Government at the resentment they had aroused by their cruelties is as conspicuous as that resentment itself. No English Government has ever with impunity incurred the charge of cruelty; nor is anything clearer than that as these atrocious sentences justified the coming Revolution, so they were among its most immediate causes.

The "Letany," for which Bastwick was punished on this occasion was not the first work of his that had brought him to trouble. His

¹ In his defence he says that he always voted last or last but one. In that case he must always have heard the sentence passed by those who spoke before him, and not dissented from it. His sole excuse is, that he was no worse than his colleagues; to which the answer is, he ought to have been better.

first work, the "Elenchus Papisticæ Religionis" (1627), against the Jesuits, was brought before the High Commission at the same time with his "Flagellum Pontificis" (1635), a work which, ostensibly directed against the Pope's temporal power, aimed, in Laud's eyes, at English Episcopacy and the Church of England. The sting occurs near the end, where the author contends that the essentials of a bishop, namely, his election by his flock and the proper discharge of episcopal duties, are wanting in the bishops of his time. "Where is the ministering of doctrine and of the Word, and of the Sacraments? Where is the care of discipline and morals? Where is the consolation of the poor? where the rebuke of the wicked? Alas for the fall of Rome! Alas for the ruin of a flourishing Church! The bishops are neither chosen nor called; but by canvassing, and by money, and by wicked arts they are thrust upon their government." This was the beginning of trouble. The Court of High Commission condemned both his books to be burnt,¹ and its author to be fined £1,000, to be excommunicated, to be debarred from his profession, and to be imprisoned in the Gatehouse till he recanted; which, wrote Bastwick, would not be till Doomsday, in the afternoon.

In the Gatehouse Bastwick penned his "Apologeticus ad Præsules Anglicanos" and his "Letany," the books for which he suffered, as above described, at the hands of the Star Chamber. The first was an attack on the High Commission, the second on the bishops, the Real Presence, and the Church Prayer Book. The language of the "Letany" is in many passages extremely coarse, and it is only possible to quote such milder expressions as since the time of Tyndale had been traditional in the Puritan party. "As many prelates in England, so many vipers in the bowels of Church and State." They were "the very polecats, stoats, weasels, and minivers in the warren of Church and State." They were "Antichrist's little toes." To judge from these expressions merely one might be disposed to agree with Heylyn, who says of the "Letany" that it was "so silly and contemptible that nothing but the sin and malice which appeared in every line of it could have possibly preserved it from being ridiculous." But the "Letany" is really a most important contribution to the history of the period. Nothing is more graphic than Bastwick's account of the almost regal reverence claimed for the Archbishop of Canterbury, the traffic of the streets interrupted when he issued from Lambeth, the overturning of the stalls; the author's description of the excessive power of the bishops, of the extortions of the ecclesiastical courts, is corroborated by abundant correlative testimony; and he appeals for the

¹ Prynne, *New Discovery*, 132.

truth of his charges of immorality against the clergy of that time to the cases that came before the High Commission.

Lord Clarendon speaks of Bastwick as "a half-witted, crack-brained fellow," unknown to either University or the College of Physicians ; perhaps it was because he was unknown to either University that he acquired that splendid Latin style to which even Lord Clarendon does justice. The Latin preface to the second edition of the "Flagellum," in which Bastwick returns thanks to the Long Parliament for his release from prison, is unsurpassed by the Latin writing of the best English scholars, and bespeaks anything but a half-witted brain. Cicero could hardly have done it better.

Burton's book, however, was considered worse than Prynne's or Bastwick's, for Heylyn calls it "the great masterpiece of mischief." It consists of two sermons, republished with an appeal to the King, under the title of "For God and King." Like Bastwick, he writes in the interest of the King against the encroachments of the bishops ; and complains bitterly of the ecclesiastical innovations then in vogue. His accusation is no less forcible, though less well known, than Laud's defence in his Star Chamber speech ; and if he did call the bishops "limbs of the Beast," "ravening wolves," and so forth, the language of Laud's party against the Puritans was no more refined. So convinced was Burton of the justice of his cause, that he declared that all the time he stood in the pillory he thought himself "in heaven, and in a state of glory and triumph if any such state can possibly be on earth."

It is in connection with Bastwick's "Letany" and Prynne's "News from Ipswich" that Lilburne, of subsequent revolutionary fame, first appears on the stage of history, as responsible for their printing in Holland and dispersion in England. At all events he was punished for that offence, being whipped with great severity, by order of the Star Chamber, all the way from the Fleet Prison to Westminster, where he stood for some hours in the pillory. He was then only twenty. Laud had the second instalment of the books seized upon landing, and then burnt.

In this matter of book-burning the Archbishop seems at that time to have had sole authority, and doubtless many more books met with a fiery fate than are specifically mentioned. Laud himself refers in a letter to an order he issued for the seizure and public burning in Smithfield of as many copies as could be found of an English translation of St. Francis de Sales' "Praxis Spiritualis," or "The Introduction to a Devout Life," which, after having been licensed by his chaplain, had been tampered with, in the Roman Catholic interest,

in its passage through the press. Of this curious book some 1,200 copies were burnt, but a few hundred copies had been dispersed before the seizure.

The Archbishop's duties, as general superintendent of literature and the press, constituted, indeed, no sinecure. For ever since the year 1585, the Star Chamber regulations, passed at Archbishop Whitgift's instigation, had been in force; and, with unimportant exceptions, no book could be printed without being first seen, perused, and allowed by the Archbishop of Canterbury or Bishop of London. Rome herself had no more potent device for the maintenance of intellectual tyranny. The task of perusal was generally deputed to the Archbishop's chaplain, who, as in the case of Prynne's "*Histrion-Mastix*," ran the risk of a fine and the pillory if he suffered a book to be licensed without a careful study of its contents.

But the powers of the Archbishop over the press were not yet enough for Laud, and in July, 1637, the Star Chamber passed a decree, with a view to prevent English books from being printed abroad, that in addition to the compulsory licensing of all English books by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop of London, or the University Chancellors, no books should be imported from abroad for sale without a catalogue of them being first sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury or Bishop of London, who, by their chaplains or others, were to superintend the unloading of such packages of books. The only merit of this decree is that it led Milton to write his "*Areopagitica*." The Puritan belief that Laud aimed at the restoration of Popery has long since been proved erroneous. One of his bad dreams recorded in his Diary is that of his reconciliation with the Church of Rome; but there is abundant proof that he and his faction aimed at a spiritual and intellectual tyranny which would in no wise have been preferable to that of Rome. And of all Laud's dreams, surely that of the Archbishop of Canterbury exercising a perpetual dictatorship over English literature is not the least absurd and grotesque.

Moreover, in August of this very same year Laud made another move in the direction of ecclesiastical tyranny. Bastwick and his party had contended, not only that Episcopacy was not of divine institution, or *jure divino* (as, indeed, Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, had argued before the King)¹; but that the issuing of processes in the names and with the seals of the bishops in the ecclesiastical courts was a trespass on the Royal Prerogative. What happened proves that it was. The statute of Edward VI. (1 Ed. VI. c. 2) had

¹ *Laud's Diary* (Newman's edition), 87.

enacted that all the proceedings of the ecclesiastical courts should "be made in the name and the style of the King," and that no other seal of jurisdiction should be used but with the Royal arms engraven, under penalty of imprisonment. Mary repealed this Act, nor did Elizabeth replace it. But a clause in a statute of James (1 James I. c. 25) repealed the repealing Act of Mary, so that the Act of Edward was still in force, and Bastwick was perfectly right. The judges, in May, 1637, however, decided that Mary's repeal Act was still in force; and Charles, at Laud's instigation, issued a proclamation in August, 1637, to the effect that the proceedings of the High Commission and other ecclesiastical courts were agreeable to the laws and statutes of the realm.¹ In this manner did the judges, the bishops, and the King conspire to subject Englishmen to the tyranny of the Church!

The consequences belong to general history. Never was scheme of ecclesiastical ambition more completely shattered than Laud's; never was historical retribution more condign. Among the first acts of the Long Parliament (November, 1640) was the release of Prynne and Bastwick and Burton; who were brought into the City, says Clarendon, by a crowd of some 10,000 persons, with boughs and flowers in their hands. Compensation was subsequently voted to them for the iniquitous fines imposed on them by the Star Chamber, and Prynne before long was one of the chief instruments in bringing Laud to trial and the block. But this was not before that ambitious prelate had seen the bishops deprived of their seats in the House of Lords, and the Root and Branch Bill for their abolition introduced, as well as the Star Chamber and High Commission Courts abolished. It is to be regretted, nevertheless, that his punishment went beyond the total failure of the schemes of his life.

Of the heroes of the books whose condemnation contributed so much to bring about the Revolution, only Prynne continued to figure as an object of interest in the subsequent stormy times. As a member of Parliament his political activity was only exceeded by his extraordinary literary productiveness; his legacy to the Library of Lincoln's Inn of his forty volumes of various works is probably the largest monument of literary labour ever produced by one man. His spirit of independence caused him to be constant to no political party, and after taking part against Cromwell he was made by the Government of the Restoration Keeper of the Records in the Tower, in which congenial post he finished his eventful career.

J. A. FARRER.

¹ Heylyn's *Laud*, 321-2.

THE STORY OF THE COAT.

PART I.

SING, heavenly Muse!—if any muse there be who presides over the externals of humanity, over “the grand tissue of all tissues, the only real tissue, the vestural tissue, namely, of woollen or other cloth, which man’s soul wears as its outward wrappage and overall,”—sing, heavenly Muse! the chances and changes of the Coat! That is, of so much of the said vestural tissue as appertains to the upper portion of the body of civilised man, covering his chest and back, and eke his loins and limbs, down to his knees. Confining thy strain, O Muse! to the Englishman’s coat, do thou trace its history from the days when wild in woods the noble Briton ran, down to these glorious times of great Victoria! ¹

Strabo, in his description of Britain, speaks of its inhabitants as wearing black garments, or cloaks, reaching to their heels, and bound round their breasts. Cæsar says they were clad in skins, and that they stained themselves with the blue dye of the woad (or *Isatis tinctoria*). Every man, therefore, in that early age was probably his own tailor, except in so far as he drew upon the industry and good taste of his “squaw.” When the Northman’s piratical galleys first ran up into our creeks and rivers, with their cargoes of fierce warriors, the ordinary dress of the Briton was a cloak or coat of sheepskin, or the hide of a brindled cow or of some beast killed in the chase. His chief, however, went to and fro in more sumptuous attire, exhibiting himself to the admiring vision of his tribesmen in a close coat, shaped like a tunic, and chequered with various colours, according to the wearer’s fancy. It was open in front, and furnished with long close sleeves which reached the waist, where it was frequently kept within decent bounds by a girdle.

In Britain, as everywhere else, the Roman adhered to his national

¹ In the following pages I am compelled to traverse ground which has already been occupied by Fairholt, Planché, Strutt, and others; but the method of my journey is my own, and I think I have brought together a mass of details unnoticed by my predecessors.

costume with as much tenacity as does the modern Englishman ; that is, to the toga and the tunic. "The tunic of the men," says Mr. Hope, "reached only half-way down the thigh ; longer tunics being regarded as a mark of effeminacy, and left to women and to Eastern nations. The inferior functionaries at sacrifices wore the tunic without the toga ; so did the soldiers when in camp. The senatorial tunic was edged with a purple border, called *latus clavus* ; that of the knights with a narrow border, the *angustus clavus*."

The tunic was the main feature of the Anglo-Saxon's attire. (May I be forgiven for employing the pre-Freeman nomenclature ?) In St. Æthelwold's celebrated "Benedictional" one of the Magi is represented as doing homage to the infant Jesus in a plain purple tunic, reaching nearly to the knees, and fastened about the waist by a linen girdle. Sometimes the tunic was enriched with an ornamental border of leaves, or of square and circular figures, in a different colour to that of the garment itself. It fitted closely round the neck and was open half-way down the breast, like our modern waistcoat ; it was open also at the sides, from the hip to the bottom. The Anglo-Danes likewise wore the tunic. In the reign of Edward the Confessor Englishmen first showed a partiality for foreign fashions, and, like the Normans, curtailed the tunic considerably, until it was almost as short as that garment in which David danced when he shocked the prudish Michal. In his romance of "Harold," Lord Lytton describes the dress of his characters with archæological accuracy, and shows us the pious Edward in a white upper tunic, clasped on his shoulder with a broad *ouch*, or brooch, white leggings, and white mantle. Norman William he introduces in "a vest of dark cramoisy, edged by a deep band of embroidered gold" . . . "leaving perfectly bare his firm, full throat—firm and full as a column of granite,"—and in a short jacket, or manteline, of fur, pendant from the shoulders. He also speaks of a Saxon, named Sexwolf, as wearing a tunic of hide, which, tightened at the waist, fell down to his knee ; "while a kind of cloak, fastened to the right shoulder by a large round button or brooch, flowed behind and in front, but left both arms free."

We pass on to the reign of William the Conqueror. The great king himself figures, in the illuminated MSS. which have come down to us, in a wide-sleeved tunic, with a richly ornamented border ; sometimes the tunic is relieved by a number of vertical stripes. His subjects also wore the tunic—a shortened one, not below the knees.

To the reign of his son, Henry I., belongs a curious MS. of Florence of Worcester, describing a dream of that monarch on his passage to Normandy in 1130. He supposed that three representatives, or types, of different orders of society, the husbandman, the knight, and the priest, in turn approached his bed, and threatened him so truculently that he awoke in a great panic, calling upon his attendants to protect him. In the drawings which illustrate this moral narrative the dress of the period is minutely delineated; and we see the husbandman in his cheap tunic, with plain, close-fitting, serviceable sleeves—the priest wearing, of course, his professional dress—and the knight habited in a long and costly tunic, the sleeves hanging down long and full, and apparently causing much inconvenience to the wearer.

If a man desired to go a-journeying, he attired himself accordingly, assuming a large skin-mantle, with a cape or hood, over a short tunic, and putting on also an under-tunic, usually of some white woollen material.

In the abbey of Fontevraud, in Normandy, were buried some of our early Plantagenet sovereigns, whose monumental effigies are better than "fashion-books" for the guidance of the archæologist in costume. For example, Richard Cœur de Lion is clothed in a red super-tunic, or dalmatic, with a white tunic underneath; and this double tunic was evidently a characteristic part of the attire of royal and illustrious personages in the twelfth century. In the garb of ordinary civilians, however, little change was to be observed, except that the tunic was made shorter and closed all round. In the next century Fashion began to reign, and insisted upon the adoption of such extravagant and costly devices as to evoke the censure of the priesthood and the ridicule of the satirists. There is a "Song upon (or against) Tailors," written in the reign of Henry III., which I take to be the earliest known attack upon that worshipful fraternity. It begins:—"I have addressed you as gods: why should I omit the service which should be said upon festival days? Gods certainly you are, who can transform an old garment into the shape of a new one. The cloth, while fresh and new, is cut into either a cape or mantle; but, in order of time, it is first a cape, and, after a while, is transformed into the other. It is thus you change bodies. When it becomes old the collar is removed, and it is turned into a mantle. Proteus-like are garments metamorphosed. At length winter returns; then many of you immediately engraft upon the cape a capeuce. Next, it is squared; after being squared it is rounded, and so it is turned into an amice. This is the way with all of them; they

all make one robe out of another—English, Germans, Franks, and Normans—almost without exception.”

Some interesting information as to the dress of the later years of the thirteenth century may be picked out of the well-known Household Roll of Bishop Swinfield (of Hereford). It records the purchase of four pieces of linen cloth, called Keyneith, for £19. 6s. 8d. These were made up into long garments for the use of the bishop and his clerks by a tailor, who was provided with the necessary articles of binding, lining, and thread. Four pieces and six yards of striped cloth, at a cost of £12. 17s. 6d., were bought for the tunics and cloaks of the squires and bailiffs. Three pieces and four yards of a coarser cloth, cost £7. 16s. 11d., were allotted to the serving-men; while a still commoner sort, of which four pieces and a half were obtained for £8. 15s. 9d., was made up for the grooms and pages. The total expenditure amounted to upwards of £50, equal, I suppose, to £700 or £750 at the present value of money. In winter the bishop purchased, for the better protection of his episcopal self, a surtout of furred skin and a furred cap. The cloths for summer wear were purchased at Whitsuntide, were of a lighter texture, and were denominated bluett and russet. These, too, were of different qualities, and the servants were once more clothed in distinctive striped dresses. The cloth of this period had a very long nap, so that when the garment was over-used the nap could be re-shorn, and an air of newness economically obtained.

In the reign of the first Edward the tunic was still in vogue; it was worn with wide sleeves, which depended to the elbow. The super-tunic (the French *gardecors*) was also very generally adopted. Under the third Edward, dress occupied to a large extent the attention of the wealthier classes, and the prevalent ostentation led to the enactment of no fewer than eight sumptuary laws. The tunic, or *cote-hardie*, fitted close to the body; it had tight sleeves, and scarcely reached the knee, so as not to obscure the view of the embroidered garter which set off the manly leg. It was gorgeously embroidered, and from its sleeves hung long slips of cloth. The peasantry, however, wore no such splendid garments; they were forbidden by law to wear other than breeches of leather and a frock of russet, or undyed wool. The burghers of the towns were attired in dress of similar cut, but finer texture—for it was in this respect that the statute law insisted on the gradations of rank—and its general effect may be seen in the costume still worn by the scholars of Christ's Hospital.

In two figures “of the period,” which Mr. Fairholt reproduces from a contemporary MS., we note some interesting details. In

the first of them, the *cote-hardie* fits tightly to the waist, and is parti-coloured, half being with its sleeve of one colour, and the other half with its sleeve of another. In the second, his close-fitting *cote-hardie*, of dark blue, is encircled at the hips by an elegantly ornamented girdle (it seems never to have encompassed the waist) divided into a series of square compartments, filled with ornamental patterns. The stockings in both figures are of different colours. This affectation, again, provoked the wrath of the clergy and the ridicule of the satirists. The *red side* of a gentleman, they said, gave them the idea of his having been half-wasted, or that he and his dress were suffering from "St. Anthony's fire."

The Chevalier de la Tour-Landry, in that strange treatise on "Morals and Manners," written for the use of his daughters, which Caxton printed in 1484, under the title of "The Knight of the Tower," tells a story of two knights, brothers, who assumed the rôle of *censores morum*. One day, at a great feast, a young squire entered, clothed in a *cote-hardie* of the German fashion; whereat one of the knights inquired of him loudly, where was his lute, or such other instrument as was fitted for a minstrel. "Sir," said the squire, "I do not meddle with such things; it is not my craft or science." "Sir," rejoined the knight, "I cannot understand you, for your garb is that of a minstrel. I have known some of your kinsmen, and the knights and squires of your lineage were all worthy men, but I never saw one of them go dressed in such attire." When he found himself mistaken for, or compared to, an itinerant minstrel, the young squire deemed it advisable to put on "another gown" immediately, and threw the obnoxious *cote-hardie* to a servant.

In the reign of Richard II. extravagance of dress may be said to have reached its climax, the nobles and gentry, as is their wont, following the example of their sovereign; "every man," says Harding, the chronicler, "desiring to surpass his fellows in costly clothing of silk, satin, or damask." He adds:

Cut worke was great, bothe in court and townes,
Both in mens hoddies, and also in their gounes;
Broudur and fures, and goldsmith worke ay newe,
In many a wyse, eche day they dyd renewe.

The dress was richly embroidered with heraldic devices, family badges, mottoes, monograms, or initial letters; the edges were "cut" into various fanciful shapes, and frequently ornamented with precious stones.

In Chaucer's immortal poem the dress of the different grades of English society at the close of the fourteenth century is frequently

indicated. Beginning with the array of his *dramatis personæ* in the Prologue, we find the old Knight wearing a "gepoun" of fustian—that is, a short cassock—all besmuffed with his coat-of-mail. As for the young Squire,

Embroidered was he, as it were a mead,
All full of freshè flowers, white and red . . .
Short was his gown, with sleeves both long and wide.

The Yeoman was clad in coat and hood of green, with a horn slung over his shoulders by a green baldric. Under his belt he carried a sheaf of arrows, bright and keen, tipped with peacock feathers, and in his hand a mighty bow; a sword and buckler on one side, and a gay dagger on the other. Next came the Merchant, attired in a parti-coloured costume, with a hat of Flanders beaver, and boots "clapsud, fair, and fetously." The Serjeant-of-law rode but homely in a medled coat—a coat of mixed colours—girt with a seynt, or girdle of silk. The Franklin wore at his girdle an anlace and gipsire—that is, a dagger and purse. The Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, and Tailor, were clothed each in the livery of his guild or fraternity.

Their knives were not enchased with brass,
But all with silver wrought full clean and well :
Their girdles and their pouches every del [or whit].

The Shipman bore himself gallantly in a gown of "falding" or common cloth, reaching to the knee, and a dagger was hung under his arm by a lace which passed round his neck. A simple tabard—that is, a sleeveless tunic or jacket—distinguished the poor Ploughman. The Miller, a stout carl, big of brawn and bones, as most of his craft have ever been, wore a white coat with a blue hood; and the Reeve or Steward, a long surcoat of blue cloth, which he tucked about him like a friar's frock. These distinctions of costume must have lent a strange picturesqueness to the social life of England, besides indicating at a glance the rank or profession of the wearers.

In his "Parson's Tale," Chaucer speaks strongly against the prevailing extravagance of dress, and vulgarities and fantasies of fashion. "St. Gregory saith," he begins, "that precious [or costly] clothing is culpable for dearth of it, and for its shortness, and for its strangeness and disguisings, and for the superfluity or for the inordinate scantiness of it. Alas!" he continues, "many men may see as in our days the sinful costly array of clothing, and namely, in too much superfluity, or else in too disordinate scantiness." And he continues :—

"As to the first sin, that is, the superfluity of clothing, which

that maketh is so dear, to harm of the people, not only the cost of embroidery, the disguise, indenting or barring, ounding [waving], paling or bending [striping in vertical or curved lines], and similar waste of cloth in vanity—but there is also costly furring in their gowns, so much pouncing of chisels to make holes, so much dagging [cutting] of shears, for with the superfluity in length of the aforesaid gowns, trailing in the dung and in the mire, on horse and eke on foot, as well of man as of woman, that all this trailing is verily [as in effect] wasted, consumed, threadbare, and rotten with dung, rather than it is given to the poor, to great damage of the aforesaid poor folk, and that in sundry wise, that is to say, the more cloth is wasted, the more must it cost to the poor people for the scarceness; and, furthermore, if it be so that they would give such pounced and dagged clothing to the poor folk, it is not convenient to wear to the poor folk, nor sufficient to brete [alleviate] their necessity, to keep them from the desperance of the cold firmament. Upon that other side, to speak of the horrible disordinate scantiness of clothing, as in those cut slops [breeches] or anslets [smocks],——” But here the Parson indulges in language of such exceeding frankness that I dare not reproduce him. He goes on to condemn “the departing [or separating] of their hoses in white and red,” and in other colours, as white and blue, white and black, or black and red, and he has some strong words for “the outrageous array of women,” which, had he lived in the present time, he would doubtlessly have seen cause to repeat and strengthen. “I say not,” he concludes, “that honesty in clothing of man or woman is uncovenable [unmeet], but certes the superfluity or disordinate scantiness of clothing is reprovabell.”

In the reign of Henry IV. we find the tunic—of which, I confess, I have been losing sight—somewhat shorn of its extravagance. Reaching only to the knee, it was there cut or vandyked into the form of leaves; round the waist it was secured by a tolerably tight ornamental girdle. Its sleeves, however, were still capacious, and of a different colour to the tunic. The tunic seems to have been affected by young men chiefly: their elders wore a long gown, which completely enveloped the body, and was buttoned up the front, the sleeves being also closed-buttoned up to the elbow. A close-fitting hood covered the head and shoulders, the whole attire having a comfortable and convenient appearance. The poet Gower’s effigies in the church of St. Saviour’s, Southwark, is habited in a gown of this description, and Chaucer, in the well-known portrait by Occleve, wears a similar garment, except that it is somewhat shorter and has wider sleeves.

Stringent sumptuary laws, directed against excess in apparel, were enacted in Henry's reign, with the view of ordering the costume of the people in accordance with their different grades. No person of inferior rank to a knight banneret was allowed to don the bravery of velvet or cloth of gold, or a robe that reached to the ground, or to revel in amplitude of sleeve, or to enrich his garb with costly fur of ermine or marten. No one possessing less than £200 (say £2,500 of our present currency) in goods and chattels, or £20 (say £250) per annum, were permitted to shine with ornaments of gold or silver. Gowns and tunics edged in the shape of leaves or other figures, or embroidered with letters or devices, were declared forfeit to the king, while the tailor who fabricated them was liable to imprisonment. Such laws, like the liquor laws of our own day, are made to be evaded; and probably were observed only by those classes of the community whom they least affected. We have seen from Chaucer's Parson's very plain-spoken sermon that the ostentation they were intended to prevent flourished with wasteful luxuriance; and, in Occleve's time, that is, a few years later, even the serving-men were as bad as their masters. He expresses his disgust at their robes of scarlet twelve feet wide, and their sleeves hanging to the ground, and bordered or lined with fur to the value of £20 or more. There goes no less, he says, than a yard of good broad cloth to a man's tippet. Thus extravagantly attired they could render no assistance to their lord if he were suddenly attacked, and Occleve adds that the only service of which they were ever guilty was to act as involuntary scavengers.

Now have these lords but little need of brooms
To sweep away the filth out of the street,
Since the side-sleeves of these penniless grooms
Will lick it up, or be it dry or wet.

I think I have heard something like this said of ladies' dresses in our own time, when, with ample trains, they swept the pavement after them!

There is no mincing the matter in William Staunton's "Visions of St. Patrick's Purgatory," the writer consigning to that gloomy region and its tortures his luxurious contemporaries, male and female. "I saw some there," he says, "with collars of gold about their necks, and some more I saw with gay girdles of silver and gold, and harneist horns about their necks; some with more jags on their clothes than whole cloth; some had their clothes full of gingles and bells of silver all overset, and some with long pokes [bags] on their sleeves, and women with gowns trailing behind them a great space, and some

others with gay chaplets on their heads of gold and pearls, and other precious stones. And then I looked on him that I first saw in pain, and saw the collars and the gay girdles and baldrics burning, and the fiends dragging him; and, two fingers deep and more within, their flesh was all burning; and I saw the jags that men were clothed in, turn all to adders, to dragons, and to toads, and many other horrible beasts, sucking them, and biting them, and stinging them with all their might; and through every gingle I saw fiends drive burning nails of fire into their flesh. I also saw fiends drawing down the skin of their shoulders like to pokes, and cutting these off, and drawing them over the heads of those they cut them from, all burning as fire. And then I saw the women that had side [long] trails behind them, and these side trails were cut off by fiends and burnt on their heads; and some took off these cuttings all burning, and stopped therewith their mouths, their noses, and their eyes. I saw also their gay chaplets of gold, of pearls, and of other precious stones, turned into nails of iron, burning, and fiends with burning hammers smiting them into their heads."

It must be confessed that Master Staunton had a mighty pretty faculty of invention!

The tunic held its own in the reign of the hero of Agincourt, as well as in that of his gentle-hearted son—who seems to have lived on purpose to flout the doctrine of heredity. The sleeves were still of remarkable width; the girdle was worn below the waist and even far down upon the hips. Sleeves shaped like a bagpipe were much condemned by the clergy, as furnishing easy receptacles for stolen articles when they were worn by servants or persons who lived by their wits—that is, on the property of fools! In the palmy days of the sumptuous Edward, fourth of that name, the rich nobles set aside the mantle or surcoat, and wore over the tunic a loose-flowing robe; so that the novelist, in the following word-portrait of the Yorkist sovereign, is accurate enough in his details:

"Edward," he says, "who, in common with all the princes of the House of York, carried dress to a passion, had not only re-introduced many of the most effeminate modes in vogue under William the Red King, but added to them whatever could tend to impart an almost oriental character to the old Norman garb. His gown flowed to his heels, trimmed with ermine, and brodered with large flowers of crimson wrought upon cloth of gold. Over this he wore a tippet of ermine, and a collar or necklace of uncut jewels set in filagree gold; the nether limbs were, it is true, clad in the more manly fashion of tight-fitting hosen, but the folds of the gown

were drawn around so as to conceal the only part of the dress which really betokened the male sex."

On the other hand, George, Duke of Clarence, is introduced to us as *not* wearing the long gown then so much in vogue, but displaying his light figure to advantage by a *vest*, which fitted closely, like a woman's bodice, and descended half-way down the thigh. The sleeves of the doublet—a garment of which we now first hear, and the name of which indicated that it was made of double stuff padded between—were slit, so as to show the white lawn beneath, and adorned with aiglets (*aiguillettes*, the tags, or metal sheathings, of the points or ties, which were used instead of buttons) and knots of gold. Over the left arm hung a rich jacket of furs and velvet, something like that worn by the modern hussar. For the dress of the Duke of Gloucester we must go to an old illuminated MS. "His red hat has a gold band and jewelled button to secure the stem of a feather placed at its back, which bends gracefully over the head. His crimson jacket is furred with deep red, is exceedingly short, and gathered in close folds behind; the sleeves being as extremely long."

The fashions were as changeable then as they are now; and the short tunic, jacket, or doublet of to-day was replaced on the morrow by a long wide-sleeved gown. A dandy of the period is thus described: tight jacket, very short, and confined at the waist by a narrow girdle, which carries a dagger; capacious sleeves, open at the sides to display the shirt beneath, as in the "slashed" doublet of which we shall hear by-and-by; hose so tight that it is a marvel how they are got on or off, and *poulamis*, or long-pointed shoes, which no good pedestrian would ever have consented to be hampered with. These shoes were sometimes two feet long; and Monstrelet declares that boys in his time wore them an ell in length.

The outcry against excess in apparel was continued—and, as we have seen, not without good cause—in Edward's reign. Among the Harleian MSS. is preserved a ballad, written about this time, of which the first two stanzas are as follows:—

Ye proud galantts hertlesse,
With your hygh cappis witlesse,
And your schort gownys thirtlesse,
Have brought this lond in gret hevynesse.

With your long pekèd shone,
Ther fore your thirte ¹ is almost don;
And your longe here in to your eyen,
I have brought this lond to gret pyne.²

Two sumptuary statutes were enacted in Edward's reign. That

¹ Prosperity.

² Adversity.

of 1463 is based on a declaration that "the commons of the realm, as well men as women, have worn and do daily wear excessive and inordinate array." Amongst "the commons," are included, with their wives and children, the knight under the estate of a lord, the knight bachelor, the esquire and gentleman. But the pecuniary status is accepted as a modifying factor; and the esquire and gentleman worth £40 a year may wear damask and satin like a noble. Special exemptions are also made for mayors, sheriffs, and aldermen. Below the class of esquire and gentleman are those who owe their position to their wealth, and these, if their income be not less than £40 a year, may rejoice in furs, and their wives in gilt girdles. Furs, fustian, and scarlet cloth are forbidden to men of inferior degree. Yeomen, and those beneath them, may not have stuffing in their doublets; while artificers and servants in husbandry must wear no clothes of which the material shall cost more than two shillings the broad yard.

The statute of 1483 prescribes what peculiar apparel of cloth of gold or silk may not be worn by those below the royal rank, what by those below a duke, and what by those below a baron, the knight alone being allowed velvet in his doublet. It is also enacted that no man below the degree of nobility shall wear cloth made in foreign looms; and the old price of cloth is re-enacted for labourers and artificers. All previous ordinances are repealed; and there is a final clause opening up one very wide field of exemption. "Provided always that this Act extend not, nor be prejudicial to or for any woman, excepting the wives of servants and labourers." Perhaps the legislature had discovered the uselessness of its attempts to interfere with female taste in the matter of dress; or else, in the reign of a monarch noted for his gallantry—Philip de Comines says of him that his thoughts were wholly given to the ladies, to dress, and to the chase—may have been desirous of escaping the reproach of discourteous treatment of *le beau sexe*.

The professed, and perhaps the primary, object of these statutes was to prevent the impoverishment of the country by a wasteful expenditure on the part of those classes of the community which could best afford it. From this point of view they were, of course, erroneous in principle, and if they had been stringently carried out, would have been injurious in effect by discouraging important branches of industry, and interfering with the natural operation of the laws of supply and demand. But they had another object, and that was to maintain the distinctions of rank, which were already beginning to lose some of their definiteness and value. They were

designed to single out emphatically and visibly the noble and the gentleman in contrast to the *roturier*. The toe of the esquire was already beginning to kibe the heel of the knight. The knighthood qualification was £40 a year ; and so many persons in England at this time had attained to it that the true gentleman preferred to pay a fine to the king rather than accept a dignity which had been degraded by its commonness. The distinction of birth was the only one which the higher classes were able to preserve. When Lord Rivers was brought before the Earl of Warwick at Calais, in 1460, the proud Neville rated him because his father was only a squire, and Lord Salisbury called him "a knave's son." As a matter of fact the War of the Roses, in its later stage, was a war between the old and high-born nobility and the new and parvenu nobility created by Edward. The favour which Edward bestowed on a Woodville, a Hastings, and a Grey, was that part of his conduct which the leaders of the old baronage, a Neville, a Montague, and a Stanley, found most offensive.

Richard III., as well as his great supporter, the Duke of Buckingham, was addicted to much bravery of dress. On the occasion of his coronation he was robed, we are told, "in a doublet and stomacher of blue cloth of gold, wrought with nuts and pine-apples, and a long gown of purple velvet furred with ermine"; and his list of dresses almost vies with that of Queen Elizabeth. The monk of Croyland finds fault with him because, at Christmastide, "he was over much intent upon singing and dancing and vain changes of dress." His successor, Henry VII., was in this, and many other respects, his antithesis ; and as the court sets the example to society, the costume of the people in the reign of the first of the Tudors preserved a general air of sobriety. But there were dandies, fops, exquisites—whatever you like to call them—in Henry's time as in all times, gay gallants who devoted their slender wits to the study of personal adornment, and sought to attract by their oddities or prodigalities of dress the attention they could not claim in right of intellectual gifts. A contemporary satirist describes one of these splendid youths as wearing a scarlet bonnet on a profuse head of hair, a doublet laced over a satin stomacher, and a short gown with wide, drooping sleeves which contained cloth enough to make a boy's coat and doublet. An illuminated copy of "The Romaunt of the Rose" (in the Harleian collection) represents another in a short doublet, with sleeves of the same excessive amplitude ; a close-fitting vest, low in the neck and showing the shirt above it, light hose, and broad-toed shoes. His lips and chin are carefully shaven, but his long

hair flows down his shoulders in profuse curls. A small cap or coif covers the upper part of the head, over which is set a hat of colossal size, crowned with an enormous plume of variegated feathers.

It will be seen that we hear no more of the tunic, which has completely given place to the doublet. In the reign of "Bluff King Hal" the taste for splendid array again became general, being stimulated by the king's example; for Henry, like most handsome men—and he was very handsome in his earlier manhood—loved to set off his person to the utmost advantage. At the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" (1520) he was apparelled in a garment of cloth-of-silver of damask, ribbed with a cloth-of-gold, as thick as might be; the garment was large and plaited very thickly, of such shape and making as was marvellous to behold. His nobles in their satins and velvets imitated their sovereign, and, not to be outdone by the French courtiers, changed their dresses twice every day while the meeting of the two kings lasted. This luxurious display called forth the indignation of the moralist. Everybody knows the satirical rhymes of Dr. Andrew Borde, in illustration of an engraving of an Englishman with a pair of shears, standing perplexed among a pile of different cloths—

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear;
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
And now I will wear—I cannot tell what.

Becon, in his "Jewel of Joy," exclaims: "To behold the vain and foolish light fashions of apparel used among us is too much wonderful. I think no realm in the world, no, not among the Turks and Saracens, doth so much in the vanity of their apparel as the Englishmen do at this present. Their coat must be made after the Italian fashion, their cloak after the use of Spaniards, their gown after the manner of the Turks, their cap must be French, their dagger must be Scottish, with a Venetian tassel of silk. I speak nothing of their doublets and hoses, which for the most part are so minced, cut, and jagged, that, shortly after, they become torn and ragged. I leave off also to speak of the vanity of certain light-brains, which, because nothing should want to the setting forth of their fondness, will rather wear a marten chain the price of eightpence than they would be unchained. What a monster and a beast of many heads is the Englishman now become! To whom may he be compared worthily but to Æsop's crow? for as the crow decked herself with the feathers of all kinds of birds to make herself beautiful, even so doth the vain Englishman for the fond apparelling of himself borrow of any nation

to set himself forth gallant in the eyes of the world. He is not much unlike a monster called Chimæra, which had three heads, one like a lion, the other like a goat, the third like a dragon."

Mr. Froude quotes from a MS. in the State Paper Office some provisions which it was intended to have embodied in an Act of Parliament, but the intention was never fulfilled. They relate to an article of dress with which I am not now concerned, but it seems proper to quote them here as they carry on and illustrate the subject of the preceding paragraph. "Provided also," so runs the MS., "for these monstrous breeches commonly used, none under the degree of a lord or a baron shall wear any under pain of three pounds a day; none to have any stuffing of hair, wool, flocks, tow, or other ways; and no men of little stature to have a bow more than a yard and a half in the outer side, and the bigger men and the guards two yards, upon pain of twenty shillings a day the wearer, and forty shillings the maker of the hose."

Here I may note that the word "hose," in the old writers, signifies "breeches" (or *chausses*); "stockings" were not introduced until the beginning of the sixteenth century. By a curious mistake we have retained both words for the same article of apparel.

The doublet at this time was covered with "slashes," with cuts or openings, which displayed the underclothing of silk or linen. The sleeves were cut into strips, and were generally of different colours—a Swiss fashion, adopted by the French, and thereafter introduced into England. Its origin is thus explained by Henry Peacham (in "The Truth of Our Times") :—"At what time the Duke of Burgundy received his overthrow [he was defeated at Nancy, 1477] and the Swiss recovered their liberty, he entered the field in all the state and pomp he could possibly devise. He brought with him all his plate and jewels; all his tents were of silk, of several colours, which, the battle being ended, being all torn to pieces by the Swiss soldiers, of a part of one colour they made them doublets, of the rest of the colours breeches, stockings, and caps, returning home in that habit; so ever in remembrance of that famous victory by them achieved, and their liberty recovered, even to this day they go still in their party-colours, which consist of doublets and breeches, drawn out with large puffs of taffeta or linen, and thin stockings, like the knaves of our cards, party-coloured of red and yellow and other colours."

For the dress of the English nobility and gentry, *sub tempore Henrici VIII.*, we have an incontestable authority in the great painter, Hans Holbein. At Hampton Court, Henry himself is

displayed in all his splendour, and, on one celebrated canvas, along with his family, so that the details of the dress of male and female, adult and child, may be comprehensively studied. Then there is the famous portrait of the first Earl of Surrey, who is dressed in a short scarlet doublet, open in front, revealing the white shirt, ornamented with black embroidery. The jerkin is enormously wide at the shoulders, and monstrously full in the sleeves, which are puffed, slashed, and gathered *à merveille*; but the general effect is, so to speak, top-heavy, like a small boat with an excess of canvas aloft. Reference may also be made to Holbein's picture of Sir Thomas More and his Family; Sir William Petre; and "that incomparable painting," as Horace Walpole calls it, "where the Duke of Norfolk, Charles Brandon, and Henry VIII. are dancing with three ladies, with most amorous countenances and sprightly motion exquisitely expressed."

The costume of the ordinary population may be dismissed in a few words, as consisting of a plain doublet and hose puffed at the knees, with tight-fitting stockings and a small close cap. The famous clothier, Jack of Newbury, when admitted to an audience of Henry VIII., wore "a plain russet coat, a pair of white kersey slops [or breeches], without welt or guard [lace or border], and stockings of the same piece, sewed to his slops." In Armin's "Nest of Ninnies," a Shropshire bucolic, uncle of King Hal's favourite jester, Will Somers, is described as wearing "a buttoned cap; a lockram falling band [a narrow linen collar, turned down round the neck], coarse but clean; a russet coat; a white belt of a horse-hide, right horse-collar white leather; a close round breech of russet sheep's-wool, with a long stock of white kersey, and a high shoe with yellow buckles."

The dress of men in the middle-class is very clearly shown in the portrait of John Heywood, the dramatist, prefixed to his "Parable of the Spider and the Fly"—published in the last year but one of Queen Mary's reign. A flat cap surmounts his head, and "he wears the long furred gown with hanging sleeves, so constantly seen upon all classes at this time, and which varied only in the better character of cloth and expensiveness of its fur trimmings when worn by the wealthy. His gloves and dagger denote the gentleman, and in no degree disturb the gravity of his general appearance."

I come now to the Elizabethan period, when costume in England may be said to have attained its climax in variety, richness, fancifulness, and, on the whole, picturesque effect. The doublet was, of course, of linen—a prominent and important feature; and the

Queen's courtiers displayed in its "cut" and ornamentation a very excellent taste. Ben Jonson, in his comedy of "Every Man out of his Humour," puts before us one of his characters in "a thick-laced satin doublet embroidered with pearls," and "an embossed girdle." In Rowland's curious tract, "The Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head Vaine," a gallant walks "the streets, his humours to disclose, In the French Doublet and the German Hose." In Thynne's "Debate between Pride and Lowliness" we read—

A doublet of satin very fine,
And it was cut and stitched very thick:
Of silk it had a costly interlyne,

or underlining. The portrait of Sir William Russell, in Harding's "Historical Portraits," represents him in a richly ornamented "peascod-bellied doublet," quilted or stuffed, and apparently made of rich black silk. It is covered with "slashes," and a large one at the arms (with a row of large ornamental buttons on one side, and loops on the other) exposes the fine figured-lace lining beneath. A doublet of this kind displayed the fine figure of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose love of splendid attire was equal to that of Edward IV. or Richard III. By the way, at his execution he wore a hare-coloured satin doublet over a black embroidered waistcoat. A contemporary satirist jeers at the Elizabethan *petit-maitre*, who figured, Italian-like, in a

Large-bellied codpieced doublet, uncodpieced half-hose,
Straight to the dock, like a shirt, and close to the breech, like a diving.

In Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," the Clown suggests that the Duke's tailor shall make him a doublet of "changeable taffeta," that is, a thin silk, either red and yellow or blue and yellow. The taste for fine dress which had developed almost into a mania among "the young bloods of the day, is alluded to by Benedick in "Much Ado about Nothing," when he speaks of Claudio as lying two nights awake "carving the fashion of a new doublet." And Don Pedro afterwards laughs at Benedick's fancy for "strange disguises," being a Dutchman to-day and a Frenchman to-morrow, whereas Borachio, in his disquisition on social economy, propounds the startling theory that "the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man." Nothing? He had but to look around him to discover the immensity of his error! Rosalind connected male apparel with masculine virtues. "Doublet and hose," said she, "ought to show itself courageous to a petticoat!" And again, "Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?" Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," returns to the charge of the Englishman's fancy for foreign fashions. Of one of

her suitors, Falconbridge, the young baron of England, she exclaims, "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere."

"How oddly he is suited!" So thought that "great corrector of the vices and abuses of his time," Master Philip Stubbes, who, in his "Anatomie of Abuses," gave no quarter to the "new devices and devilish fashions" of dress, which the Queen's young courtiers affected. Like moralists in general, he was a *laudator temporis acti*; bethinking him with deep regret "how strong men were in times past, how long they lived, and how healthful they were . . . but now," he sighs, "through our fond toys and nice inventions, we have brought ourselves into such pusillanimity and effeminacy of condition, as we may seem rather nice dames and wanton girls than puissant agents or manly men, as our forefathers have been." His attacks on the attire of his contemporaries, and its open disregard of statutory regulations, are severe, and no doubt are tinged with exaggeration, but, on the whole, there was only too much justification for them; and he ridicules, after all, not a becoming costliness and fine taste, but what was ostentatious and extravagant, though in these respects the Elizabethan fashion did not differ much from the fashion of any other period. The rotund doublets of the men he censures deservedly; fitting the body tightly, they were carried down to a long peak in front, whence they were called "peascod-bellied,"¹ and there they were stuffed or "bombasted" to the required shape. Then the shirts were of a like extravagant character, "wrought throughout with needlework of silk, and such like, and curiously stitched with open seam, and many other knacks besides, more than I can describe; in so much as I have heard of shirts that have cost some ten shillings, some twenty, some forty, some five pound, some twenty nobles, and (which is horrible to hear) some ten pounds a-piece; yea, the meanest shirt that commonly is worn of any does cost a crown, or a noble at least, and yet this is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person that is."

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

(To be concluded.)

¹ They were also called "shotten-bellied."

TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB TO TALK.

IF the recommendations of the recent Royal Commission be adopted by Parliament, it will become incumbent on every school authority to enforce the education of all deaf children between the ages of seven and sixteen years. The main consideration in the education of the deaf and dumb is not the class of subjects that shall be taught them, but the medium through which instruction shall be given—the language, so to speak, which shall be used as a channel of communication for the conveyance of instruction and the development of the pupil's intelligence. There are two systems at present in use—(1) the finger and sign language, called for brevity the manual system or sign system, and (2) the oral system, which is a system of articulation and lip-reading. A mixture of the two, called the combined system, has been practised for many years in some English schools.

The history of the education of the deaf and dumb prior to the middle of the eighteenth century is very scant. An uneducated deaf-mute is naturally both vicious and peevish as well as ignorant, so that one is not surprised to find deaf-mutes regarded in olden times as men possessed with devils. The Venerable Bede narrates the miraculous cure of a dumb man in the North of England by St. John of Beverley so far back as A.D. 685, but read in the light of modern knowledge this miracle appears to be nothing but a successful attempt at teaching the deaf and dumb to talk, which is a task now proposed to be imposed by the British Parliament on every school authority in the land. No doubt the feat appeared miraculous twelve hundred years ago. The true solution of the mystery did not occur to our early philanthropists, for the next era in the education of the deaf and dumb occurs in the fifteenth century, when a deaf-mute, by some unknown means, was taught to record his thoughts in writing. In 1620 Juan Paul Bonet taught the Spanish or single-handed alphabet, which was taken up in England, and is still used, though not extensively. A

two-handed alphabet was taught by Dalgarno in 1680. This has undergone various modifications, but in some form or other it is in general use among the deaf and dumb to this day all over the civilised world. About the middle of last century two distinct movements were set on foot on the continent for the education of the deaf and dumb, the Abbé de l'Épée, in France, teaching the finger and sign language, and Heinecke, in Germany, propagating the teaching of articulation. The two methods have grown up together in the neighbouring countries, and have become known respectively as the French and the German systems. Of late years the German system has largely superseded the French plan in every civilised country except England, even the French themselves being affected by the entrancing idea that the deaf can be taught to speak like people who have never lost the sense of hearing. In July last the hundredth anniversary of the death of the Abbé de l'Épée was celebrated by an International Congress of the Deaf and Dumb in Paris and the unveiling of a statue at Versailles. One of the subjects discussed at the Congress concerned the respective merits of the rival systems of teaching. Of this discussion an English delegate, the editor of a magazine circulating among the deaf and dumb, gives the following succinct report: "With but few exceptions all acknowledged that the method of articulation [the oral system] offers immense advantages, principally that it places the deaf and dumb in direct communication with hearing people; but it was shown that the language by signs [the finger and sign language] is indispensable for the comprehension of the sentence and for the development of the intellectual faculties of the pupils, and, above all, to develop the abstract ideas in their minds. The proof is given of it that, though the pupils of the National Institution of Paris, and others, have been taught on the pure oral method, they all use signs and the manual alphabet—in fact, use them as well as those who have been taught on the finger and sign system. Therefore, the mixed method, or what is better known in England as the 'combined system,' was approved by the Congress."

What is shortly called the sign system is the natural language of the deaf and dumb, extended and developed artificially (but on philosophic principles), so as to make it an excellent means of expressing the conceptions of the brain and describing the occurrences of everyday life. A child who is born deaf, or who loses the sense of hearing in infancy, will at the age of four, five, or six years, begin to communicate with his parents in the only language that nature has given him. He will invent a few simple gestures describing the

objects he sees around him, and by their means endeavour to communicate his needs and his desires. If he wants bread he may make a sign with his hands and mouth to represent eating. Should he be pining for the presence of his mother or sister he will probably express his wish by putting his hand behind his head and making a sign descriptive of long hair. Possibly his father may have a bald head, in which case the child will most likely rub his hand on the top of his own head, whenever he means to say "papa" or "father." These are natural signs, and in the untrained deaf child they mean a variety of things, according to the child's own observation and conception. When his parents and friends begin to understand this mode of expression, it frequently happens that the child invents a considerable number of signs, each with a definite meaning, and teaches his parents to communicate with him. This is a reversal of the common order of juvenile instruction, and it will be readily understood that progress is slow and unsatisfactory. But if, at eight or ten years of age, the child is sent to a deaf and dumb school, he will find there that intellects superior to his own have formed out of natural signs a language not only sufficiently perfect for all practical purposes, but capable of expression and eloquence superior in some respects to the much more elaborate and perfect system which men call "speech." An eloquent deaf preacher or speaker can enthral and impress his fellow deaf-mutes quite as much as an eloquent preacher or speaker endowed with all his faculties can enthral and impress an ordinary audience. His language of signs may be limited to 500 or 1,000 words, while that of the speaker may embrace tens of thousands of English words, and hundreds of expressive idioms from foreign tongues, yet the deaf man will move his "hearers"—rather his watchers—to tears, convulse them with laughter, cause bright smiles and dark clouds to chase each other over their countenances, and in other ways so impress them at will with the emotions of his own heart and the intelligence of his own mind, that the ordinary observer, not understanding a "word" of the sign language, will be convinced that that language is peculiarly fitted for the edification and instruction of the deaf and dumb, and possessed of a power which one can never hope to find in any less natural mode of communication.

I have described above, from personal knowledge and observation of the deaf and dumb, how deaf children will invent a sign language for themselves. Send to school the child whose signs I have quoted for example, and he will find that the sign he has used for father means bald head, the one he has used for sister or mother means long hair, and that which he has used for bread means eating. With

a little training and experience he will soon learn to arrange and select his signs so as to apply them to a description of the objects and actions to which they are best fitted, and to reserve them exclusively for these objects and actions, so that they become a fixed language. All the teachers and pupils in the same school will observe the same order of selection and arrangement, and, though the language may vary in every school for want of a recognised handbook and dictionary, which it would be difficult to write, the sign language is so simple and so natural that a deaf-mute, educated in London or Manchester, may travel on the Continent, and converse freely with the deaf-mutes of France, Italy, or any other country—the sign language, in fact, being the universal language about which philosophers have dreamed. To the wealth of natural signs which form the basis of the deaf and dumb language, teachers have added a limited number of conventional signs to serve as connecting links and make the sign language more wieldy. They have also invented a finger alphabet to enable the deaf-mute to spell any word for which he knows no sign, and the finger and sign language is thus formed out of the natural efforts of the deaf child to express his daily wants. It may seem a tedious thing for a deaf-mute to have to spell words on his fingers, but he acquires such marvellous dexterity in this that it is far superior to the use of pencil and paper, and besides that he is possessed of a language of signs which bears the same relation to spelling on the fingers as shorthand does to ordinary writing. It is possible and practicable to interpret sermons, lectures, and speeches, to the deaf and dumb, as fast as they are delivered, and this would be done oftener than it is were it not for the fact that preachers and speakers do not realise that they ought to simplify their language so as to come down to the level of their deaf “audience,” and avoid abstract reasoning, which throws more difficulties in the way of the interpreter than big words.

The oral system, which it is intended shall supersede the sign system as the language of the deaf and dumb, needs little description. To teach the deaf and dumb on the oral system simply means to teach them to talk. There seems something paradoxical and miraculous about teaching the dumb to speak, but it is a well-known fact that, as a general rule, the dumb are only dumb because they are deaf, and not because they are deprived of the organs of speech. There are five senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. If any one of these natural gifts is lacking it is generally impossible to replace it by artificial means. But speech is not a sense; it is an accomplishment which may be acquired. Most children can

hear when they are born, but none can speak. The child who can hear soon learns to imitate the language of his parents, and before he arrives at school age he is possessed both of a language which forms a channel for instruction and of a considerable amount of useful knowledge picked up by seeing and hearing all that goes on around him. On the other hand a child who is deaf sees things without learning from his parents and friends what they are and what they are for; he hears nothing and does not understand what sound is. When he goes to school he has to be taught a language which the hearing child already knows, or one which will serve in its stead as a means of communication with the outer world. If Parliament decrees that he shall not be taught on the sign system his teachers will have to instruct him to speak. Could he hear what they say he would imitate their speech and learn it, but as he cannot, the teachers must show him by laborious artificial means how to give utterance to certain sounds by using his lips, his teeth, his tongue, his palate, and the organs of his throat in a certain manner. He is in fact taught to articulate certain sounds, and to utter those sounds (which he does not clearly understand), whenever he means a certain thing. Thus, with considerable difficulty, the teacher makes him say "cow" and "go," and to learn that the former expression means an animal represented by a picture on the school wall, while the latter, although seeming to the poor deaf-mute a very similar expression, means a very different thing. While being taught to speak the pupil is also taught to watch the lips of others and to read from the movement of the lips what is said. The oral system of teaching the deaf and dumb is therefore an artificial, not to say an unnatural, system from beginning to end, and it is not surprising to learn from the evidence given before the Royal Commission by the supporters of the system that it takes at least twice as long to educate a child on this system as it takes to educate him by means of the natural language of signs. This artificial and unsatisfactory system is the one that the Royal Commission recommends Parliament to adopt. From page 90 of the Commission's Report, paragraph 620, clauses 9, 10, I will take the summary of the recommendations on this head, and split them up into paragraphs for consideration. It is recommended—

(a.) That every child who is deaf should have full opportunity of being educated on the *pure oral* system.

(b.) In all schools which receive Government grants, whether conducted on the oral, sign and manual, or combined system, all children should be, for the first year at least, instructed on the *oral* system, and after the first year they should be taught to speak and lip-read on the *pure oral* system, unless they are physically

or mentally disqualified, in which case, with the consent of the parents, they should be either removed from the oral department of the school, or taught elsewhere on the sign and manual system in schools recognised by the Education Department.

(c.) That children who have partial hearing or the remains of speech should *in all cases* be educated on the *pure oral* system.

Here the Commission deals with three classes of deaf children, recommending that all shall be taught to speak, and that none shall be allowed to use the natural language of signs unless "physically or mentally disqualified" for the higher education which is to be meted out to them. It may be presumed that the enactments proposed to be made are put forward in the interests of the deaf and dumb, yet it is an admitted fact that all children taught on the combined system rapidly give up speaking and relapse into the use of the sign language after leaving school, thus showing that they prefer the system which is easiest, most expressive, and most natural. Teachers of the pure oral system also know that in school hours and in play hours children who know even a smattering of the sign language will use it for conversing with one another at the risk of being chastised for a breach of the school rules, which forbid the use of signs. The deaf-mute educated on the sign system cannot go to church or meeting along with the hearing public, but he has services, lectures, and social gatherings provided for him by the adult deaf and dumb societies, at which a language is used that is as clear to him as it is possible for any language to be. On the other hand the deaf who are taught to speak and lip-read, so that they shall not form "a class apart," find themselves, at best, only able to associate with hearing people under circumstances of great strain and difficulty, and totally unable in many cases to follow the motion of the lips of a public speaker. The Royal Commission shows the object of its recommendations by the clause suggesting "that the deaf and dumb should be kept as far as possible from being a class apart," but it overlooks the fact that an educated deaf-mute can move about in the world, with the aid of his slate and pencil, with as much ease as the articulating and lip-reading deaf man; and that the deaf-mute using the sign language has facilities for intellectual improvement and enjoyment infinitely superior to those possessed by the deaf man who tries to speak with his mouth and to read the motions of others' lips. The disadvantages of the oral system and the advantages of the sign system, from a deaf man's own point of view, have not been fully brought out by the Commission; although there is a Minority Report published which recognises the views here set forth. It would

be much better, instead of making the sweeping changes recommended by the Commission, to give the combined system a fair trial and regard the teaching of the deaf and dumb to talk as a sort of accomplishment or higher education for the most intelligent and most aspiring of the afflicted class. There is only one drawback to the combined system, and that is a serious one. The deaf and dumb taught on the combined system almost invariably reject the oral and keep to the sign system after leaving school. But if this is a serious drawback to the combined system it ought to be fatal to the pure oral system, because it proves that the deaf and dumb prefer perfect freedom among "a class apart" speaking their own natural language to any artificial association with the hearing world which the Commission seeks to impose upon them by denying them facilities for the development of their natural taste and ability.

J. G. SHAW.

ILFRACOMBE AND LUNDY.

ONE of the rich man's privileges is that he can get to be as well acquainted with foreign countries as with his own ; but not everyone can make the most of his advantages, and one man learns more from three days at Paris or Rome than another from six years, and a hurried journey to Buxton or York may teach a third more than a lifetime in those places would his neighbour. When the mind is cultured, sympathetic and receptive, and has been prepared by long study and reflection, nothing adds more to the enjoyment of life than visiting the places with which the thoughts have become familiar. Sir Arthur Helps happily remarked that even the advertisements in a foreign railway station had something of the character of literature to the tourist, and some people who will never see the West Indies, nor even the Continent, can keenly enter into Charles Kingsley's eager anticipations of pleasure from his long-desired expedition to the West Indies. That passionate lover of nature has given, in "Town Geology," a perfect model of graceful description of the country, abounding in suggestive and felicitous sentences. A hurried business journey here, a professional call elsewhere, an invitation to examine an ambulance class or lecture in a distant town, have pretty nearly covered my opportunities of seeing this beautiful country of ours, which, despite its lamentable drawback of climate, is one of the fairest on earth. I have had to make the most of my time, and to economise those slender resources, which a not very fortunate and poorly paid doctor cannot afford to throw away. Nevertheless, I have contrived to see a large part of the kingdom, to visit most of our cathedrals, and to run through hundreds of towns. Perhaps I have an unusual faculty for mapping out in the mind and remembering the places I go to. However this be, I have found myself in a town, which I had only once before visited, fifteen years earlier, and then but for a few hours, and I have made my way about, recognising houses, streets, and churches as though old and trusty friends. As a proof of what energy and frugality will accomplish, being anxious to see America, although in the ordinary

fashion the expense would have been an insurmountable obstacle, I managed to get a situation on board a large mail steamer—without salary, of course—and off I set. Leaving Ringwood, in Hants, I reached Liverpool, crossed the Atlantic, saw New York twice explored Philadelphia and Richmond in Virginia, went over tobacco factories, workhouses, penitentiaries, and public buildings, and by the time I got back to Birmingham, where my tour ended, I had seen and learnt a great deal, at a total outlay to me of only £9 9s. 3d., nearly every farthing of which went in railway fare. Of course I did not, at my own charges, enter a carriage, nor did I spend a groat on amusements, and I am afraid that hotel keepers would not prize such a visitor. In these days of tourist tickets and cheap hotel accommodation three or four pounds will cover 800 miles and pay board for several days. To see the country to perfection, there is nothing like setting off alone, and as much as possible on foot. Companions are agreeable enough, and the hospitality of friends delightful, but one needs to have full control over one's time and movements, to be able to linger here and hurry there ; to see this and neglect the other ; and in this somewhat unsociable and primitive fashion thirty miles may easily be covered on foot in a day, and, in the long days, it is surprising how much may be seen between eight in the morning and eleven at night. In this frugal and hurried fashion, never wasting an hour nor losing an opportunity, I have been over a large part of Devon and revelled in its exquisite scenery—so soft, refreshing and peaceful, though seldom majestic—and the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe I have repeatedly visited at all seasons, and the impressions I have carried away of Barnstaple, Lynton, Parracombe and other charming, though little known, spots have deepened my wish to see more of them.

Kingsley's enthusiastic description of the New Red Sandstone districts will be best appreciated by those who know Devon well : "And such fertility, I think, we can find in the so-called New Red Sandstone, which, with its attendant marls, covers a vast tract—and that a rich and busy one—of England. From Hartlepool and the mouth of the Tees, down through Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire ; over the manufacturing districts of central England ; down the valley of the Severn ; past Bristol and the Somersetshire flats, to Torquay in South Devon ; up north-westward through Shropshire and Cheshire ; past Liverpool, and northward through Lancashire ; reappearing again, north of the Lake mountains, about Carlisle and the Scotch side of the Solway Firth, stretches the New Red Sandstone plain, from under which everywhere the coal-bearing rocks rise as

from a sea. It contains in many places excellent quarries of building stone ; the most famous of which, perhaps, are the well-known Runcorn quarries, near Liverpool, from which the old Romans brought the material for the walls and temples of ancient Chester, and from which the stone for the restoration of Chester cathedral is being taken at this day. In some quarters, especially in the north-west of England, its soil is poor, because it is masked by that very boulder-clay of which I have spoken elsewhere. But its rich red marls, wherever they come to the surface, are one of God's most precious gifts to this favoured land. On them, one finds oneself at once in a garden, amid the noblest of timber, wheat, roots, grass which is green through the driest summers, and in the western counties, cider-orchards laden with red and golden fruit. I know, throughout Northern Europe, no such charming scenery, for quiet beauty and solid wealth, as that of the New Red Marls ; and if I wished to show a foreigner what England was, I should take him along them, from Yorkshire to South Devon, and say : ' There ; is not that a country worth living for, and worth dying for if need be ? ' "

Ilfracombe itself stands at the extreme north-west point of the county ; and a better site for a watering-place could not be found. Looking almost due west the vast mass of Lundy is, on clear days, seen looming on the horizon, while to the north, for fifty or sixty miles, stretch the southern highlands of Wales, and to the east extend for leagues the gracefully wooded heights which bound the Bristol Channel—in places leafy and picturesque to the water's edge, in others broken, rugged and bare, but always imposing. From Combe to Cardiff and Bristol, fifty miles off, that splendid water-way stretches, down which come thousands of stately ships and swiftly moving steamers, and which claims, with what truth I must leave others to decide, a larger commerce than almost any other estuary in the world. The Channel is bounded by a line passing from Hartland Point to the south through Lundy, and touching the Welsh coast on the north, and here, at its widest, it is forty-eight miles across, diminishing to five miles at the other end. Excursion boats frequently cross over from Swansea and give Ilfracombe great facilities for visiting the coast. Between Bournemouth and Ilfracombe the contrast is most marked ; indeed the former is, in appearance, the very antipodes of Ilfracombe, though, like the latter, it has an individuality of its own. However many towns one visits, however close the resemblance between them, every place has something distinctive and peculiar, and this applies pre-eminently to Ilfracombe. Without saying that it is more beautiful and attractive

than any other place in the three kingdoms, it is singularly interesting and charming, and a residence of a few weeks is always most pleasant. Until recently Ilfracombe was hardly more than a quiet fishing village, carrying on a large coasting and fishing trade—this it continues to do; and at times its harbour is crowded with vessels taking shelter from the fierce and dangerous gales that give this lovely coast an evil reputation among mariners. Still half village, half watering place, much of its interest hangs upon the happy blending of opposite charms. In this it resembles Clevedon, which, however, has nothing to compare with the majestic rocks of 'Combe. I have seen a beautiful photograph, taken from an engraving of 1774, in which the town is represented as a tiny hamlet, with perhaps not 100 houses altogether.

Ilfracombe is not easy of access except during the summer, when excursion steamers from Swansea, Cardiff, and Bristol give a fast and pleasant approach. Part of this difficulty of access is owing to the precipitous country, which makes railway extension costly and unprofitable, and part to the sparse population, which needs only limited railway facilities; but within the last few weeks an improved train service has been provided, and the line beyond Barnstaple is being doubled. Though only fifty or sixty miles from Taunton and Exeter, when the tourist reaches either of these old-world towns he finds that little more than half the difficulties of the journey have been surmounted; but matters are greatly improving, and one or two trains are quite fast. Even from Barnstaple, the junction for Ilfracombe, the approach is somewhat tedious and circuitous, while the gradients have a mountain character. From Barnstaple two ways used to be open—by coach, a delightful fashion of travelling on a bright, warm, midsummer evening, but these coaches are now taken off; and by rail, skirting the coast, and occasionally getting a peep of Lundy.

Arrived at Ilfracombe, the visitor will find that the terminus stands on a lofty artificial mound dominating the town: the latter is in a transition state—large new shops, handsome modern villas, and imposing hotels and boarding houses being interspersed with old cottages and mean dwellings. Many vestiges of the old town remain, and near the harbour the seafaring people lounging about are interesting, and their characteristic Devon features, accent and bearing give them a picturesqueness marking them as a different race from the northern and eastern fisherfolk. Beautifully perched upon the sea, with Capstone Hill, a huge rocky peninsula, jutting right out into the water, but matchless as a look-out station to see the ocean, I do not know any other place of importance as a watering town, with more contrast to offer between

a bright, calm sunny day, and one on which wind and cloud have it all their own way. The play of the light on the water is exquisite, and would drive an artist wild with enthusiasm, while, when great black clouds are rolling up like masses of oil, and one sharp squall succeeds another with startling rapidity, the effect is strangely impressive. Nothing could exceed the beauty of a still sunny day, nothing the majesty of one of alternating squall and sunshine ; and such contrasts occur at all seasons. A day of uniform heavy cloud, when land and sky seem to blend together, is not favourable for seeing the Atlantic to perfection ; and then the dinginess and gloom remind one of a great smoky town. To get the finest effects of light and squall the day must have both types of weather struggling for the ascendancy and both alternately triumphing. Ten minutes often make a marvellous change : a mass of cloud floats up and the field of vision is reduced to a fiftieth part ! Vessels two or three miles off are veiled from sight, and the thick fog and gloom depress the soul ; then the cloud sweeps by, and the sun streams out, and the landscape opens up until hundreds of square miles are bathed in glorious light.

Schools break up so late now that most well-to-do families generally confine their seaside trips to August and the early part of September. This is a great mistake, and there are also other seasons when the sea could be visited to even greater advantage. In the mild, spring-like winter of Ilfracombe the coast offers innumerable attractions, and a residence is more agreeable than is generally supposed. Ilfracombe, though small, is a town, and the inhabitants are not buried alive. There are good pavements, many excellent shops, and some amusements, and life passes as pleasantly as in places of far greater size.

Despite its rapid recent growth, Ilfracombe has a resident population of only 7,000, though in the season many more might be counted. Town and country are close together, or rather merge imperceptibly into each other. Lodgings and boarding houses of all descriptions are abundant, and not dear, and living is inexpensive, or rather wise economy is more easily managed than in some other pleasure resorts. The town is particularly fortunate in its hotels, which are large and numerous, and managed on the most approved modern principles. A friend particularly drew my attention to the Belgrave, now conducted by Mr. Richard Cross. This beautiful house is fitted up with everything which the most exacting traveller could wish, and the sanitary arrangements are understood to be perfect. Who was it that once said that a man's warmest welcome was often at an inn ? Had he known the Belgrave, with its luxurious

appliances, skilful management, and delightful surroundings, he would have used the words in a different sense. The tariff is reasonable, and the conveniences for excursions, and for seeing the country and using the steamers, are unrivalled. The Belgrave has a beautiful view, and is close to the sea.

Much has been said against the climate of Ilfracombe, and the heavy rain is greatly objected to, but on insufficient grounds. North Devon is not Catania nor Malaga, and in spells of cold weather outdoor exercise is not pleasant on any part of the Devon coast, nor, for that matter, anywhere in the United Kingdom; nor is an Ilfracombe gale a gentle tropical breeze. This no well-informed person would deny; but, as the Duke of Argyll so charmingly observed at Boscombe last July, when he was inaugurating the new pier, although even the south-west of England has no sky and no sea like those of the Mediterranean, the home advantages of an English watering-place are incomparably greater than those of any foreign health resort, and people of limited means, who necessarily form the great bulk of the nation, can seldom afford to visit Palermo or Malaga. It should never be forgotten that the fierce, unclouded sun of a sub-tropical region is distressing to the invalid, and it is the unvarnished truth that tens of thousands of sufferers are far happier and more comfortable, and live more economically, in such a place as Ilfracombe than in hot, fœtid, insanitary continental towns, in spite of the brilliant winter skies of the latter.

But Ilfracombe has unrivalled charms of its own. Terrible storms drive in from the Atlantic, accompanied by heavy, blinding rain; the waves are often of colossal dimensions, and for days walls of cruel water burst upon the rocks; the spray flies high in air, and the tumultuous unrest of the ocean is awe-inspiring. Fortunately, days of calm, bright sunshine and perfect peace overhead follow a terrific gale, but, as the sea continues in furious commotion, the effect is extremely grand. For a contrast more majestic than anything an inland spot can offer, you only need to turn the face from the water and revel in sun, foliage and beauty, then look round seaward over the wild, restless breakers, which defy the mightiest powers of man, move masses of rock weighing hundreds of tons as though pebbles, and burst like thunder on the cliffs, hurling huge boulders down without apparent difficulty. Rain is abundant, but generally warm, and in Devon the summer is often dry, while in most years, earlier or later, spells of sunny weather last some weeks, when the grass is as parched as that of South Dorset, and the roads are deep in dust. One cannot have everything, and to its frequent showers

and mild humidity Devon owes in large measure the luxuriant foliage and countless ferns that distinguish it. Only he who has visited foreign lands can appreciate at their true value the verdant woods and delicate hedgerows of southern and western England. Other countries have more brilliant flowers, grander sunsets, and nobler scenery, but where can you find anything to surpass an English village or a Welsh Border valley? Contrast, however, is abundant in the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe; and it is easy to pass in a few minutes from bare and monotonous highlands into valleys, the home of a bewildering profusion of ferns and flowers—valleys without their equals in any other country. Charles Kingsley's loving pride in England shines in a thousand passages; he felt that she deserved the lifelong devotion of her sons, and he gave 'Combe what he happily termed "The puff, honest and true," when he spoke of "its quiet nature and its quiet luxury, its rich fairyland and its sea walks, its downs and combes, its kind people, and, if possible, its still kinder climate, which combines the soft warmth of South Devon with the bracing freshness of the Welsh mountains." These lines give the chief features of the place. By the way, the neighbourhood of Nailsworth, in Gloucestershire, has also often struck me by its beauty; it also is singularly fertile, and presents contrasts to satisfy the most exacting. Going out of Nailsworth, with one's back to Stroud, the road is at first exquisitely lovely—gently sloping fields, magnificent beeches, and luxuriant ferns meet the eye at every turn—and rumour says that the Duke of Cambridge was delighted with the scenery; but before long the road ascends, and in a few minutes the fairy-like valley is left behind, and the top of a table-land is reached, where wheat grows well, but few trees and shrubs and little verdure are to be seen. You have passed from one world to another, from cultivation and fertility to sterility and monotony. A southerner naturally gives the preference to the valley, though the extensive plain is, in its fashion, not unpleasing. In like manner, near Ilfracombe, the transitions are as fascinating and pronounced.

At 'Combe the summer is cool and pleasant; a fresh breeze comes in from the sea, and persons unaccustomed to a hot sun and to severe exercise, enjoy the sharp current; but perhaps the great superiority of the place is most marked in that calm, gloomy, anticyclonic weather characteristic of our winters; then earth and sky wear a dull leaden hue; it is not exactly unpleasant to be out; and if you screw up your courage to leave the fire for a walk, you find that it is not so disagreeable as it looks; but, unless you are compelled to quit the cozy shelter of the warm room you have little wish to ven-

ture out. On such a grey, calm day a south or south-west watering-place is often bathed in sunlight, the higher temperature of the water dispersing the thin stratum of cloud, which never lifts inland, and, while the air is genial, or at least not disagreeably cold, the spring-like brilliancy tempts to outdoor exercise. Of that kind of weather Ilfracombe has its full share, and invalids find the higher temperature and more lovely sky strong inducements to prolong their stay.

The genial atmosphere makes 'Combe an excellent residence for persons with weak lungs, and a tendency to bronchitis and other chest complaints. Sea air has a mysterious influence in warding off colds. At any rate, at the seaside, people who would suffer in inland towns face exposure with impunity, and visitors contrive to go out with a reckless unconcern unknown to them elsewhere. The stay-at-home habits of common existence are given up, and sitting on the rocks, walking on the beach, and exploring the country become a matter of course. Whether from change of air or from more natural habits I know not, but the result is the same, and people leave 'Combe set up for many a day, and longing for another opportunity of visiting it.

"All," says Kingsley in one of his happiest passages, "who have travelled through the delicious scenery of North Devon, must needs know the little white town of Bideford, which slopes upwards from its broad tide-river, paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge, where salmon wait for autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly rounded knolls, and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt-marshes, and rolling sand-hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell. Pleasantly the old town stands there, beneath its soft Italian sky, fanned day and night by the fresh ocean breeze, which forbids alike the keen winter frosts, and the fierce thunder heats of the midland; and pleasantly it has stood there for now, perhaps, eight hundred years since the first Grenvil, cousin of the Conqueror, returning from the conquest of South Wales, drew round him trusty Saxon scrfs, and free Norse rovers, with their golden curls; and dark Silurian Britons from the Swansea shore, and all the mingled blood which still gives to the seaward folk of the next county their strength and intellect, and, even in these levelling days, their peculiar beauty of face and form."

Excursions are numerous, and places of interest many. Clovelly, with its precipitous street, is not easy to visit, except by steamer, but once reached can never be forgotten. Bideford, with its handsome old bridge of twenty-four arches, and its beautiful position on the side of the lofty hill overlooking the broad river ; Swansea, Westward Ho, with its pebble beach and the lofty tower of Northam church ; Lynton and Lynmouth and Lundy are among the most noteworthy. The last is a commanding feature on the western horizon, and one hears so much about it that it is invested with an interest, a mystery almost, that excites curiosity. I passed a considerable portion of three years and a half upon it ; and once, for seventeen months, did not sleep off the island for a single night—a curious circumstance, considering my passion for rapid movement, and seeing as much of men and the world as possible. Life was very quiet, totally unlike anything I had previously experienced ; but a man of culture, who commands plenty of books, can make himself happy anywhere, and the time did not drag as much as might be expected. But when one is thrown entirely on one's resources, and sees few fresh faces, while congenial society consists of half a dozen kindly neighbours, the faculties rust, and an unwonted disinclination to exertion is set up. Never have I done so little as in that time, and I cannot look back upon it without mortification. Since then I have never envied the country rector, and though few people are more attached to rural sights and sounds, I have never had the smallest wish to rust in some out-of-the-way parsonage. I can perfectly understand why few works of genius, few books showing patient research, come from woodland rectories. The country parson rusts, lost in the midst of rude neighbours ; life is long, years drag on slowly ; he means to do something great, but the disinclination to exert himself grows, and half a lifetime passes, and the *opus magnum* is not begun. Lord Lytton in " My Novel," that beautiful picture of a great statesman's life, accounts for Leonard's failure, in country retirement, to produce a work fulfilling the promise of his earlier efforts, and adds, with delicate appreciation of an author's necessities, that no powerful work of the imagination can be done by a man not in perpetual contact and collision with his fellows. How true ! How many thoughtful, accomplished, scholarly clergymen slip through life with few new impressions and returning nothing to the great world with which they have little in common. Theirs the leisure, the scholarship, and the wish, but not theirs the stimulus to exertion, the spur to ambition, the congenial surroundings.

Lundy is a sequestered spot, noteworthy for majestic and almost

precipitous rocks, and for the furious breakers that at times burst upon its shores, sometimes for days inaccessible in consequence of the heavy ground swell. It is a strange place, having little in common with the rough, eager, moving world. No contrast could be greater than between life in some West-end mansion and a month on Lundy, though perhaps the town bird would not care for the lonely eyrie far out in the western ocean, and might pant for greater variety. Excursions at irregular, but frequent, intervals make their way from Ilfracombe to Lundy, and if not a minute is wasted a pleasant peep can be got at the latter. Unfortunately, the steamer must leave 'Combe, cross the intervening sea, land its passengers on the island, take them off again, and return between one high tide and the next, so that the trip is very hurried. Of the thousands who land on Lundy, not one in a hundred does more than reach *the top* or gets as far as the lofty lighthouse, which crowns the highest point, near the southern extremity. The Rev. Hudson G. Heaven, the present squire parson, is accomplished and amiable, and seems capable of some more enduring work than watching over his little flock. Perhaps, as he has a vivid imagination and a keen sense of humour, he often reflects how little his quiet, uneventful life, in the midst of modern comforts, books and papers, has in common with that of far-away predecessors in the Lordship of Lundy, who levied blackmail on any one whom they could intimidate ; while others threw themselves into smuggling with a devotion which they did not display in more honourable ways. The following passage from the pen of a friend who knows the island even better than myself will not be out of place here. I have freely abridged it.

Four-and-twenty miles from Ilfracombe lies Lundy—a low, blue line of land in the western distance—its whereabouts indicated as evening falls and the sun sets by a light of special brilliancy, flashing out and darkening with a rapid regularity which distinguishes it from the lights of passing ships and from their starry comrades of the skies. Common report stigmatises Lundy as desolate, bleak and dangerous, peopled chiefly by rats, rabbits, and seawolf ; but common report is not always remarkable for that accuracy which is the prose of truth, and Lundy is still somewhat of a *terra incognita* to most folk. Yet it has not been altogether ignored in literature. It is the “lusty black-browed girl, with forehead broad and high,” of Drayton's quaint “Polyolbion” ; it has been occasionally noticed by other old English poets ; it figures in Charles Kingsley's “Westward Ho” ; it has been the subject of an interesting and exhaustive monograph by Mr. John B. Chanter, of Barnstaple, and the theme of some pleasant papers by the late Mr. P. Gosse, F.R.S., the well-known naturalist. Nor is it unknown to history, especially to those roots of history—public records and patent rolls, in which there are frequent mentions of Lundy. Indeed, the storms and uproars of the larger have found faithful echo among the cliffs and rocks of the smaller island, and Lundy has borne its share in tiny proportion in the griefs of England,

Granted to the Knights Templars, who never seem to have taken possession of it; held by one noble after another; selected as an asylum for the unhappy Edward II., which he was not fortunate enough to reach; become the stronghold of a noted pirate, who bequeathed his name (*De Marisco*) to the ruined Castle on the cliff-top at the south end of the island; held faithfully for the king in the tumultuous days of the Great Rebellion; chosen in later times as a fitting hiding-place for the contraband ventures of a gentleman of the neighbouring mainland, Benson, noted in smuggling annals; more recently the scene of much petty fighting between lawless Irish and Welsh—Lundy has had troubled years enough to earn the happier forgetfulness of to-day. There has been much discussion as to the derivation of the name: the island is believed to be mentioned incidentally by Ptolemy as “*Heraclea*,” and its modern name is attributed by one authority to Scandinavian origin, while another accounts it of Anglo-Saxon birth, signifying Grove Island; the latter derivation must, however, be on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—for Lundy is particularly destitute of trees, and the nearest approach to a grove is a tiny thicket of sycamores and willows, with undergrowth of hydrangeas and rhododendrons, planted near his house by the late Mr. William Heaven, the proprietor of the island. Lundy, from its exposed situation and small extent—it is only about three miles and a half long by two-thirds of a mile broad at its widest part—and swept as it is by frequent and tempestuous winds from the Atlantic, must always have been much as now, the autumn glories of the falling leaf being rendered by the bright russet of the fading fern, and the tawny tints, by the gold and crimson of the bramble spray. The speciality of the northern end of the island is its population of sea-fowl. They are there by tens of thousands, and though much decreased in numbers of late, are still worth a visit. Few greater pleasures can be conceived than sitting on a piece of rock on a sunny May or June day, well down the sidelands so as to be protected from the keen wind sweeping over the elevated table-land forming the middle of Lundy, and watching the birds. The gulls sweep just over one’s head, while the Solan goose, that most majestic tenant of the ledges of the north end of the island, cleaves the air like a flash of light far below one’s feet just above the deep blue water. The Solan goose is the veritable king of British sea-birds. Gulls, auks, guillemots, puffins, cormorants, and shags people the rocks, the air, and the water; and the scent and the noise may be more easily imagined than described. This, however, is only a spectacle of the breeding season, the birds arriving late in April and leaving early in August. In May eggs begin to be plentiful, and “picking them,” to use the island vernacular, occupies much of the islanders’ attention; they wallow in eggs, culinarily speaking. Everybody “picks” eggs. Nor is everybody only the everybody of Lundy; depredators make forays from the mainland, and carry away their prey by boatloads, while the crews of the pilot-skiffs regard them in the light of a regular supply for their benefit. It is a pity that, when the much-needed Bill for the protection of sea-birds was passed, the eggs were not also included with equal stringency, for the reckless fashion in which they are gathered materially affects the number of the birds.

Some comfortably furnished cottages are found on the island, and the squire has before now let them, but this is a great favour, as the local authorities do not wish to transform this sequestered spot into a fashionable watering-place. Lundy has no harbour, only an open roadstead affording safe enough anchorage in south-western

gales. I have seen forty-eight huge steamers at anchor at once, a magnificent sight by day; but on a clear, dark night the long lines of brilliant lights stretching away a couple of miles are a spectacle not easily matched elsewhere. The island has unrivalled advantages of bird life and marine curiosities (the search for the latter is, by the way, called "scurryfunging"); at equinoctial high tides is the best time for the latter, then the water recedes an immense distance, leaving huge black masses of rock bare and accessible, with far-stretching deep pools between them and Lundy. In all parts of the Bristol Channel the tide rises to an extraordinary height, and startles the visitor accustomed to landlocked artificial basins. To the west and south of the island are to be seen some most dangerous but magnificent rocks, against which the full force of the westerly gales is felt in a manner almost inconceivable to strangers. To stand looking on those breakers increases one's sense of the peril and strange fascination of a seafaring life, and at best the sailor's is indeed a hard struggle.

To return to Ilfracombe: Morte Point is a name of ominous import to the North Devon fisher-folk, who regard the perils of Bideford Bay and Morte with a profound respect that does not diminish the fears of the passenger in some small, ill found, undermanned skiff. "Morte is the place which heaven made last, and the devil will take first," is an old and quaint saying. Charles Kingsley described it picturesquely and characteristically: "What a chaos of rock ridges—old, starved Mother Earth's bare worn ribs and joints peeping out through every field and dam, and on three sides of us the sullen thunder of the unseen surge! You see that black rock standing far out at sea. That is the Morte Stone—the Death Rock, as the Normans christened it of old, and it does not belie its name even now."

'Combe has great facilities, though Lundy distances it, for botanical and zoological explorations in the cliffs near Matinhoe and Combe Martin, some miles to the east, where nature is seen under most favourable conditions, and bird life can be studied as freely as vegetation.

I have already mentioned the Capstone, and the view from the top of it; but it calls for more than a passing word. From the summit of this hill the town is seen with a distinctness perfectly startling. The eye embraces every house, street, and elevation, and I venture to think that a more glorious *coup d'œil* could hardly be found in England; indeed, so grand are the views that can be got at 'Combe that it occurred to some of the residents to prepare an

album containing nearly fifty views, and present it to the Queen as a Jubilee offering. When the photographs were done, a message was sent to Sir Henry Ponsonby. He probably thought the gift was of little importance, and desired it to be forwarded to Osborne, but when he opened the case and saw the superb book it contained, he got her Majesty's consent to send a special invitation to a deputation to present it to the Queen. Mr. George Edward Russell, a large-hearted and public-minded citizen, to whom the town owes a debt it can never repay for his exertions in developing the place, accordingly went up, and was most cordially received by Sir Henry. After luncheon, Mr. Russell was called into a large room leading out of the Council Chamber. There the Queen came to him, and in a few graceful words expressed her appreciation of the offering. Mr. Russell was delighted with the interview; her graciousness, her evident pleasure, and the deep interest which she took in the views as they were shown her, he was not prepared for. This magnificent work of art was prepared by a local genius, Mr. Catford, whose photographs of Ilfracombe are widely known.

The whole southern coast of the Bristol Channel is attractive; so is the belt of country extending ten miles northwards from Barnstaple and Bideford to Minehead and Taunton. What bewildering diversity, what picturesque scenery! Richard Dodridge Blackmore is a native of the district, and has done for North Devon and for Somerset what Scott, on a grander scale, did for southern Scotland, and Kingsley achieved for Bideford. Mr. Blackmore has idealised and invested with poetic glamour what before was only rugged and commonplace. The sterile wastes of Exmoor might seem to offer little to the romancer's pen; but the poet does not need the loveliest scenes of nature to inspire his song. Blackmore, in "Lorna Doone," gave to old legends, half lost in dim obscurity, a reality that has made Bagworthy, Glen Doone and Oare household words in tens of thousands of homes. From Ilfracombe these places can be easily visited, and the railway, though inconvenient, will, in the long days, enable one to get nearly to Taunton, to the beautiful valleys in the neighbourhood of Dulverton and Bampton, and to the more distant Tiverton, embedded, like all its fellow towns, in ferns and the greenest of green grass that would excite the envy of an American, and almost incline him to renounce his birthright, and settle in Bampton or the Exe valley. The breezy, heath-covered slopes of Dunkerry Beacon, dominating the country for miles, is another fascinating spot; so, too, is the bold country near Dunster, a charming little town. Wild, untamed deer still lurk in the coverts along the streams;

and in the season the chase of the red stag brings together numbers of daring riders from a wide sweep of country. It will be many a long day before the name of Jack Russell, the singular hunting parson of the west, is forgotten : his deeds sound almost mythical to the recent visitor. Hunting parsons are not the Church's best sons—as a rule, that is—and some of the anecdotes related of Mr. Russell do not quite accord with the clerical character. In spite of this, in spite of the disfavour with which a worldly life must be regarded by all true followers of the Master, in Mr. Russell there ran a vein of goodness, of piety, that redeemed his character from censure on account of habits which we should not like to see copied by the majority of the clergy. The North Devon folk will long talk of the remarkable and dashing rector, whose biography is a delightful work. I know many of his friends, and they speak of him with a tenderness—almost a veneration—that show that he was a noble character—upright, courageous, generous—every inch a man and a Christian.

What a contrast between the teeming neighbourhood of London, every square mile carrying the population of a city, and the deserted wilds of Porlock, where eleven miles can be passed without sound of human voice, or sight of human habitation—a desolation recalling some Highland wilderness, a solitude as complete as that of an American desert !

We are always talking of the unrest of modern life, its migrations and changes, and these are not exaggerated ; but occasions occur when the unbroken continuity of English life is the feature that most obtrudes itself. In some of these Devon and Somerset villages and glens families have lingered for generations, and the land has remained in the same hands many centuries. Every student of *Lorna Doone* has been amused by the rivalry, not ill-natured but pushed to the utmost limits of friendship, between the Ridds and the Snows. Farmer Snow and his daughters are repeatedly mentioned, and their sayings and doings gave the Ridds constant material for reflection and comment. A parallel case—the Flamboroughs and the Primroses of the *Vicar of Wakefield* will occur. The Snows still survive in their pristine simplicity, and hold sway over a wide extent of country : they disclaim being yeomen, the position which Blackmore has given them, and claim something higher : their ancestors of the Revolution days, they contend, were much more than yeomen. I have heard a great deal about them from near relatives of theirs, and I once chanced to meet with one of the Snows, and for several days saw much of him. He had the curious accent in rich perfection, which a North Devon

man, unless of high rank, never loses, and which proclaims his birth-place all the world over.

Some North Devon customs and dishes are quaint ; the gathering of farmers at shearing time, first at one lonely farm, then at another, until the sheep are all done, is a curious survival of primitive days : parsley pie, kettle bread, and clotted cream are dishes of which the good folk are proud. Well, there is a great deal of human nature in man, and the kindly visitor going to Ilfracombe for a few weeks and making the most of his time and opportunities will have no cause for regret. He will like the place, the people and the neighbourhood, and he will have another proof that in our tiny island, even in these railway days, half the inhabitants do not know how the other half live ; he will learn that in spite of many differences, good reigns supreme in all, and that Nature in remote North Devon is not less beautiful nor God less bountiful than in better known and more frequented districts.

AN OLD OXONIAN.

CHANT DE GOLIAS.

WITH silver strings my lute I strung,
 To silver speech I tuned my tongue,
 Of one alone the praise was rung :

Never a maid may wrestle time ;

But she, the cold light of whose eyes
 Taught all my tide of life to rise,
 Passed on, nor heeded anywise !

Rose hath canker, and Christmas rime.

The moon hath waning and eclipse,
 The tide leaps light that sunlight tips,
 And cold eyes veil to burning lips :

Never a maid may wrestle time ;

And still of love is all my lay,
 Light o' love for a summer's day :—
 Come, kiss me, widow, wife, or may !

Rose hath canker, and Christmas rime.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

TABLE TALK.

A SCOTCH GIRL.

BOOKS that reveal a human soul are not often passed over by the world. They are apt, on the contrary, to remain in the front rank of favour. It may be doubted whether any work of Renaissance times has more readers than the "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini." Sometimes, as with the author of "Jane Eyre" and her sisters, the revelation through fiction is unconscious; at others, as with Rousseau, the sincerity seems superficial. And yet again, as with Rétif de la Bretonne, or the even more famous Chevalier de Seingalt, the mixture of *naïveté* and bounce is as pregnant as it is indiscreet, to use no word of stronger condemnation. Such writers one and all supply, however, precious documents for all who wish to write concerning human nature. Women have been, as a rule, more expansive than men. It is to the credit of a sex that man has been at much pains to malign, that the epistolary revelations of women are almost always delightful. Not long ago I recommended my readers (I sincerely hope that they followed my advice) to scrape acquaintance with divine Dorothy Osborne. In "Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle"¹ we obtain a full insight into a frank, sweet, interesting, and independent girlhood. With the subsequent life of Jane Welsh Carlyle the world has been somewhat sadly familiar. The totally unconscious revelation of a Scotch lassie dealing with her likes and dislikes, making avowal of her faults, and peering forward into the future in search of her destined husband, contained in the book, is enchanting. Not at all the Scottish lassie of our dreams is she; not in the least like Jeanie Deans, or other rustic heroines. Something of a shock must indeed be administered to the "unco guid" in the "Land o' Cakes" when we find her swearing in print. "How d——d odd," imitated, it is supposed, from a relative, is almost a favourite expression; she swears not only by Jupiter, but by the "Devil incarnate"; and, speaking of a lady who makes too long a visit, indulges in the

¹ Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

unsavoury comparison: "She is quite a bug in her habits; there is no dislodging her." I make bold, however, to say that few who begin the correspondence will leave it unfinished, or lose their interest in the frank-hearted, saucy, impetuous girl, who derides herself almost as heartily as she derides her sweethearts—those of them who are false—and her too pretentious neighbours.

BIographies OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WORTHIES.

TO the present generation the eighteenth century has been the subject of conscientious study. An affectation of contempt for its work died a generation ago. One by one the leading writers and artists of the bygone century become the subject of close attention and exhaustive biographies. The collection by John Forster of the materials subsequently bequeathed to the nation, and lodged at South Kensington, had something to do with the renewal of interest in the reign of Queen Anne and the early Georges. I am not overlooking the work of Thackeray and Macaulay, nor even that of Scott, though the writer last named, while he depicted the life and the romance of the last century, seems strangely indifferent to its literature. Information has, however, been assiduously gathered by scholars, from the late Charles Wentworth Dilke down to Mr. Leslie Stephen. Unlike writers upon the Shakespearean epoch, who are thankful to glean the smallest fact of interest, the biographer of Addison, Pope, Steele, Garrick, Johnson, Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Reynolds, and so forth, finds a rich harvest of novelty reward his research. One by one, then, the lives of these men are being rewritten, and full particulars concerning them are given to the public. I need not do more than mention the new editions of Swift, Fielding, and Richardson that have, during recent years, seen the light. The still more recent edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," by Dr. Birkbeck Hill,¹ and the just completed edition of Pope, by Messrs. Elwin and Courthope,² add largely to our knowledge of the last century. With these books I will conjoin "The Life of Richard Steele" of Mr. George A. Aitken,³ a work of much patient labour and unflinching erudition. In these works we have what the student seeks, namely, facts in place of conjecture, and contemporary illustrations that explain allusions and render the task of reading perhaps almost too easy.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ The Clarendon Press,

² John Murray.

³ W. Isbister,

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1889.

MY PORTRAIT.

BY HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

“ Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Paris, June 3.

“ DEAREST LUCIE,—Now there is a room vacant, close to mine, in this amusing boarding-house, you must come over immediately or the den will be taken. From the tone of your last epistle, I see that you really want a change ; London bores you, you have had a plethora of dull dinners, of duller five-o'clock teas, of never-ending, still-beginning at-homes, and crowded private views. *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*, is your inward growl of despair as you contemplate the cards of invitation that litter your aunt's chimney-piece in Queen's Gate.

“ I detest conventionality and etiquette, so this *pension* suits my Bohemian temperament—Paris atmosphere is like champagne, so sparkling and light. Besides, as your portrait, painted by your gifted self, is admirably hung in the *Salon*, you must come and pay it a visit and listen to the remarks that are made about it.

“ What an age since we have met ! Not since we were at school together in Paris, or rather, the last time we saw each other was in dear dirty Dublin. I left for India, where, as you know, I married, and now that I am a widow I have gone in for Art—but I envy your talent. That portrait of yourself excites much admiration, it is so well painted and modelled ; the pose is natural and full of life. I send you a *Figaro* with a highly flattering *critique* of your portrait. You are on the ladder that leads to success.

"There are several entertaining boarders here : nearly every one works. There is a painter, a poet, a journalist, a lady novelist, &c., &c. The meals are amusing, for we all talk to each other, and sometimes quarrel ! Mademoiselle Dupont, who keeps this *pension*, is a guileless creature, very kind. She had a romance in her girlhood: her *fiancé* was killed by a fall from his horse, and though past fifty she still thinks of her beloved Léon. From the window of the room you are to inhabit you can see into a convent garden, a most reposeful spot, quite an oasis of tranquillity in a desert of turmoil ! While I write this I peep out and see two *sœurs* pacing up and down a shaded alley. The sun glints on their resigned, dark garments. Sometimes, when I feel dispirited, I envy their unemotional lives, peaceful, yet hardworking, for it is an educational convent for young girls.

"Yes, dearest Lucie, it will give me great pleasure to have a long *tête à tête* with you ; really, up to lately we had lost sight of each other—it is getting on to twenty years. How time flies ! When last we saw each other we were blooming girls in our teens. The bell is ringing for dinner, so I must conclude this scrawl.

"Your attached old friend,

"MARGOT LUCAS.

"P.S. Write soon, mentioning day and hour of your arrival in *la capitale de la belle France*, and I shall meet you if possible."

This letter reached me on a particularly gloomy morning in June. I was sitting in my aunt's boudoir, sorting out her manifold invitations to dinners, at-homes, concerts, &c., &c., for I was her secretary and companion—being an orphan, and almost penniless after the death of my father. His only sister, who was a wealthy widow, offered me a home and salary if I would undertake to be useful and amuse her. I had had two years of fashionable slavery, and panted for liberty and a new life. The wish was so strong, that I had managed to consecrate a few hours every morning to Art. I had transformed a garret into a studio ; placed myself in front of a cheval glass, and the result was a striking portrait. Having years ago studied art in Paris in the *atelier* of a good painter, Mr. Chaplain, I wrote and asked him to look at the picture I was sending to Paris. He replied that he was astonished at the progress I had made, and advised me to send it to the *Salon*, which I did. The evening after the varnishing day, I received a letter from my old schoolfellow, now Mrs. Lucas, full of praise, and advising me to put her address in the catalogue if I wished to get any commissions in Paris. This opened a new horizon. I indulged in no end of day dreams ; saw myself

established in a beautiful studio in Paris, with sitters as plentiful as blackberries. But how to get away from the Queen's Gate dungeon—that was a problem; at the height of the London season, too, when I was particularly busy writing out invitations and accepting them, for my aunt was a mighty personage in "Vanity Fair." She lived for the London season—the great epoch of her life. While I was ruminating over Margot's invitation, my aunt called me out. In parenthesis, I may add that her voice was not low, gentle and sweet, but, on the contrary, metallic and sharp.

"Lucie, come at once; there is a great deal to be done to-day. I want you to write two hundred invitations on these cards. I have decided upon having an at-home on the 20th, to meet the Duchess of H—. I must pick and choose, for I can only invite *la crème de la crème*; you must help me to select from my immense list. Also there are six invitations to dinner parties, in which, Lucie, you are included."

When my aunt uttered the "Lucie, you are included," she turned her small brown, meaningless eyes upon me, staring at me with an air of "how fortunate you are, to be my niece!"

If there is a thing I hate more than another in my present life, it is those terribly oppressive dinner parties given at the houses of some of my aunt's friends; generally, sixteen overfed specimens of wealthy humanity, middle-aged and old, staring at each other's hot red faces, feeding upon the fat of the land. No conversation, no sparkling talk to relieve the monotony. I generally have to gaze at the occiput of my neighbour, groaning inwardly at the *ennui* which devours me.

But to-day I held the key of my deliverance, *i.e.*, Margot's letter. The promised land was not far off.

After some hesitation, at last I boldly took my courage in both my hands. After having written to Margot to accept, I told my aunt that I had received an invitation to Paris; that my mind was quite made up to leave her, and see how my portrait looked in the *Salon*. For several hours I really thought the good lady would have had an attack of apoplexy. I cannot describe her indignation and astonishment at my base ingratitude. She declared that she would have nothing more to do with me. However, if a thing has to be done, let it be done quickly. So, without heeding my aunt's entreaties and threats, I left London, with the firm resolve to do my best to become independent, and never to return to a life that was utterly distasteful—a living death.

I met Margot at the Gare St. Lazare. She recognised me at

once, from the likeness to the portrait. As she embraced me, I felt as if twenty years had suddenly rolled off. We were girls once more, in bright, animated Paris ; London life was a past nightmare ; this was the true reality.

"You are exactly like your portrait," Margot exclaimed, in that rich contralto voice which was one of her many attractions. She was peering at me through her gold *lorgnon* as we jogged through the streets of Paris in a *fiacre*.

"You are not much altered, Margot ; you are very young looking still—so slight. How delightful to be once more together !" We hugged each other like school-girls.

Paris looked enchanting—like a fairy city—on that June evening ; myriads of twinkling lights in the shops ; stars overhead ; the streets filled with happy *flâneurs*, whose motto seemed to be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry." The *fiacre* stopped in a comparatively quiet street, at the other side of the Seine. The *grille* was opened by a man in shirt sleeves, smoking a clay pipe. This was the *concierge*. Margot asked him to carry my trunks upstairs. I followed her up a highly-waxed staircase ; a bell was rung, the door opened by a *bonne* in a pretty white cap and apron. Just as we entered, a grey head with a cotton handkerchief tied round it peeped from a side room ; then a lean figure, enveloped in a white *camisole*, feet encased in big slippers, emerged, making a low bow, a timid voice exclaiming : "Pardon, Mesdemoiselles, for appearing in this *déshabille*, but I could not refrain from coming to welcome Miss Wyndham, and to tell you that I have had the sheets thoroughly aired. There is water in the jugs and *cau sucré* in a tumbler, with some *biscuits de Rheims*."

I thanked her ; she made me another reverence and disappeared. This was my first meeting with Mademoiselle Dupont.

I was charmed with my room—it was so thoroughly French—and old fashioned Utrecht yellow velvet armchairs, a stiff divan, a white marble clock ; Sappho clasping her knee, the lute lying by her side ; a big four-poster bed, and a very little jug with a little water for the purpose of ablution. As I lay on the spring mattress I felt deeply grateful to Providence for enabling me to escape from the thralldom of a hateful existence, and, shortly after, I was in the arms of Morpheus.

The next morning, when I awoke, Margot was standing by my bed holding a tray, on which was a large cup of *café au lait* and a crisp roll and butter. She opened the shutter, letting in a flood of unadulterated Paris sunshine. The distant hum of carriages, and street cries of vegetable and fruit vendors, were more delightful to my ears than the most *recherché* music in the whole of London.

Margot in her pink dressing-gown, with masses of loose dark hair, and small dazzling white teeth and Japanese black eyes, was very attractive—it was so nice to have her hand me my *café au lait*. In London, I abominated the Queen's Gate housemaid, who never condescended to such a feeble performance as a smile, but in a hard, reproachful voice uttered the invariable "Eight o'clock, Miss"—which meant, "Get up at once." But in this boarding-house there was no hurry; Margot kindly smoothed my pillows; I felt in an earthly paradise as I sipped the delicious *café* and munched the roll.

"The sun shines here as if he really enjoyed his existence," I remarked from my bed. "The luminary seems glad to be about his work, or pleasure. In London the sun seldom makes his appearance, when he does he shines through layers of thick yellow flannel! What a lovely garden! I can smell the roses. But now, Margot, tell me something about yourself; you look so bright and happy. Are you going to be married again, dear?"

She burst out laughing, a merry gurgling peal. "Oh Lucie, don't ever ask me such a question. It is because I am fancy free that I am so merry. I do not deny that I have a few flirtations on hand; pray, what would life be without a few of those interesting episodes? I intend flirting as long as I can find someone to flirt with! In France a woman is never considered old, if she has intelligence and *esprit*. There is a lady in this house, of sixty, very like a French *marquise* of the *ancien régime*; she has a devoted *cavalier servente* of seventy who presents her bouquets twice a week; kisses her hand with a high-bred gallantry, charming to witness. Though they are both free, they don't dream of entering the holy bonds of matrimony. If they were married, he would cease to present her with bouquets. Poetry would fly out of the window, dull prose would establish itself in the house. She is an attractive woman; knows how to converse. When I watch this couple, I think of old customs long past, such as the courtly reverence, the slow dignified *menuet*, the pinches of snuff from exquisite *tabatières*.

"Are they boarders here, Margot?"

"The lady has rooms in this house, but does not partake of the meals with us. She is enveloped in mystery. Now and then she walks up and down the garden with her Monsieur le Vicomte; he is a nice old fellow with a red ribbon in his button-hole. I should like to know their past history. Then there is another romantic friendship here, representing middle-age devotion of the Platonic order, between a delicate, refined lady and a fierce-looking musician. His name is Monsieur Hareng; she is Madame Blanc; they are inseparable. Everi:

I, at my age, could not have such an affair without causing scandal ; but these two affinities manage to escape ill-natured remarks. They hover like moths round the candle, but don't burn ; they have many topics of conversation and are thoroughly absorbed in each other's society. She watches and looks after the musician like a mother over a delicate child, provides cakes and fruit for him, reads out aloud, takes him out for long walks, plays *bésique*, dominoes, is always at his beck and call. It sometimes annoys me to see the matter-of-fact way in which he accepts this devotion : but as they are happy it is no business of mine."

"This is quite a sentimental *pension*, Margot. Haven't you got a flirtation here also ?"

"Oh!" laughing merrily, " I flirt with several, especially with Mr. Barrington, your next-door neighbour. He is very talented as a painter, poet, &c. He is interesting, but *voilà tout*. No ! *vive la liberté* ; no one ought to marry Mr. Barrington, he is so eccentric, forgets everything and everybody. I devoutly hope that I shall never again take a serious fancy ; it would be terrible at my age if I cared for a rake ! Alas ! rakes are often very fascinating—much more so than those honest, god-fearing men who never dream of breaking any of the Ten Commandments ; but I must leave you, *déjeuner* is at twelve o'clock, in the garden under a tent ;" and, humming a lively French song, Margot disappeared. While dressing, I heard a pleasant rich-toned voice singing snatches of German ballads, breaking out now and then into English ; then a splash of water : Mr. Barrington was evidently taking his morning tub. The convent garden was now filled with young girls ; some had skipping-ropes, others played *les grâces*, or battledore and shuttlecock—I could hear their merry laughter. Several *sœurs* in their dark garments, relieved only by the white coifs and collars, watched over their flock with smiling faces. The sun danced lovingly over the heads of the *sœurs* and their young pupils. It was a pretty picture, one that I should like to paint. As I gazed at the gentle nuns, a wistful feeling came over me ; no one cared for me now, I had no one who wanted my affections. The lonely future filled me with a kind of terror ; for the last few years my life had been uneventful, save with that one exception, the success of my portrait ; but though Art had rewarded me, was I perfectly satisfied ? Was there not something wanting to complete my life ; had I not mistaken tinsel for gold ? I asked myself, watching that old convent garden. What a struggle life is ! So many disappointments varied by frivolous pleasures. Are we not all more or less like dogs after a bone ? Of course the bones differed—the society bone, where

everybody tried to outvie his neighbour in social smartness, to get at the highest circle ; then the political bone ; the commercial bone ; the matrimonial bone ; the art bone—my particular bone, at which I was gnawing, *cui bono*—I could not help sighing over this pun—all has been done before, and in a hundred years from this what will it matter? My moralising meditations are put a stop to by a sharp tap at my chamber door ; a *bonne* in a Brittany cap says, "*Le déjeuner est servi.*" Margot also comes in, looking very charming in a pale blue gown ; she links her arm in mine and we go downstairs into the garden, where, under a tent, stood a long table over which was a snowy table-cloth ; a couple of servants were bringing dishes from the kitchen, a savoury smell mixed with the perfumes of *gloire de Dijon* and cabbage roses. Mademoiselle Dupont was standing at the head of the table directing the servants, commenting upon the dishes ; she smiled at me, inquiring how I had slept, if my room was comfortable, hoped I liked *omelette au lard* and *choufleur au gratin*. The boarders sauntered in gradually.

"Nobody here is punctual," whispered Margot ; "the breakfast goes on till one o'clock—after that hour there is nothing till seven. "Oh here come the Platonic Affinities!" pointing to a tall man of about fifty, with a striking appearance of power, accompanied by a tall, *distinguée* pretty woman. She was dressed in a lilac gown, trimmed with lace ; her face had a *fatiguée* expression ; she was decidedly interesting. "Madame Blanc is a widow ; some say her *sposo* is in a mad-house," continued Margot ; "she seems happy in the society of the volcanic individual—Una and the Lion! She pets him ; you see those little cakes and pots of cream in that corner—they are provided for the Volcano by Madame Blanc. She eats nothing ; trifles now and then with the leg of a chicken ; but she watches Monsieur Hareng enjoying the flesh-pots, and that is sufficient food for her. I once made a joke about them. How he glared at me, his eyes had such a terrible expression of hate! No one must interfere with him, or beware! He is intense, life is a very serious *besogne*, there is nothing light or airy about him, no one must ever chaff him, or the thunders of Jove will be let loose. Still, he can be pleasant and amusing ; there is nothing mean about him, but, like most men, he is egotistic."

Then came a young man with curly brown hair, a long neck, and Byronic collar. He was attired in a white cotton suit, with a crimson scarf round his waist.

"That is a painter, Lucie, I call him Mr. Botticelli—he raves about this master, disparages all others, and abuses more or less

the modern painters. He is clever, but so conceited and affected that I run away from him. Oh! here comes Mr. Barrington."

This individual was attired in a brown velveteen suit, much the worse for wear, indeed it was covered with stains of paint, as if he wiped his palette on his coat; out of one pocket bulged a long pipe and some paint-brushes; on his head he wore a straw helmet; he looked over fifty, but was still very good-looking, and had the unmistakable appearance of the well-bred gentleman-Bohemian. There was a charcoal smudge across one side of his face: he had evidently forgotten to wash that cheek—he resembled a semi-restored painting—one side clean, the other black.

"What a glorious morning!" he exclaimed, in a pleasant sonorous voice, shaking hands with everyone, myself included. He did not know if he had met me before. He smiled at the servants, and in bad French asked for some particular wine, presented Margot with a beautiful rose, which he had just picked, and, looking round the table, remarked on the gorgeous colouring of the omelette—a festival of colour—"I am so hungry." Margot introduced me to him. He quite forgot that he had already shaken hands with me, for, on hearing my name, he exclaimed, "Ah! I should have known you anywhere, you are so like your own portrait in the *Salon*, not a bit flattered—Justice without Mercy. I am indeed delighted to think that so gifted a sister of the brush is my neighbour in this boarding-house. If Mrs. Lucas worked harder she also would be a great artist, but not so charming. Now, she amuses and interests me. Women who work hard have no leisure to be fascinating."

He dropped his voice and the remainder was in *sotto voce* to Margot. While eating my *déjeuner* I watched the other boarders.

Madame Blanc was listening earnestly to the musician, who was eating omelette with gusto, while she seemed to be flirting with a few green peas. Mr. Botticelli was having a loud argument with an American lady about some pictures; his voice was affected and his manner most aggressive.

"What a conceited ass!" muttered Mr. Barrington. "I cannot stand his affectation, it sickens me."

"I don't dislike affectation," answered Margot (her mouth full of salad). "He is so good looking I believe you are jealous of him; men seldom admire each other: they are far vainer than we, the weaker sex."

Then followed a skirmish of words between Margot and Mr. Barrington—those uncivil wars they evidently enjoyed. The *laissez-aller*, the brightness all round, delighted me. Such an infinite contrast to my late bored existence in Queen's Gate!

The *déjeuner* over, we wandered round the pretty garden, inhaling the perfume of the gorgeous roses.

"I feel saucy with health this morning," remarked Mr. Barrington, lighting his big pipe. "I enjoyed my breakfast in the society of two charming and gifted ladies. What can a man want more here below?"

I wandered towards the house, in order to leave Margot to enjoy in perfect peace her flirtation with Mr. Barrington. On the hall table I found a letter addressed to me, care of Mrs. Lucas.

"It must be a commission for a portrait," was my first thought, for no one yet knew my address in Paris, except through the *Salon* catalogue, where Margot had thoughtfully inserted beside my name hers and the address.

I returned to the garden, and wending my way to a quiet corner, sat on a bench under a laburnum tree and tore open the envelope. There was no signature. It was dated from L'Hôtel du Louvre.

"If Miss Lucie Wyndham would care to meet an old friend, will she come to the *Salon* to-morrow, Thursday, at twelve o'clock. She will find him admiring her portrait."

I scanned the writing, but could not at first recognise it ; little by little, I seemed to recall a writing that twenty years ago used to send a thrill through me—could that strange missive be from my old lover, Douglas Fergusson? I had been engaged to be married to him when I was seventeen. He had basely deceived me ; we were separated for ever by his marriage with the lady to whom he had been previously engaged. Long ago I had banished his image from my heart and thoughts. The pain and humiliation had crushed me early in life, his deceptive conduct gave me a moral shock from which I had never entirely recovered. Who but Douglas Fergusson could wish to renew an old acquaintanceship in such an erratic way? Who but this man who played me false in past years? If it is Douglas Fergusson I shall never meet him, never trust him : our paths lie wide apart ; better they should never approach.

But after a few seconds of reflection I thought, why should I jump, womanlike, at such a conclusion? Among the many men I had known, perhaps he might be the last to approach a reconciliation through the means of an unsigned letter. I had still some of his old love-letters, but had not looked at them for twenty years—little by little my thoughts went back to auld lang syne. I was no longer sitting in Mademoiselle Dupont's garden, but in a big old-fashioned garden outside Dublin. In a bower, by my side, a short dark man was pouring words of love in my seventeen year-old ear. A few past scenes glided rapidly before my eyes : I saw myself a blooming, bright girl,

saucy with health and high spirits, full of cleverness and fun. I had only just left school in Paris to pay a visit to a cousin in Dublin. Innocent and guileless, I knew nothing of the evils, trials and deceptions of life. I was still a romp; but gradually Doctor Fergusson's marked attentions and unvarying kindness made me like him. He was then over thirty, learned, and respected for his energy and talents. He held a good position in the scientific world, so I felt flattered by the marked interest he took in me. The open homage he paid me was remarked; my cousin, who was a matchmaker, threw us constantly together; he offered to teach me botany, and many a delightful excursion did we take together. Even now, as I sat in that Paris garden twenty years after, I had to confess that those hours spent with him had left imperishable memories which subsequent bitterness and disenchantment could not entirely obliterate. There is such a halo about first love! How the future lay then before me, full of hope, rosy lights, like a Garden of Eden untrodden by sorrow! He asked me to be his wife, but begged me to keep the engagement secret for a while, as there were a few pecuniary difficulties in the way.

Then the terrible news, told me so suddenly by an acquaintance, that my lover was affianced to another girl. He who had opened out a new life to me was lost to me for ever. It took me some time to realise how miserably I had been deceived; it was a fearful awakening, the knowledge that I had been the mere plaything of a man who had sought every device to win my love, merely to gratify his selfish vanity. Now, as I pondered over that sad past, I thought with pitying regret of the girl who had been so suddenly disillusioned, as a mother feels for her child's trouble.

It was as if the girl who had started in life's road so gaily, so freshly, had quite a different identity from my own. At seventeen, left so much to myself, without guidance, I had not realised the value of my own actions; lacking in worldly wisdom, in knowledge of mankind, seeing outward signs only, and translating them by my own happy single-minded nature. "Poor little girl!" I kept murmuring to myself, "why was there no one to warn you of the pitfalls?" Douglas Fergusson's love had been a sham and a reproach to me. My ponderings over the past are interrupted by Margot's cheerful voice, followed by a quick kiss on my forehead.

"Lucie, I have been watching your *rivierie*. Have you received an unexpected offer of marriage? that little note seems to have disturbed you. To be or not to be? is that the question, dear?"

"Read this," handing her the strange missive, "and tell me what you think I ought to do; whom do you guess it is from?"

Margot opened her *lorgnon* ; after a few seconds she exclaimed, "How interesting! I believe this strange missive is from your old lover, Douglas Fergusson. I saw him that time we were in Dublin, just before my marriage. He was then making violent love to you. Were you not engaged to him? I left Dublin and went to India with my husband, and somehow or other I never liked to ask you how it was that you did not marry Fergusson. But come to my studio, it is very hot in this garden, and we might be overheard."

I followed Margot up ever so many highly-waxed stairs. She pushed a green-baize door, and we found ourselves in her *sanctum sanctorum*, filled with casts from the antique, sketches in oils and water-colour, skins of beasts, draperies, knicknacks of all sorts, an open piano, easels, &c.—everything in picturesque disorder.

Margot placed me in a big armchair, threw herself full length on a comfortable divan, opened a silver case, took out a cigarette, and lighted it, remarking :

"Now I am in the mood to enjoy thoroughly a romantic story, Lucie. I have heard that Fergusson is an eminent physician, but a widower with seven children, just sixty—old to be a lover. However, I don't believe that he could write and ask you to meet him in this strange way, unless he wishes to propose for you now! It is such a serious step for a man of his position to take, after his past discreditable conduct, for I heard it rumoured that all the time he was making such passionate love to you he was engaged to be married to a girl he would have jilted if he could. He had rather a scampish expression."

"I was attractive then, Margot. He was my first love. I hate thinking about that period ; it was dreadful!"

"He may be now an altered man," continued Margot, watching the blue smoke from her cigarette. "If he has nothing serious to offer now, this step is almost an impertinence."

"I certainly could never trust him again, Margot."

"But you must really go and meet Dr. Fergusson ; it is an interesting episode. Don't you feel curious to know what he wants? I should like to witness the meeting ; but don't be alarmed, I shall not be a Banquo's Ghost," lighting another cigarette. "It certainly is a surprise after twenty years. I wonder if I should know the little traitor again. I had a talent for caricaturing, and still possess some pencil drawings I did of him ; he had a pointed head, a big beard, and intelligent dark eyes. He danced badly, Lucie, but was so fond of it ; one evening at Rowley House you and he danced to the music of a hurdy-gurdy outside. He was streaming with perspiration—looked like a damp fowl ;" she laughed at the recollection.

"Yes, I remember, Margot, that evening quite well ; my poor cousin, Jane Matthews, watching us with such a kindly look in her honest old eyes. She was so glad to think that we were to be married."

"I did a drawing of Fergusson on his fat white cob ; he always galloped up to Rowley House ; and one morning that he did not know that I was there, I heard him calling you 'his own darling little pet,' so I guessed you were engaged !"

"Well, dear Margot, it is ancient history now ; it is sad to reopen old chapters. I daresay when he saw my portrait it touched some part of his being (I don't think he has a heart), and he thought he would like to be on a friendly footing with me. How can that be ? I would rather not see him."

Margot goads me by every argument in her power. The next morning she insists upon being present at my toilette. "Don't wear green, Lucie, it is unlucky ; you must put on a garment that is neither festive nor depressing. This heliotrope dress is the very thing ; I want you to look nice ; I see *you* don't care ; but he will regret his conduct more if he finds you attractive. Swallow this good burgundy and sandwiches, you must not meet him upon an empty stomach. He is vain, and if you felt faint he would believe that it proceeded from emotions at seeing him again—keep yourself well in hand, Lucie. He behaved shamefully when you were a young, trusting girl ; I should like to administer a whipping. Still, it is worth while giving him another chance. Time to be off, Lucie." Margot pushed me out of the house.

It was striking twelve o'clock when I ascended the stone staircase of *L'Exposition des Beaux Arts*. The galleries were not crowded at that hour ; I did not look at the pictures on the walls, but wended my way to the gallery where the *Pastels* were. From a certain distance, I perceived a dark blue cloth back, standing in front of my portrait. I felt inclined to rush away, but the blue cloth coat turned round—I stood face to face with my first love, Doctor Douglas Fergusson. I felt myself flushing crimson ; then I heard his voice saying, "I would have recognised you anywhere." His dark eyes were fixed upon my face, looking hard at the change that twenty years had wrought upon my countenance. "You must have been surprised at my letter?" he asked, in an apologetic tone of voice.

"Yes, why did you not sign your name ?" I asked quickly.

"I was afraid, and thought you would not come," looking away from me for the first time.

"And yet it would have been more straightforward had you

written and told me that you wished to see me again. Why do you wish to meet me?"

"I did behave once very badly," he answered; "most men behave badly to some woman or other in their lives. I might have been worse; but it is so long ago, and I am now a different man. I am religious and should like to win your regard and esteem; but won't you sit down?" he asked, pointing to an empty divan in a quiet corner of the gallery.

We sat down. I looked at him, and noticed that he had a worn, wearied look.

"Have you followed my career?" he asked, coming closer up to me.

"No. From the day I heard how terribly you had deceived me I banished you entirely from my thoughts, your name has never been mentioned in my presence. I am glad to hear that you are a prosperous physician, and a well-known scientific man in Dublin—but did you ever realise the harm and pain you inflicted upon me?"

"I was wicked then, but you were a peculiarly attractive, charming girl, and fond of me. It was very delightful, and if I could have married you then, I would have done so—but it was impossible."

"I have never been able to trust anyone since we parted. I have had many offers of marriage, but I have been too well armed, doubted the loyalty of many an honest man, because I had been betrayed when I trusted so implicitly."

Douglas Fergusson tried to take my hand in his, but I withheld it.

"I am highly thought of now. I have been a kind husband and father and a good citizen." He talked a long time about himself, mostly in praise. He asked few questions about myself, and, after a fairly long monologue, asked me to partake of some refreshment.

I felt inclined to refuse and go back to the *pension*; but feminine curiosity was strong in me. I wanted to find out what sort of man he really was; there was a half-flippant, half-serious manner that puzzled me.

It was like a dream, to find myself sitting opposite to Douglas Fergusson, twenty years after we had parted; we sat at a table in a garden, with banks of rhododendrons, and hedges which sheltered us from the gaze of the outer world that was walking and driving in the Champs-Élysées. We had *pâté de lièvre* and sparkling Moselle. Douglas Fergusson now and then looked at me, with the same old dash of sentiment which I now felt was a sham. "He is a born flirt," I kept muttering to myself, "incapable of any depth

of feeling. Yet I feared that the old glamour would come over me again. After leaving the restaurant we walked towards the Seine : a penny steamer was on the brink of starting. We got on board ; it was very pleasant to see again the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Palais de Justice, the grey Conciergerie, Notre Dame. As we glided along Douglas Fergusson assumed a more lover-like attitude, talked about old times, lingered over episodes which years had obliterated more or less from my memory ; there was a sad fascination about it. He told me that pretty young women attracted him powerfully ; confessed that his name was linked with many a lady. There was a mixture of vanity, egotism, flippancy, and genial kindness about him that was puzzling. After we left the steamer he hailed a *fiacre* and deposited me at the door of the boarding-house. He told me that he was leaving Paris that night for London, but intended returning to Paris in less than a fortnight, and, if I allowed him, he would send me a book he had written and a photograph of himself. He was gone—and, mounting the stairs, I asked myself had he any real feeling, or was he simply a frivolous flirt who played at sentiment with any attractive woman he happened to be near ?

Margot met me at the door. "I had a peep, Lucie, from behind my shutters. I saw Doctor Fergusson quite well. He had exactly the same expression on his face that he had twenty years ago ! Has he proposed ?"

"No, indeed, Margot ! I never for an instant expected him to do so. I suppose he wants to be on friendly terms with me."

"What an odd creature ! He must have very little seriousness of character, or knowledge of human nature, if he thinks there can be friendship after such conduct. It is preposterous."

"He returns to Paris in a fortnight ; would you like to meet him, Margot ; you are quick at reading character, perhaps you will be able to make him out ? I confess that I am puzzled."

"I intend giving a *soirée* in my *atelier* to-morrow fortnight. I shall certainly send Dr. Fergusson a card ; I shall soon see if he has any remorse, or feeling of any kind ; if not, then dismiss him entirely from your mind, Lucie. Such a character is not capable of friendship. What good can he possibly do you ?"

That evening I sat a long time at my bedroom window, thinking over my past youth ; a *sœur* was reading her breviary in the convent garden ; a crescent moon and the bright stars seemed to concentrate their light on the nun's solitary figure. I thought how nice and reposeful to be a *sœur*, after one has lived down one's emotions.

Two days after Douglas Fergusson's departure, I received by

post a book written by him, and a large cabinet portrait with a note expressing his pleasure at having seen me again.

On the same day came a letter from a French gentleman, asking me, if I would paint a portrait of his daughter—he had seen the one I had done of myself in the *Salon*—to fix my own terms. This gave me great pleasure, for it was the opening I longed for, a means of living my own life, and independent of my Queen's Gate aunt.

Monsieur De Beaumont called with his daughter the next day at the *pension*, to arrange about the sittings, which were to take place in Margot's studio.

Five days after Douglas Fergusson's departure I began my first commission for a big oil portrait. I was to receive £200. Monsieur De Beaumont was a wealthy man, and considered that very moderate for a full length portrait in oils.

My first sitter was a charming model—golden haired, peach-like complexion, laughing blue eyes, a perfect Hebe—a poem of colour. I never spent a more delightful week than that one when Fergusson was away. The work entranced me. I was in a measure inspired. It was such a treat to have so fascinating a sitter, the embodiment of health and youth. When painting from her, I thought of sunny subjects, of fields of wild flowers illuminated by June sunshine, of birds singing. She was a merry young girl, and I got easily a brilliant *ébauche* that delighted her father and charmed Margot.

"You will be a great success, Lucie ; don't dream of marrying that gay Lothario, you have fortune in your hands now."

However, I got a note from Douglas Fergusson announcing his arrival. I told Margot, and she sent him an invitation to her *soirée*, which he accepted by return of post.

"I am anxious to find out what sort of man he is now ; if he is a mere flippant flirt. I advise you not to see him any more. I shall judge him from his general demeanour at my *soirée*."

The evening which was to decide my future conduct with Doctor Fergusson had arrived. The *atelier* had been decorated with abundance of flowers, and lit up with Chinese lanterns. Margot looked most picturesque in crimson and gold. I was a symphony in grey tulle. As Margot remarked, grey suited my attitude towards life better than any other colour.

At ten o'clock the *atelier* was filled with a crowd of artists, authors, musicians, &c. Mr. Barrington looked distinguished, but greatly bored, in his evening dress ; his necktie was on one side—he hovered near Margot. Madame Blanc was charming in pink—the Musical Affinity was, of course, by her side. The old couple were happy in a

corner. Mr. Botticelli was discussing the *Salon* with another painter, both of them on the verge of a quarrel. Everybody was talking and enjoying themselves in that delightful Bohemian studio. At eleven o'clock Douglas Fergusson glided in. Nobody except myself noticed his arrival. Seeing him again had a painful effect. Past scenes of love-making rolled before my eyes. He had taken it so lightly—a young girl's best gift—he called his conduct early wickedness, &c.

His eye caught mine ; he came towards me smiling. "What a festive scene !" was his first remark. "Where is Mrs. Lucas ? I must pay her my *devoirs*."

"There she is," I said, pointing her out.

"Oh ! what a handsome woman ! and still young-looking ; nice figure ; her hair is rather coarse, but her neck is fine. I shall go and see if she remembers me after twenty years' absence."

He left my side, and walked across to where Margot was standing surrounded by several people, waited till she was alone. Margot stared at him through her *lorgnon* ; I could not hear what Douglas Fergusson said to her, or what she answered. I noticed the subtle smile in her face, and a quick flush on his ; they were evidently talking about past times. After about a quarter of an hour's confabulation Mademoiselle De Beaumont was introduced to him, and Margot came up to me, whispering :

"Doctor Fergusson is the same old Lothario, quite ready to flirt with me or with any nice woman. He asked me to introduce Mademoiselle De Beaumont ; but as he is almost old enough to be her grandfather, it is not dangerous. It is bad taste of him to flirt under your very nose after his past conduct, but it is good for you to see him as he really is. He will never be different. I can't understand such a flippant nature."

Shortly after Douglas Fergusson came up to me. While talking to Rose I noticed that he threw as much sentiment into his eyes as he used to pump up for my benefit twenty years ago.

"That girl has a complexion like a peach !" he exclaimed. "Such a lovely mouth, made to be kissed ; but she is not at all clever. I like talented women, but you will be always attractive because you have mind ; come and have some refreshment, I am so thirsty. I spied a table laden with good things in that corner ; come with me and have an ice—you used to be very fond of ices when you were a girl."

While Douglas Fergusson was eating sandwiches and drinking champagne, I watched him : time had not improved his appearance ;

though young-looking for his age, his nose was decidedly red ; he was bald, his long beard was quite grey ; when amused the scampish expression in his eyes lit up his face. He was extremely good-natured, genial and clever, but incapable of really chivalrous impulses—flirting had become a second nature.

Somebody sat at the piano and played a waltz.

“Oh, do come and dance with me !” he asked. “You know I was always fond of Terpsichore. Do you remember the dances you and I had together at Rowley House, and the evening of the hurdy-gurdy?”

“Margot Lucas reminded me of that incident,” I answered. “She has a sketch which she did—but that is twenty years ago, remember. I no longer dance, but let me get you a partner.” I asked Margot to introduce him to a dancing lady. In a few seconds after, Douglas Fergusson was whirling round the room with as much zest as a youth of eighteen. He had all the qualities to make him popular in society ; a free and easy, pleasant manner with men, and with women he philandered more or less ; a kind host, giving good dinners, excellent wines, &c. Oh, if I could have read him twenty years ago as I read him now, what a world of pain it would have spared me ! The experience had come too late. Still, on the whole, I would prefer having really suffered than to be, like Douglas Fergusson, a mere butterfly, a gay Lothario, without depth of nature, incapable of realising it in others.

In bidding him adieu that night I felt that I was completely disillusioned : it was a relief to feel that he was gone.

The next morning I breakfasted *tête à tête* with Margot in the studio.

“Ah, dear Lucie ! Douglas Fergusson has not changed much. He is a male flirt ; he cannot help himself ; if he was on his death-bed he would flirt with his nurse, if she was young enough ! Still, I don’t dislike him, though I have no sort of belief in him—he cannot be trusted ; the sooner you forget him the better. He has spoiled a fine situation ; the notion of his asking you to meet him, merely to treat you as he does every woman he meets !—it is mere egotistical vanity. He is too old to change.”

Two months after the *soirée* I finished Rose De Beaumont’s portrait. It was a colossal success. Monsieur De Beaumont was delighted, gave me a commission to paint him full length, and, besides that, I got three more orders for portraits.

My dream of independence was fully realised ; my foot was quite firmly placed on the ladder of success. I got an *atelier* close to

Margot's and retained the bedroom at the boarding-house. My Queen's Gate aunt was indignant, and wrote to inform me that she no longer took the slightest interest in my career. I concentrated myself upon Art. Margot was a first-rate friend. My life was now most enjoyable and interesting ; little by little I dismissed Douglas Fergusson from my thoughts, for I heard from many that he was still a notorious old flirt. To get on with Art was my sole aim. I was fully rewarded for my devotion.

FROM AFRICA.

THESE fine mornings the Arabs often come up with their packs on their backs, and open a little private shop of their own for our special benefit under the white piazza of this very villa.

I will frankly admit, however, that herein I have followed to the extreme letter the Horatian precept, and dashed at once *in medias res* with what may, perhaps, be considered by formal mind's undue precipitancy. Let me hark back once more and start over again from the beginning, by performing the function of the First and Second Gentlemen, who succinctly explain in a short dialogue to the attentive audience the state of affairs at the raising of the curtain.

The villa, then, stands on a bright Algerian hillside, with a magnificent view across the ravine to the wine-press opposite, and a glimpse down the valley towards the distant peaks of the dim blue Atlas on the eastern horizon. It is white, and Moorish, and deliciously African, and it has horse-shoe arches, and tiled façades, and a squat flat roof after a fashion to delight the most enthusiastic orientalist. In place of a porch, there is a covered piazza, open towards the sun; and here, when fitting weather permits such commercial ventures, Ben-Marabet the Arab unrolls his stock of Tlemcen prayer-rugs, or stately Abd-er-Rahman, from the recesses of the Djurjura, sets out his neat and unique collection of red and black hand-made Kabyle pottery. Then all the world of the villa turns out in force to chaffer, cheapen, and buy the curious wares; and, as business here is by no means conducted with punctuality and dispatch, on the American pattern, the purchase of a few little tortoiseshell kous-kous spoons, or the acquisition of a pair of inlaid black-and-steel Moorish daggers, suffices to afford us, in the modest language of a London newspaper advertisement, "a complete morning's entertainment."

The merchants themselves—it would be sheer desecration to call those noble Orientals pedlars—are in their own persons delightful studies of eastern life, costume, and character. There is one fat Moor who often comes, round, sensuous, and chubbily smooth-faced; a thrifty, oily, persuasive man, one that sleeps o' nights, and with

vast command of shrugs and nods and insinuating glances ; he seems to embody and personify in his own frame the ideal Turk, the long product of polygamy and harems, redolent of musk, garlic, and stale Latakia. Damascus embroideries are what he oftenest brings, relieved at times by carpets from Stamboul, and exquisite needlework from the villages of Crete or the Greek islands. He wears baggy white trousers, a green embroidered jacket, an oleaginous smile, and an ample much-wreathed yellow turban. Then there is the philosophic Kabyle, again, from the snow-clad mountains, own brother to Jacques in "As You Like It." He wears nothing in particular that I can remember except a corn sack or a night shirt—I am uncertain to which of the two species I ought to refer that one nondescript garment : but his handsome, listless face, his big, dreamy blue eyes, his lithe figure, and his blonde hair mark him out at once in dirt and rags as a descendant and representative of the old aboriginal Berber race, the primitive "white men" of antique North Africa. Jewellery and metal-work form his stock-in-trade. A melancholy smile is his best advertisement. And there are the Arabs, once more, the real, unadulterated Semitic sons of the desert, magnificent fellows, with grand, stately forms and keen black eyes, true princes by birth, in long bernouses, but, unhappily, reduced by the pressure of adverse circumstances under infidel rule to gain an honest livelihood in the itinerant rug trade. I've no doubt they would greatly prefer robbery with violence : but the present *régime* cruelly compels them, poor souls, to content themselves somehow with mere thieving.

Sometimes two or three of these wandering native tradesmen at once invade the villa, and open their shops side by side on the piazza, or even overflow into the paths of the garden. To see them install themselves is a comedy in miniature. Slowly, and with dignity, Mohammad Ali unfastens his manifold bags and packs and bundles, while Omar, his attendant, receives the knives and portières and brass lamps at his hands, and lays them out temptingly on the red-tiled floor beside him. One by one the ingenious boxes and rolls and rugs are taken from inside each other in endless confusion, till the entire stock is finally displayed. Then Mohammad Ali squats himself lazily in front, and waits with oriental patience for custom to come in Allah's good time, while Omar sprawls his lean legs at full length in the sunshine, and dreams that Fatma, and Meriem, and the gazelle-eyed Mouni are leaning over him, obsequious, with coffee and kous-kous.

By-and-by custom in due time arrives. Allah is great, and news

spreads rapidly. The children of the villa rise all agog when tidings reach the school-room that "The Arabs have come!" A mighty shout goes up to heaven. The polite manual of French conversation finds its dog-eared leaves turned face downward on the table, and the Latin grammar falls with its accidence unheeded on the African floor, while ingenuous British youth rushes out wildly to enjoy that ever fresh excitement of the eastern merchants. Maturer age strolls slower afield, and conducts its negotiations with due hesitancy. Time in the East was made for slaves. A pipe on such occasions affords a most useful solace and refuge. You select your goods with slow deliberation, pile them up together casually in a little heap, eye them askance with an inquiring glance, and take a contemplative pull or two at the inspiring weed in solemn silence. Mohammad Ali responds with a puff from his cigarette in grave concert. Then you walk once or twice up and down the piazza slowly, and, jerking your head with careless ease in the direction of your selected pile, you inquire, as if for abstract reasons merely, in an off-hand tone, your Moslem friend's lowest cash quotation for the lot as it stands.

Two hundred francs is the smallest price. Mohammad Ali paid far more than that himself for them. He sells simply for occupation it would seem. Look at the work, monsieur. All graven brass, not mere *repoussé* metal; or real old chain-stitch, alike on both sides—none of your wretched, common-place, modern, machine-made embroidery.

You smile incredulous, and remark with a wise nod that your Moslem friend must surely be in error. A mistake of the press. For two hundred francs, read fifty.

Mohammad Ali assumes an expressive attitude of virtuous indignation, and resumes his tobacco. Fifty francs for all that lot! Monsieur jests. He shows himself a very poor judge indeed of values.

Half-an-hour's debate, and ten successive abatements, reduce the lot at last to a fair average price of seventy. Mohammad Ali declares you have robbed him of his profit, and pockets his cash with inarticulate grumblings in the Arab tongue. Next day, you see in the Rue Bab-Azzoun that you have paid him at least twenty francs too much for your supposed bargain.

That, however, is a very small matter. I prefer the picturesque orientalism of the *marchand chez soi* to the mere Western common-place of a shop counter, a cash railway, and a fixed price; and I am prepared to pay a trifle extra for the luxury of being waited upon by a descendant of the Prophet. It has such an Arabian Nights' flavour about it when the merchant unrolls his shining bales before my very

eyes, that I agree with the children in their profound devotion to the peddling system. What matters a shilling or two more or less if the Bagdad of the Caliphs can still be with us at so low a rate for one brief half-hour? I grudge not Hassan or Hamid his dishonest penny. It is worth all the money to see the rugs spread out beneath the shade of the palm tree, and the glistening eyes of the shrewd old Arab gleaming keen and bright from under the many folds of his embroidered turban at the proffered coin.

Of all the work the merchants bring for sale the most interesting perhaps is the Kabyle jewelry and the Kabyle pottery. These Kabyles themselves are a romantic people, the last relics of the old aboriginal Berber population, the leavings of Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Arab, and Ottoman. From the beginning of time, a light-haired, blue-eyed, European-looking race has inhabited the mountain country of North Africa. These are the Numidians and Mauritanians of Massinissa and Juba, the people whom the Phœnicians found as autochthones when Dido landed her first boat's crew at Carthage—a race as white as most Europeans, and a good deal whiter, if it comes to that, than Italians, Spaniards, or Provençal Frenchmen. They are the remnants of the old Christian population which produced Augustine and Symmachus, and so many confessors, martyrs, and heretics. The Arabs came and drove the white men up into the mountains; but there they remain unaltered in appearance to this very day, outwardly Islamised to be sure, yet in instinct and feeling the same primitive European white-folk as ever. They still retain many habits and traditions of the old native and Phœnician art, and the things they make are more original and naïve, smack more of the soil, than anything produced in the coastwise towns by sophisticated Moorish or Arab workmen.

Our Kabyle often brings a lot of their metal-work for our approbation—pretty little black trays of hammered steel, adorned, by a rude but effective decorative art, with knobs and bosses of coral and lapis lazuli. These knobs or beads are first let into the black-enamelled background, and then surrounded by pretty coils of wire and steel spring, so as to produce altogether a most curious but beautiful barbaric tracery. I have never seen any of it for sale in New York or London. Equally quaint and antique in type are their brooches and buckles, and the clasps of their belts, sometimes in silver, and sometimes in the same effective combination of steel and coral, but always modelled on graceful and simple traditional patterns. The brooches in particular belong for the most part to that very primitive stone-age type which survives into the age of bronze and iron as the "Tara

clasp," and which is common in all early Celtic remains, besides being diffused over the whole world in tumuli and urn burials. Its ultimate elements are a pin and ring, fastened over, buckle fashion, by a slit in the circle. We have wasted a small fortune to our handsome Kabyle in exchange for these pretty, glittering red-and-blue baubles. As I raise my eyes from my paper, indeed, in search of hints, they fall upon an ostrich egg suspended lampwise from the Moorish arcade of the window in front of me—a half ostrich-egg, hung by light silver chains from a beam of Atlas cedar, and decorated all round by pointed crescents and dangling pendants of black steel, and this simple coral-work. No prettier or more natural lamp-stand can possibly be imagined, and it is all African, egg and metal-work and coral and decoration.

Kabyle pottery, too, is quaint and pretty in its own wild way; but this you can seldom buy from Hassan or Ali at the villa door. You must go down for it as a rule to one of the dimly-lighted Moorish shops in the old town, where you will find large stocks of it stored away carelessly in an upper chamber, looking down into the arched and tile-covered courtyard. Composed entirely of coarse friable clay, it is too fragile for the itinerant merchant to deal with largely. But the shapes—oh, endless! Rough big pots of simple red earth, daubed with yellow and black by ancestral pigments, in those bars and lines and geometrical forms, which alone the creed of Islam allows its faithful, to the exclusion of all graven images or other representations of anything that is in heaven above or in earth beneath or in the waters that are under the earth. Some of them are tall and lean and lanky, coarse and hand-made, with a charming disregard of straightness or accuracy that would drive a Stoke Newington housewife frantic. Some of them consist of three vases rolled into one, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, or bulge in the middle to form a clandestine union, a sort of fictile morganatic marriage, with some other pot of alien size and shape and pattern. Here are lamps of the old familiar Roman sort, in forms handed down traditionally from the earliest Greek and Phœnician antiquity; here are funny little jars, like unsteady amphoræ; here are beakers a little one-sided or groggy on the legs; here are weak-kneed tazzas, and unsymmetrical mugs, and jugs that deviate most distinctly from the perpendicular. But all are instinct with native art for all that—no two alike, each one the product of a thinking brain and cunning hands, and cheap withal, so that for a few francs you can lay in a small illustrative collection of North-African *faïence*. Even the fourpenny plates are all different in design and pattern. Not one but has some special

little flight of fancy ; not one but has given the clever designer individual pleasure in the work of her fingers—for it is the women of Kabylia, not their lords and masters, who make all these beautiful barbaric products.

Let us return once more to our friends in the piazza. See, Hassan holds up to us temptingly a musical instrument, the oldest and simplest ancestral form of harp, or lyre, or guitar, or fiddle. It is nothing but a tortoiseshell, the carapace of the common Greek tortoise that scours at will the neighbouring dry hillsides (why should a tortoise be debarred from scouring?), covered with a bit of dried skin, and fitted with a handle and a couple of strings over a bridge in the centre. This is the true original and only genuine *testudo*, the father of all existing stringed instruments. But the turbaned negro from the extreme south will take one of these primitive and quaint-looking violins, and, running over the notes rapidly with his dusky fingers, will grind out a rapid plantation melody in a way to excruciate the most savage ears. Every visitor to Algiers buys one of these tortoiseshells. I don't know why, but they somehow exert an inexplicable charm over the Western taste. All our people at the villa have invested in an instrument, and at every waking hour of the twenty-four you may listen and catch the sweet strains of some simple song laboriously twanged out in double-slow time from half-a-dozen rooms in bewildering discord.

There is another form of musical instrument on sale at the door, not quite so popular ; it consists of a sort of early drum or ancestral tambourine, copiously adorned with semi-savage decorations in the shape of hanging strips of coloured leather. Its chief claim to attention, however, is derived rather from the bloody hand which it bears as cognizance for a sign of good luck on its parchment face. This open red palm, with extended fingers—like the bloody hand of Ulster, still worn as part of the armorial bearings of English baronets (for barbaric details cling to the barbaric aristocracy of England)—figures everywhere “for luck” on Arab products. It replaces, in fact, as a harbinger of fortune, the familiar horseshoe of northern Europe. You may see it in houses, displayed upon the door ; you may see it on tombs, on furniture, on ornaments, on stables. It serves to drive away the bad spirits, who object to red hands, and it averts the effects of that evil eye concerning whose influence the Arabs and Moors are so supremely nervous. So far as my own experience goes, in more civilised communities it is the evil tongue rather that does all the mischief.

One subfusk old fellow, a very dark M'zabite from the borders of

the desert, who has sustained a severe injury to his left eye, and whom we all know, therefore, by the Arabian Nights' name of the one-eyed calender (in order, as Dick Swiveller remarked, to make it seem more real and agreeable), comes often up to our hillside home, with a lordly store of fine old brass-work, and unfolds his stock beneath the cover of the piazza. Trays, big and small, engraved and *repoussé*, the one-eyed calender presses eagerly with oriental commendation upon our notice. Some of the best and oldest have the Arabic letters of their rich design inlaid in silver ; and these are really extremely beautiful. They come for the most part nowadays from Tunis, that surviving home of Arab art, for real old Algerian work is at present getting almost priceless. But even the cheap and common trays of the country are exceedingly pretty in a humbler way : their design is always good and intricate, and their workmanship, though coarse, is honest and effective. The ornament invariably just fits itself to its object and its field. There are beautiful shops in Algiers town where Arab workmen still produce, under French masters, fine brass trays of admirable design ; and the English architect, who builds the big Mauresque villas that dot the hillsides for rich runaways from our hateful wet northern winter, has a lovely collection of the real old article that is enough to make the poor amateur's mouth water. I postpone buying more than a single specimen or two of these, however, till after we have got American copyright, or say more succinctly till the Greek Calends. Such things at present are far too dear for mere authors.

The pierced-brass lamps for hanging in halls are also extremely graceful and decorative—indeed, everything here is full of native art feeling. I am afraid, after some months of living among these exquisitely-decorated Moorish interiors, our cold English houses will look horribly bare and vulgar and commonplace. The fact is, that stern Mahomedan prohibition of imitative art, while it has made painting and sculpture impossible for Islam, has almost necessarily produced a wonderful school of pure decorative design unequalled anywhere else in either hemisphere. The best artistic minds of the Mussulman world, debarred by that strange rule from giving their attention to pictures and statues, have perforce concentrated all their originality and all their vigour upon the evolution of a type of decoration which could not fail to be purely geometrical and ornamental in style. The flowing Arabic letters, part cause part effect of this limitation of subject, have lent themselves admirably to the needs of the artists. Verses from the Koran have had to take the place of men and beasts and flowers of the field. The results

produced, when seen in the large, are such as fairly to astonish northern visitors who have only known oriental art before from the piecemeal scraps one finds here and there in museums or drawing-rooms in civilised countries. It is something quite different and dazzling to enter and gaze round upon one of the beautiful old Moorish houses, oriental throughout in character and ornament, with its arcades and courtyards and tiles and draperies ; and to see how harmoniously the whole effect blends together, and how exquisitely every detail fits in with the sunlight, the climate, the architectural plan, and the decoration generally. To come to Algiers for a winter, and visit some of these lovely houses, is in itself an artistic education ; he must have a dull eye and brain indeed who does not return to Europe or America, from that great living school, with all his ideas on ornament in art profoundly modified or even revolutionised.

The houses, indeed, lend themselves wonderfully to decoration in a way unknown among our square-roomed, square-windowed, straight-and-aboveboard northern architecture. We in Europe and America have no rambling holes and corners : here, the niches and alcoves, with their mysterious shade and poetical gloom, the horse-shoe arches with their broad room and occasion for drapery, the Saracenic tracery-work of the plaster roofs, the tiled floors covered with rich eastern rugs and thick soft carpets, all form a consistent framework which, for richness and variety of ornamental effect, can never be equalled under our cold grey northern skies and wintry light. This land ought surely in the future to be prolific in painters, for everything is arranged just as a painter would have wished to see it. And it is to rooms like these, with their niches and archways, that the one-eyed calender's brass-work, or Hassan the Kabyle's graceful embroideries, and the thousand-and-one knicknacks of the Thousand-and-one Nights are best adapted. You buy a few bits of green and light yellow Morocco pottery from some picturesque Tangier Jew in his dark blue jacket at some stall in the town ; you stick them in the sunlight on a carved and painted Moorish *étagère*, or stand them in the recess over the carved door of some in-let cupboard ; you intersperse with them a couple of cheap but graceful Kabyle plates, or a beaten brass vase or two from the old Moor in the shop by the mosque ; and the whole thing when arranged looks as lovely in its way as if you had paid twenty pounds a piece for the pretty baubles at Liberty's. But how they would look on an English wall and with a Morris wall-paper for their varied background I can hardly say : good, no doubt, but many degrees less good, I fancy.

than against the brilliant white-plaster tracery of Algeria, or the pale blue distempered field of this simple dado in a Moorish villa.

As a tropical or sub-tropical style of building, indeed, nothing could be more perfect or more admirable in its own way than Moorish architecture. Some day, when people begin to be wise, it will be adopted, perhaps, for their own homes by the cultivated classes in Queensland and Jamaica, in Georgia and Florida. Southern houses are built at present in a style slightly modified from the one rendered necessary by totally unlike northern requirements : they are alien exotics in low latitudes : here alone you have a type of house evolved expressly for a warm climate, and adapted in every detail to its peculiar environment. Without, the sun is beating down mercilessly upon arid plain and dusty white roadway. You turn under a great arch in some high brick wall, and hi, presto ! you find yourself at once in a cool and spacious paved outer courtyard, girt round by arcades of shady gloom. In its centre, an old-world marble fountain feeds a square tiled tank, where lush waterweeds rise high and green from the shallow water into the open air. A clump of date-palms or a couple of ancient shady orange trees cast flickering shadows on the cool green and white tiles of the solid flooring. A piazza surrounds the court on every side—Saracenic arches supported at intervals by twisted columns of pure white marble or solid freestone, their capitals carved into quiet curves with almost Ionic simplicity of design and outline. A string-course of priceless tile work in dainty antique colours—faded yellow and green—surmounts the arches ; the round-topped doorway, with its exquisite mouldings, stands on one side, in the coolest and shadiest corner, where the visitor need not linger unduly under the burning rays of a hot African sun. Attention to these little details of precautionary politeness is a graceful tribute to the comfort of one's guests ; a water-trough stands even at the door for the dogs, and its breezy inscription, no doubt, informs one in choice Arabic that a merciful man is merciful to his beast.

You enter the house, and find yourself in the roofed inner court, or *impluvium*, the living and reception room in many Moorish villas, with its upper storey richly balustraded and arched, and its glass roof protected by matting from the heat and glare of the midday sun. How charming and quaint these inner courtyards can be made with hangings and tiles and woodwork, or with draperies richly shot with web of gold, I can hardly tell you ; the hanging lamps, the inlaid tables, the brass and silver trays, the richly carved brackets, that else where look perhaps a trifle affected, fit in here to absolute perfection

with all the rest of the decorative style as parts of whose total they were originally developed. Not a tablet of plaster let into a niche, but bristles with intricate open lattice-work ; not a square inch of floor or lintel or doorway but shows the living touch of a true artist. In many houses the entire front of the principal reception-room consists of successive arched windows, opening out upon the subdued light of the arcaded courtyard; and the upper part of each window, from the point where the arch springs from the capital of its carved pilasters, is wholly occupied with trellis-work of stone or of the beautiful compact and stone-like Moorish plaster. In some cases, the wall space between the arches consists throughout of flat encrusted plaster in exquisite interlacing oriental designs, while the roof is formed of pendant lace-work in the same material and with the same admirable richness of minor detail displayed in every part.

“But all this decoration implies untold wealth ! It can only be procured by people who have absorbed, through fair means or foul, far more than their due personal proportion of the world's riches !” Not at all necessarily. If it were so, I for one could only speak of it all with utter condemnation. I have not so learned political economy and social science. Barbaric ostentation of exceptional wealth is the vulgarest outrage still committed by people who ought to possess taste and culture upon the mass of our modern democratic societies. When over-rich nonentities endeavour to extort cheap admiration by showing us in their houses, dress, and equipage, how much their badly-spent money will buy, it is the place of all honest and well-affected citizens to pass by unheeding on the other side. But the great point to impress upon the world is really this, that beauty costs no more after all than ugliness. In many cases it actually costs a great deal less. Good plain work in a severe style is not so expensive as solicitous curves and twists and knobs and wriggles. Stern simplicity often produces far better effects than so-called ornament. And even in a highly decorated style like the Moorish, the money spent on encouraging honest and artistic workmanship is saved on the prime cost of the usually simple and inexpensive materials—brass, wood, clay, plaster. It is better to pay men a fair wage for moulding gypsum and carving oak than to pay them for the essentially gambling occupations—for hunting useless ivory, toiling in mines for barbaric gold, or imperilling their lives in search of pearls and diamonds and other special materials which derive almost all their economic and all their artistic value from the peculiar difficulty of discovering or obtaining them.

§. As a matter of fact the most beautiful of all the Moorish interiors

I have seen was all but entirely decorated throughout by its own possessor, a busy man, in the intervals of leisure afforded him from time to time by his professional engagements. With his own hands, the owner of that house painted, carved, and arranged the whole; with his own fingers he let in the beautiful marble mosaics into the wall, and cut out from planks of honest local cedar the exquisite fretwork decorations that fill up and diversify the archways of the windows. No Arab workman could have a truer or deeper feeling for Arab art; no idle man with all the day on his hands could find so much leisure for a casual handicraft as this hard-worked official has managed to steal in stray half-hours from the constant calls of a harassing occupation. It is easy to make a home beautiful if you will only try to do it yourself. Art after all is no mystery. A few pots of paint, a few planks of pine, a few model sheets of good oriental patterns, a few scraps and squares of tile or marble, and you can turn out with a little patience and perseverance work as rich and dainty as the Alhambra itself. Let nobody think that intricacy of pattern necessarily means expense and luxury: it means merely time, taste, and industry. With fifteen shillings, and the spare evenings of a single month, any man or woman possessed of average brains and fingers can make and set up an oriental cabinet or corner cupboard that would be cheap indeed at a shop for twenty guineas. *Experto crede.* And go thou and do likewise.

GRANT ALLEN.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE recent unveiling of a memorial to Charles Dibdin recalls the career of a composer whose name will always be a household word with the English people, who have now listened to his songs with keen delight for considerably more than a century. He was a many-sided man, this Charles Dibdin, for, besides being a composer, he was a poet, an actor, a vocalist, and a public entertainer all rolled into one. It is, however, as a verse-writer, especially of sea-songs of exceptional power and felicity, that his name has survived to our day and is likely to go down to posterity. A poet of his own time wrote of him—

When first with youthful hand he touched the lyre,
 Our naval heroes roused his Muse's fire ;
 And, long as Britain for their valour calls,
 Or their dread thunder every heart appals,
 His songs will echo through their wooden walls.

Whether Dibdin now rings through "wooden walls" to any extent may be doubted, but there can be no question about the influence of his strains on the British navy during the troublous times which precluded the dawn of the present century.

This fact was, indeed, recognised by his country while he yet lived, and a pension was in 1802 bestowed upon him mainly because of his influence as an anti-Jacobin and an anti-Gallican writer. At that time someone wrote of him as "the poet whose lyric Muse had so much contributed to arouse the valour of our seamen and soldiers in the day of battle, to warm their hearts in the hours of merriment, and to console their nights in the gloom of a dungeon when prisoners in the hands of an implacable enemy." In the address presented to Lady Rosebery on the occasion of her unveiling the memorial in St. Martin's Burial Ground, Camden Town, it was said that by his songs Dibdin "moved to deeds of heroism England's sailors, and did nothing worse [why "nothing worse" ?] than paint the British seaman as he found him. He made tens of thousands of youthful Britons believe with all their hearts

that their lives belonged to their country, and taught the people generally to encourage beautiful sympathies, fine feelings, and cheerfulness of temper." His own assertion is that his songs "had been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battles," and that they "had been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline." In all this there is, perhaps, the touch of exaggeration pardonable to the makers of panegyrics, but the fact still remains that Dibdin was a true patriot, whose songs, and especially "Tom Bowling," have had an immense popularity, and who will, it may confidently be affirmed, long continue to have a place in the hearts of English men and women all over the world. He was so fertile that he declares himself to have written nine hundred lyrical pieces, and so punctual and energetic in his business that "no apology," he assures us, "was ever made for his non-attendance" during a period of nine-and-forty years. Let us see for ourselves what manner of man this Tyrtæus of the British navy was; what his professional career was like.

It is too often taken for granted that we know all about the lives of our past worthies when in reality we know almost next to nothing. In the case of Dibdin, we are probably within the mark in saying that all the present generation know regarding him is that he was a very good writer of nautical ditties. There is, however, a great deal that is out of the beaten track attaching to the biography of this "singer of the sea"; and, by constituting ourselves a kind of literary Jack Horner, extracting a few of the interesting anecdotes connected with the narrative, and recounting the leading facts in the history itself, we may be able to give the author of "Tom Bowling" once more a place on the borders of the living land.

Charles Dibdin was not unassociated with the principle which speaks of the best being kept till last. When he came into the world in the March of the memorable '45, it was to shake his fists in the eyes of no fewer than seventeen brothers and sisters. His father was a silversmith in Southampton, and his grandfather is spoken of, somewhat vaguely, as a "considerable merchant," who founded the village near Southampton which bears his name. Dibdin's eldest brother, Thomas (or should we not say Tom?), who was twenty-nine years his senior, was the captain of an Indiaman, and it was his death which gave occasion to "Tom Bowling." Intended by his parents for the Church, Charles was sent to Winchester College; but music took complete possession of him, and having an excellent voice, guided by what is called a "good ear" (over the non-possession of which Charles Lamb was some-

what exercised), he soon found a place among the cathedral choristers, and frequently sang at local concerts. He seems to have been a singularly confident boy, as he was afterwards a man. In his Autobiography—a ponderous work in four volumes—he tells us that, “The music that I have was strongly in my mind from my earliest remembrance, and I knew that no master could at any time have been of the least service to me.” This was a somewhat pompous declaration, yet a man may have something worse than a good belief in himself, for such a belief will often carry him towards success when nothing else would. By a few lessons from Fussel, the cathedral organist (for he was not quite so independent as he afterwards gave out), he seems to have thought himself fully equipped for the musical profession; and at the age of fourteen we find him a candidate for the post of organist at Bishop's-Waltham, in Hampshire. Of course he was unsuccessful—on account of his youth he tells us; but England has several times trusted her organs to boys of fourteen—witness Mr. Sims Reeves—when they have shown themselves fully worthy. No doubt modesty as well as music was required at Waltham, and Dibdin, though he probably had the one, certainly lacked the other.

About this time the young would-be musician began to cast his eyes towards London, and eventually his brother succeeded in finding him a situation in a Cheapside music-shop, kept, as he sneeringly tells us afterwards, by “a party of the name of Johnson.” But the requirements of the “party of the name of Johnson” do not seem to have chimed in with the ambitions of our hero. Fancy setting the future composer of “Tom Bowling” to the contemptible work of tuning harpsichords! “A mere mechanical employment,” he exclaims, “not at all to my taste, which I buckled to with great reluctance, and considered as the height of indignity.” We strongly suspect that by this time Dibdin was suffering from the stage fever which is such a common experience of youth. Indeed, he is candid enough to confess that the theatres and opera houses were regions of enchantment to him, and that the great era of music was when he heard “the first crash of the overture.” By good fortune, as he must have considered it, he succeeded in making the acquaintance of Rich, the well-known manager at Covent Garden Theatre, from whom he ultimately obtained an engagement. His special work seems to have been to keep the chorus singers together, but he complains that they were as prone to go astray as the sheep in Handel's “Messiah”—which no doubt they were with a boy of sixteen as their leader.

Under Rich's roof he made many friends, of whom perhaps the

most notable was Serjeant Davy, the witty Ballantine of his day. Of Davy many good stories are told, though here we should hardly turn aside to relate them. On one occasion, in an action for "assault and battery," an advocate was anxiously and warmly setting forth the case for his client, which, he observed, he took up on principle, for the client had sustained a gross insult, aggravated by circumstances of unnecessary cruelty. "In short," said he, "I have pledged myself to plead this cause with all the learning, all the law, and all the credit I have." "That's right," replied Davy; "the man who pledges himself to nothing may easily keep his word." At another time a Jew was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of his son. The malice, however, was not proved, and he was only found guilty of manslaughter; but Davy, who was for the prosecution, laid on his arguments as heavily as he possibly could. "What will this come to, my lord," said he, "if such things are permitted? Why, at this rate, it would be safer to be this man's pig than his son!"

Dibdin seems to have worked hard for Rich, no doubt partly with the hope of obtaining from him some practical patronage. That he would have received the encouragement he sought seems likely, but unfortunately for him Rich died, and Beard, the celebrated vocalist, took his place. By this time our young composer had written some half-dozen songs (for which he had received the handsome sum of three guineas), and Beard was not long in advising him to try something for the stage. Dibdin confesses that at this time he knew absolutely nothing regarding opera-writing, and he was not likely to under-estimate his own powers. Nevertheless, he acted on Beard's suggestion, and the result was a pastoral entitled "The Shepherd's Artifice," which was produced with considerable success at Covent Garden, when the composer had attained the ripe age of seventeen!

In the meantime Dibdin had got fairly launched on the sea of theatrical life. He was playing regularly at the Richmond Theatre, then known by the high-sounding name of the Histrionic Academy, and he managed also to obtain an engagement at Birmingham, where he played not only at the theatre, but sang at the Vauxhall. In the midst of this regular work he kept himself busy with the pen, and the season of '67 saw him forward with the music to an operetta called "Love in the City." Over this piece an amusing squabble occurred. Simpson, the leading hautboy-player at the theatre, conceived it a duty due to his important position to complain to Beard regarding Dibdin's music, particularly that the overture and a song were written "contrary to the rules of harmony." Dibdin, up in arms at once, carried his score to Dr. Arne, whose opinion, as that

of the leading composer of the day, he well knew would be respected by Beard. The Doctor received him with a cordiality which must have surprised him, and having looked carefully over the parts which had been called in question, he pronounced "that there was nothing in them against the rules of harmony; that it was a pity Mr. Simpson would not stick to his hautboy, without pretending to judge of what he was not at all acquainted with," and finished by attending a rehearsal and vindicating Dibdin's talent against his enemy. "After which" (we are quoting Dibdin himself), "give me your hand, my boy," said the veteran; "go on and prosper. I have done you justice: it was my duty; but I'll be d——d if you don't prove a formidable rival to me, for all that." This incident reminds us of a story told of Handel. Some fastidious critic, thinking he had discovered a breach of rule in one of the great master's works, pointed it out to him with a chuckle of triumphant conceit. "Well, sir," said Handel, "the music produces the effect I desired; here is a pen, please to make it better." Whether the pedant took the pen or not history does not record.

In 1768 Dibdin transferred his services to Drury Lane, where he had the usual disagreements with Garrick in regard to money matters. One would hardly be justified in applying the term "unscrupulous" to Garrick; but he undoubtedly knew the value of money better than those who served him, and it was not his fault if he got the worst of a bargain. Dibdin signalled himself at Drury Lane by his writing of the music for "The Padlock"; and yet for his share in the work he received only £45, while Bickerstaff, the author of the words, got £1,700. As he says himself, however, he was of an easy and credulous temper; and, as we may say for him, he was also extravagant and improvident, being, indeed, a kind of Goldsmith of his profession. He parted with most of his early writings without proper agreements, and in consequence got handsomely cheated. His renowned song, "The Waterman," he sold for two guineas; "Nothing Like Grog," for half a guinea, and so on. Thus, while he was always working hard, his existence for the greater part of his career was little better than the hand-to-mouth one of the third-rate professional.

Garrick seems to have found him of signal service at the Stratford Jubilee, as well as at Drury Lane, yet they do not appear to have at any time pulled well together. The young composer had become indebted to the actor to the extent of £50; and he tells us that Garrick made him slave at song-writing for the Shakespeare Celebration till "he had better gone to a Jew for the money." On

one occasion the actor said to him *à propos* of his debt, "I can take down the pegs that make this music;" to which Dibdin replied, "Yes, as honest as you are." At another time Garrick, having previously failed to satisfy Dibdin with some verses for music, produced the words of the rondeau beginning "Sisters of the tuneful strain," and asked Dibdin if the piece would do. "Yes," was the reply, "it is tuned so musically that it sets itself. It is certainly the best you have ever written." The rondeau turned out to be by Jerningham; and if Dibdin was unaware of this fact he, at any rate, got credit for knowing it, for the famous actor never forgave him the honestly expressed opinion.

Garrick seems, indeed, to have been a tiresome taskmaster; and with the consciousness of superiority, in his own line at least, Dibdin must have felt intensely annoyed at the constant mutilations to which his literary and musical work was subjected by the manager. This, however, may have had its good effect, though not exactly in the direction intended by Garrick. Irritated beyond measure by the frequent "improvements" made on his productions, Dibdin resolved to rely on his memory only in composition, and never to put his work on paper until all alterations had been agreed upon. Feeling certain that Garrick "scarcely knew one air from another, and that his criticisms were mere affectation, he was accustomed to pretend to adopt them with a good grace. Then, waiting till next morning, he would play over the air exactly as it stood before, and receive great praise from Garrick for the docility of his supposed improvements"! Not a bad plan, say we; there are, we suspect, quite a number of modern Garricks upon whom a trick of the kind might well be played, and with perhaps good results.

Dibdin continued at the London theatres—doing some things for Sadler's Wells and other houses, as well as for Drury Lane—until 1775, having, in addition to the works already named, produced "The Waterman" and "The Quaker," both of which have kept possession of the stage ever since, the songs (when they are really *sung*) being still listened to with pleasure. "The Quaker" has been well described as "one of the most charming operettas ever written," and its songs were in every music portfolio of the last generation. Yet it was at first returned to the composer by Garrick, who wittily excused himself from accepting it by saying that "the spirit would certainly move" the audience to condemn it. Afterwards the spirit moved Garrick to purchase it for £100, though he did nothing more with it than use it as a copy for an entertainment of his own.

About the year 1782 Dibdin became engaged with a certain Colonel

West and others in building the Royal Circus—now the Surrey Theatre—in Blackfriars Road. The house was opened November 7, 1782, Dibdin undertaking the general management, Hughes the equestrian department, and Grimaldi (father of *the* Grimaldi) the stage direction. For this theatre Dibdin wrote a great number of musical pieces and pantomimes; but his active pen did not save him from difficulties, and dissension breaking out among the managers he threw up the connection, having got from it both disgust and debt. His next exploit was to build a theatre at Pentonville, where he purposed representing spectacles in which hydraulic effects should be introduced. "I have a hundred times," says he, "compared myself to an ant that, when its nest is destroyed, does not stand lamenting its misfortunes, but gets to work again, and either repairs the old nest or begins a new one." The "nest" at Pentonville was duly completed, but, alas! the "ants" never got inside. For some reason or another the licence was refused, just as the douce Edinburgh bailies had refused to give honest Allan Ramsay his licence after allowing him to build his house; and, to add to the misfortunes of poor Dibdin, a gale of wind came and blew the entire structure to the ground. "Never was I so completely driven into a corner as at this period," is nearly all he has to say regarding the untoward circumstance.

Just after this failure in his prospects Dibdin resolved to go to India; and although, as we shall see, he never got there, it is no doubt to the abortive expedition that he owed such nautical knowledge as his sea-songs show him to have possessed. But it was easy to decide on a trip to India; the puzzling question was, where to find the money for the passage? Happy thought! he would undertake a provincial tour, doing all the work himself—the writing, the composition, and the performance. For Dibdin to conceive was to act, and the project was entered on at once. The whole tour seems to have been carried through successfully, although it is curious to read that in several places he was accused of being an impostor and not the real Dibdin at all. One old lady went so far as to accost him on a certain occasion, telling him that she was perfectly certain he was not the genuine Charles, who, according to her, was a "tall, sallow, thin old man, with a wig." But the old lady was entirely wrong in her delineation, for Dibdin was a stout, jolly-looking fellow, indebted only to nature for what hair he may have possessed. He is described as having been "a handsome man of middle size, with an open, pleasing countenance, a very gentlemanlike manner and address, hair fully dressed and powdered, blue coat, white waistcoat, black silk breeches and stockings; voice baritone, words well said;

was near-sighted, and after making one close and careful scrutiny of the music, would lean back in his chair and deliver the same without further reference." He is said to have had all the prejudices of the typical Englishman ; and he had a thorough hatred for the French. When at Calais on one occasion a couple of large hams were sent to him from England, and he sarcastically remarks that they were followed to the Custom-house by a huge crowd, "who had, perhaps, never seen any of such unusual size."

But we must allow him to proceed on his journey. Having now got sufficient money in hand for the projected trip, he selected a "clean, well-built dhow," laid in a sea-stock, paid for his passage, and appointed to join his vessel at Gravesend. The captain of the "well-built dhow," it seems, was engaged in the praiseworthy occupation of dodging his creditors, and the vessel was thus considerably delayed. He, however, reached Dunkirk safely, where it was found that the crew were in a state of mutiny. The truth was the captain had started on a voyage which could hardly have been performed in less than two years, with only "one sweet cask of beef, two casks of water, and one cask of sound biscuit." Dibdin, so the narrative goes, succeeded in pacifying the men, who henceforward looked up to him as a kind of patron. A riot on shore—in the course of which they thrashed every Frenchman they met—led to the crew being placed in prison, whence they wrote to Dibdin to release them. He espoused their cause with such success that a few days after, when they were bearing down the Channel, they offered, if he would say the word, to throw the captain overboard, but Dibdin was prudent enough to leave the "word" unsaid. A storm having arisen, the vessel was forced to run for shelter to Torbay, and the unfortunate musician was visited by legal proceedings which prevented him leaving the country.

To meet his obligations he conceived the idea of giving a musical lecture, to consist of witty speeches and telling songs ; and so, in a few days, the inhabitants of Torbay were invited to an entertainment entitled, aptly enough, "The Whim of the Moment." Those who accepted the invitation had the good fortune to hear not only "Tom Bowling," but for the first time that splendid song, "Poor Jack," which in a few weeks spread itself all over the kingdom. Getting back to London, Dibdin immediately hired Hutchins' Auction Rooms, King Street, Covent Garden, and there began those "table entertainments," after the pattern of "The Whim of the Moment," of which he was the author, composer, narrator, singer, and accompanist. On the first evening matters looked anything but promising,

for only sixteen persons put in an appearance. Dibdin, however, persevered : he engaged the Lyceum, and brought out another entertainment of a ballad nature, entitled "Oddities." The success of this entertainment was at once decisive ; and little wonder, for it embraced, amongst others, the songs " 'Twas in the good ship Rover," " I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy," " Ben Backstay," " The Lamplighter," and " Tom Bowling." The " Oddities " ran for seventy-nine nights, when it was followed by " The Wags," which kept the bills for one hundred and eight nights—quite a long run in those days.

Dibdin was now a successful man and in prosperous circumstances. He had sold " Poor Jack " and eleven other songs for £60 ; and the fact that the purchaser had made a profit of £500 on " Jack " alone induced him to add to his other rôles that of publisher. With this view he (in 1791) took a large room in the Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings, and opened under the name of " Sans Souci "—a name which gave occasion to the following witty verse :—

What more conviction need there be
That Dibdin's plan will do,
Since now we see him *sans souci*
Who late was *sans six sous*.

In the Strand he continued to write vigorously, pouring forth songs and operettas—all fairly good and some national favourites—without cessation. But theatrical speculation had still its charms for him, and in 1796 he opened a small place, under the same name as his Strand house, in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Here he continued the variety entertainments he had hitherto found so successful ; but though the songs sung at these entertainments soon became the rage everywhere, it is doubtful if Dibdin made money by the venture. His claims on the Government had, however, by this time begun to be realised, and in 1802 Lord Sidmouth granted him a pension of £200 per annum. This sum Dibdin seems to have considered ample provision for his needs, for in 1805 he sold his theatre and retired from public life. But here his misfortunes, instead of being at an end, were in reality only beginning. On a change of Ministry the pension was withdrawn, and the unlucky artist was left face to face with privations which might well have broken down the spirits and constitution of a younger man. It has been suggested that the money was withdrawn by the Government because of the publication of a song pleading the cause of the hardy tars, " whose sufferings were much less interesting to the Admiralty than their enthusiasm when needed for service." It is just probable, however, that Dibdin was sacrificed to his want of parliamentary or family connections ; or

that his political opinions were distasteful to the party in power. In any case the result was most disastrous to him, though he did all he could to retrieve his position. He not only resumed his entertainments, but he opened a shop for the sale of music in the Strand. But the old spirit of enthusiasm and the old ability had gone, and the long, struggling, eventful career ended at last in bankruptcy. In 1810 attention was drawn in the *Morning Chronicle* to his state, with the result that £840 was collected for him, and on an annuity purchased with this sum he again went into retirement in Arlington Street, Camden Town. At the next change of Administration part of his pension was restored, but he did not live long to enjoy it. Towards the end of the year 1813 he was attacked by paralysis, and on July 25, 1814, he passed away, leaving a wife and family to mourn him, along with thousands who had appreciated his worth. He was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Camden Town, where a monument, bearing these words from his best-known song, was erected to his memory :

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Dibdin tried his hand at novel-writing, giving the world "Hannah Hewett, or the Female Crusoe," and "The Younger Brother." Neither of these met with any appreciation from the public, and now they both sleep as they must once have made their readers sleep—if ever they had readers. The results of his incursions into the domain of musical literature have also almost passed into oblivion, though his "Music Epitomised" occasionally finds a place in the second-hand book list. His "History of the Stage," in five volumes, is still a readable work ; and his own "Professional Life," published in 1803, is full of entertaining anecdotes and gossip, though spun out to quite unnecessary length.

Dibdin's ambition seems to have been not so much in the direction of future fame as of universal recognition during his life-time. His appears to have been the kind of nature which is spurred on better by the shout of the multitude than by the "well done" of the conscience. It is understood to be the prerogative of the poet to whine that the outward world is unkind, and Dibdin was no exception to the rule. In a spirit of semi-bitterness he says : "As to my success with the public I have no right to complain ; perhaps it has not been exactly that sort of success I had expected, for though I have written for the many I seem only to have satisfied the few,

which fame, in spite of the decision of Horace, Pindar, Martial, our own immortal Shakespeare, and many others, is but a cold and comfortless gratification. I have no great cordiality towards the negative content which waives all claim to renown till it shall be consecrated by posterity. May my labours bear the good opinion, if I may be allowed the expression, of a living posterity !” Perhaps Dibdin might have been more content to work and live for posterity if the notion had only been capable of supplying him with funds for the needs of the present. Poet though he was, he had strong leanings towards the practical. If he had been asked to decide between the cabbage and the rose, he would have undoubtedly voted for the cabbage. While other composers might feel flattered by having their songs echoed through the streets on barrel organs and other mediums of musical torture, *he* only regretted that there could be no tangible participation in the popularity. His sea-songs had undoubtedly been a powerful influence for good, yet, with a depth of sarcasm which he had always at command, he tells us that before 1802 the only symptom of acknowledgment he ever received was a hearty shake of the hand from Admiral Gardner, “when I gave him my vote for Westminster.” In reading his Autobiography we must, of course, remember that it was written late in life, and when he was surrounded by difficulties which, considering his great talents and busy life, might well have made him speak with some bitterness and disappointment. But there can be no doubt that his claims were not recognised as they should have been ; even if a man is to work solely for posterity he should have at least his bread-and-butter while he lives.

Dibdin was really the first to picture in his songs our sailors and the sea with that pathos and vigour, that rush and reality, which make such songs live in the hearts of the people. Most of them are said to have been dashed off in the almost incredibly short space of half an hour, and here, perhaps, is one of the secrets of their emotional power. It is interesting to learn from his own words what were his reasons for taking up the composition of this particular class of lyric. “It was not enough,” he says, “for me merely to write love-songs and pastoral invocations to Bacchus, to sing the pleasures of the chase, or to be a sonnet-monger. It was necessary to go beyond what had been already done, and in particular to give my labours a decided character. I conceived that in this duty might assist inclination, and therefore, as a prominent feature in my labours, I sang of those heroes who are the natural bulwark of the country. The character of the British tar—plain, manly, honest, and patriotic—had not very pointedly been put forward. I thought, therefore, the sub-

ject honourable and commendable, and in some degree novel, especially as it would give an opportunity, through public duty, of expressing private affection." With very little actual knowledge of sailors or the sea, Dibdin has contrived to write some of the finest marine lyrics of which our literature can boast. It was right that his memory should be perpetuated in some such outward way as is usual with the world ; but while "Tom Bowling" and other ballads from the same pen continue to be sung there will not be wanting the best kind of monument to testify to the merits and worth of Charles Dibdin.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

COFFIN NAILS.

HAS it ever struck the reader as he has been present at a funeral—in the way in which unsuitable ideas will force themselves on the mind at inappropriate moments—what a waste of nails? The coffin is studded with them; they go all the circuit of the top, and the edges of the sides are sometimes traced with them. Moreover, not one of them is of the slightest use unless the coffin be covered with velvet. The body within is *screwed*, not nailed, in; the undertaker knows very well that not a nail is necessary, but he knows also that it would hurt the feelings of the mourners and injure his trade if he omitted to knock in the customary nails. The use of the nails is a survival—a curious survival. We can all see that before screws were invented nails were employed to fasten down the dead; and we can see that, after the introduction of screws, very naturally nails were still hammered in, just for the look of the thing. But this is not by any means all: coffin nails mean a great deal more. My reader will be led to expect this when he is informed that even when stone coffins were used—sarcophagi—the nails were not omitted.

At Rainbow Hill, near Worcester, during some railway operations a stone cist was found containing human remains: it was thickly set with nails.¹ At Droitwich graves—tumuli—have been opened and found to contain nails, the ordinary clout nails, with the ashes of the dead. So also in Wiltshire. I have myself found them in tumuli in the South of France along with urns containing ashes and hones for sharpening spear-heads.

In the Roman catacombs countless iron nails have been found with the dead. It has been supposed that this indicated that the remains found were those of martyrs who had suffered by nailing to crosses, or by having nails driven into their heads or into their hearts; but the quantity found precludes such an explanation.²

¹ Allee's *British, Roman, and Saxon Antiquities of Worcestershire*, 1856, p. 103.

² Kraus says in *Roma sotteranea*, p. 451, "I cannot regard the accumulation of nails which are found among skeletons in the catacombs as instruments of martyrdom. They are found likewise in heathen graves."

At Aschersleben, near Magdeburg, is a tumulus about forty feet high, on the top of which is a quartz drift stone erected as a rude pillar, and innumerable nails are driven into the pores of this stone. The hillock itself is full of the urns of the dead.

In 1873 a stone was dug up near the church wall of Crettorf, near Aschersleben, that covered human remains. The slab had a quantity of nails driven into it up to the heads.

Philip Camerarius (d. 1624) says : " I saw when I was at Venice, among other valuable antiquities at Loredano's, who was afterwards elected Doge of Venice, some bronze figures which his son with great courtesy showed us. He told us that these had been found in Egypt, hidden in the bodies of the dead. . . . The explanation was the great care taken by the Egyptians for the preservation of corpses. Thence I conclude that the Egyptians, who knew by experience that bronze not only protects itself for a long time from decay and rust, but also preserves a special power to expel corruption—that, I say, the Egyptians put these bronze figures with their dead to protect them against corruption. For the same reason also bronze daggers (mucrones) were put with corpses. Such nails with bronze heads were recently found in our own neighbourhood, as by accident old tombs were found in a wood ; they were with the bones. I accordingly preserved them." ¹

Nails have been found along with bodies at Rheims. In digging the foundations of the parsonage at Ehrenbreitstein a skull and arm-bones were found pierced by quite a dozen nails. On the Martinsfeld in Cologne, eighteen skulls were found, each with a nail driven into the right side. At Xanten other skulls have been found, also with nails in them. In the old churchyard of S. Paulinus, at Treves, Roman urns have been exhumed containing ashes and nails, the latter quite seven inches long. One of the Cologne skulls, the temples of which were transixed by a large nail, and was accompanied by Roman pottery, has been unhesitatingly decided by an eminent craniologist to be that of an Ethiopian. Monuments of a Mauretanian cohort have been found at Xanten and Bedburg, near Cleves. S. Eligius, of Noyon, in the midst of the seventh century found a stone cist, and within it were bones and nails. He was convinced that he had come on the body of S. Quentin, who, according to the apocryphal legend, was put to death by means of nails driven into his head. After this discovery he set to work to dig for other relics, and came on another stone coffin also containing bones with nails. He concluded that these were the remains of S. Piatius. S. Ambrose had in the fourth

¹ *Opera succisiva*, c. 14.

century hunted among the graves for the relics of SS. Vitalis and Agricola, and when he came on some bodies with nails he at once concluded he had found the genuine relics.

Pliny speaks of nails taken out of graves as being good remedies against certain disorders.¹ Iron was discovered long after bronze, and from the first was regarded with superstitious reverence. To this day steel is supposed to neutralise all the effects of witchcraft. He who holds a piece of steel or puts it on his head is able to see the invisible world. The "Acts of the Martyrs," at least those which are apocryphal, have all a singular monotony. They relate how the tyrant who condemned the martyr tried every sort of torture on the saint ; how he hung a millstone about the neck and cast him into the sea ; how he threw him into fire ; how he exposed him to lions ; every attempt to take his life is ineffectual till he tries on him cold steel. The martyr can never hold out against axe or sword. These Acts are steeped in old pagan superstition. The pagans held that those who used divination could make themselves invulnerable, except to steel. The writers, or forgers rather, of the fabulous Acts kept to this idea, without seeing that they were accepting the pagan notion that the Christian heroes were necromancers.

The earliest trace of the reverence with which iron or steel was regarded is to be found in Egypt. Plutarch says that the Egyptians shrunk from the use of iron, because it was regarded as the bone of Typhon—that is, of Seth, the bad principle ;² but he says that the sistrum drives him away. Plutarch's remarks on this point are wholly unsupported by evidence.³ In the 108th chapter of the "Ritual of the Dead" is a passage that is very curious. It is on the subject of the conquering of Seth. "Let him" (i.e. the Serpent of the Mountain of the East) "place his iron link on the neck of Seth, and make him surrender all he has eaten" (i.e. yield up the dead to life again). Then a rubric gives this invocation against the power of evil : "Turn thou from the iron, from that with which I am armed to overcome thee."

M. Chabas, in his account of the metals among the Egyptians, says : "It is very certain that mythological ideas were attached to the use of iron, and that since these ideas were related to the defeat of Seth, the metal was regarded as sacred rather than profane." The eyes of the dead were symbolically opened to the new life by the

¹ *Hist. Nat.* lib. xxxiv. c. 15. "Præfixisse in limine c sepulcro evulsos clavos adversus nocturnas lymphationes."

² *Isis et Osiris*, c. 62.

³ "Une glosse grecque sans valeur tant qu'elle ne sera pas autorisée par les textes originaux." Chabas, *Études s. l'Antiquité historique*, 1873, p. 52.

touch of a blade of steel, and then with that of a finger of gold. Iron was the symbol of victory over death, of the power of resurrection given to man. "The pound of iron as the means of opening the mouth of the dead is spoken of in the Ritual. It was a talisman against death; moreover, the physicians in the period of the Pharaohs used this adjuration whilst administering their medicines: 'Rise up in good health, and strong as of old! Be all the maladies in thee destroyed; may thy eye be opened by Ptah, and thy mouth opened by Sokaris, through the virtue of his pound of iron!' From this point of view we can understand why the flesh of those restored to life is spoken of as of *iron*. For instance, one reads in the case of the queen of Psamiticus II: 'Her heart is replaced in her body, her members are of iron, and her soul is within her.' In this envelope of metal which breaks the power of Seth, the new life had no more to fear from the author of death. In an interesting article on 'Iron and Adamant among the Egyptians,' M. Th. Devéria has noticed a text which throws great light on the employment of iron in funereal ceremonies, as symbolising resurrection, and especially the opening of the mouth of the defunct. An iron instrument was used, called sometimes *baa*, i.e. iron, and sometimes *khopesh*, i.e. the thigh. In the Louvre is such an instrument in the shape of an animal's leg, of iron, of this description. In the same collection are two other *iron* instruments, the *noue*, which served for the same ceremony, with an ivory handle and a blade of iron or steel. The other instrument has a wooden handle, but the blade is lost, though the rust on the handle shows the nature of the metal of the blade. These remarks of M. Devéria are conclusive. The iron had other mythologic attributes. According to a tradition contained in the Ritual, the first edition of the 64th chapter of the Ritual was found written on a plate of this metal, inscribed in blue, in the reign of Menkara (4th dynasty). Now this chapter has, as its title asserts, as much force as all the rest of the Ritual. It assures a glorious future, i.e. Resurrection; it alone can destroy the works of Seth."

Possibly from Egypt, probably from their own traditions, the Romans also derived a reverence for iron, and attributed to it mysterious powers. Pliny devotes a whole chapter to the use of iron rust, which he calls the corruption of the metal; but he tells how that, by the use of religious ceremonies and magical words then lost, in former times iron was preserved from rust. By drawing a circle on the ground, or in the air with an iron point, thrice round an adult or a child, all noxious influences are banished and broken. An iron spike applied lightly to the part wounded will relieve its pain. Dysentery is cured

by drinking water in which red-hot iron has been plunged. Telephus was cured of the wound he received of Achilles by rust off the sword that wounded him. Rust is to be had from old nails, from which it must be removed with moistened iron. It prevents the hair from falling.¹ To the present day it is believed that to heal a wound the knife or sword that dealt the wound should be planted in the earth; as it rusts the wound heals.

The nail was specially used because it was a symbol of fate.

On the Ides of September every year the highest in authority in Rome drove a nail into the wall of the Temple of Jupiter that adjoined that of Minerva. Every year a nail was driven into the Temple of the Fates. The Ides of September were the beginning of a year. On that day, in the first year of the Republic, the temple on the Capitol was consecrated, and on that day originally the Consuls entered on their offices; and the driving of the nail into the wall was thought to bring with it prosperity for the new year, life to the Republic.

Livy tells us how that (B.C. 360) when the gods seemed hostile and unmoved by the distresses of the nation, the Dictator broke the spell of evil by driving in a nail. It was the same again in B.C. 327. Once a nail driven in had banished a plague; then a nail had healed discord.

Pliny says that if a nail be driven into the pillow on which a man suffering from epilepsy has laid his head, it will heal him.

In all these notices we see iron used as destroying the power of evil, breaking the force of disaster, banishing disease, expelling death. Consequently nails were put in urns or funereal cists to keep away from them every evil power, demons, witches, and as a pledge of final restoration.

In digging in the Wall Field near Dane John, Canterbury, several skeletons were found, and with them a quantity of large nails about seven inches long, the greater portion of which were hollow from the head to the point, without any outward orifice; but probably this condition was occasioned by chemical action of the soil, which was a red gravel. (A Roman Cemetery, in "*Archæologia Cantiana*," iv. 1861, p. 34.)

Among relics apparently Roman found at Bigberry Hill, near Hartle-down, in 1861, were a share, coulter, and other iron articles. In another Roman grave were found iron fire-dogs.

Iron nails were found with an interment at Plaxtol, in Kent. (*Ibid.* ii. 1859.)

¹ *Hist. Nat.* lib. xxxiv. c. 15.

The iron horseshoe nailed to the door owes its power not only to its being a symbol of Odin's horse, but to the metal of which it is composed ; it breaks the force of witchcraft.

Horseshoes are not often found on churches and public buildings in England, but they are or were by no means infrequent on farm-houses, and especially over the doors of cattle-stalls. In Germany there was one attached to the church of Ellrich, now preserved in the parsonage ; two at Schwarzenstein, near Rastenburg ; an iron horseshoe, and likewise an iron sole of a man's boot, on the south side of the church of S. Stephen at Tangermünde ; one at Nürnberg, another on the cathedral of Wexiö, in Sweden, which latter is said to have fallen from the foot of Odin's horse Sleipner, as it plunged on hearing the first peal of bells from the minster tower, and Odin spurred it to fly away into other climes, where other men would worship him. Another is affixed to the church of S. Nicholas, at Leipzig, and this is a shoe too large for any horse. It is fastened into a recess by an ornamental mediæval grating.¹

To return to nails. In the old, disused cemetery of Freiburg in Breisgau is a stone crucifix, at the foot of which is a carved stone skull, with a huge nail driven into it, and a toad crouched inside the skull. The story goes that as the sexton dug up the bones of a woman who had been buried some years the skull began to roll. He examined it, and found a toad in it, but further saw that a great nail had been driven into it. He reported this to the authorities, and the woman's husband was charged with having killed her in this way, trusting that under her long hair the nail-head would not be seen. He was executed on this evidence. How much of truth is in the story I cannot tell, but it points to the discovery of at least one skull like so many found elsewhere, with large nails in them, or of skeletons, or even ashes laid in their final resting-place with nails of iron.

But it was not nails only that were put in graves; shears were also frequently buried with bodies down till late in the Middle Ages.² On the west wall of Minster Church, near Boscastle, in Cornwall, overlooking the graveyard, is a large pair of shears carved in granite. The shears belong to Atropos, who cuts short the thread of life ; and this is a curious instance of the late usage of the symbol. The sculpture is probably of the fifteenth century. But shears are not infrequently found sculptured on tombstones, and they are even found in graves. It is said that even within the memory of man they have been buried

¹ Schäfer, *Deutsche Städtewahrzeichen*, Leipzig, 1858, vol. i. (the only volume published) p. 19.

² Cassel, *Aus Literatur u. Symbolik*, 1884, p. 271.

in coffins with corpses in Swabia.¹ Sometimes as many as five were laid in the coffin with one corpse. The idea was the same as with nails—the metal was the important matter, rather than the form it took. The steel or iron was a preservative to the corpse, a protection and an assurance of resurrection.

In a good number of witch stories, a man sees a hare, or a dog, or a wolf, and with his sword cuts off a paw, whereupon at once the beast changes to a woman. The steel has dissolved the power of witchcraft, by means of which the hag was able to assume a bestial form.

In Lithuania a popular ballad relates how once the Plague raged. The Plague is a white female spirit dressed in flowing robes, who goes through towns and villages waving a red kerchief. The people shut themselves into their houses so as not to see the Plague or feel a waft from her red kerchief. Then a nobleman resolved to sacrifice himself for the good of the rest. He went out, faced the Plague, and with his sword cut off her hand, so that it fell with the red rag to the ground. He died, but he was the last victim. The power of the Plague was broken by the touch of the steel.

At Ceniz in Prussia, on the other hand, the Plague was driven into a lime tree in which was a small hole, and when there, a plug was driven in, and the Plague is banned in the tree; he who pulls out the plug releases the Plague. We are not told that the plug was an iron nail, but we may be pretty certain it was so; the Plague would break out were she plugged in by anything else.

For the same reason that nails and shears were buried with the dead, swords were laid with them, not necessarily because they would need them in the next world, but because the steel of which they were made was a protection to the corpse and an assurance of life immortal. Even Charlemagne was buried with his sword. The Icelandic sagas are full of stories of cairns broken into by heroes to rob the dead of their swords. Already in historic times the significance of the sword buried with the dead was lost; and in the Saga of Olaf the Saint a ghost actually invites a Norseman to break into his tomb and relieve him of his sword and other valuables.

S. BARING GOULD.

¹ Birlenger, *Volksthümliches aus Schwaben*, ii. p. 408. The body of S. Verena, virgin, at Freiburg in Switzerland, was found with scissors in her stone coffin; now scissors are her symbol. A legend has been invented to explain the finding of the scissors, because the real meaning was lost.

THE STORY OF THE COAT.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

ONE of the devices of the Elizabethan gallants was to perfume their doublets,¹ or sweeten them by "froating" or rubbing in fragrant oils. As we read in Middleton's "Trick to Catch the Old One," where a creditor arrests Witgood: "What say you extempore now to your bill of a hundred pound? A sweet debt for froating your doublets."

Allusions galore to the new-fangled bravery in which all classes indulged occur in Bishop Hall's "Satires." There is a half-length portrait of a gay gallant, attired in his best, which may be quoted with advantage:—

His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock, Amazon-like, dishevelèd,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.

This is one of the earliest allusions to the "love-lock," which afterwards became so characteristic of our cavaliers. The "native cord" is the hangman's rope, which the satirist hints may one day be the gallant's fate:—

All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notchèd is his beard, both lips and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met.

The cuffs of cambric or fine lawn, which at this period were of phenomenal size, were worked into complicated plaits with a "poking-stick," the process being one of no little difficulty:—

His sleeves half hid with elbow-pinionings
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.

A reference to the slender waist, sometimes confined by stays,

¹ An Italian fashion, introduced by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford.
VOL. CCLXVII. NO. 1908. R R

and the enormous trunk-hose which swelled out beneath it in portentous contrast.

A country gentleman's wardrobe is thus enumerated in a will dated 1573, which Fairholt quotes from Brayley and Britton's "Graphic Illustrator":—"I give unto my brother Mr. William Sheney my best black gown, guarded and faced with velvet, and my velvet cap; also I will unto my brother Thomas Markall my new sheep-coloured gown, guarded with velvet and faced with cony; also I give unto my son Tyble my short gown, faced with wolf [-skin], and laid with Billements lace; also I give unto my brother Cowper my other short gown, faced with fox; also I give unto Thomas Walker my nightgown, faced with cony, with one lace also, and my ruddy-coloured hose; also I give unto my man Thomas Swain my doublet of canvas¹ that Ford made me, and my new gaskins that Ford made me; also I give unto John Wilding a cassock of sheep's colour, edged with goats' skins; also I give unto John Woodzyle my doublet of fruit canvas, and my hose with frieze breeches; also I give unto Stroud my frieze jerkin,² with silk buttons; also I give Symond Bishop, the smith, my other frieze jerkin, with stone buttons; also I give to Adam Asham my hose with the fringe, and lined with crane-coloured silk."

A testator who nowadays bequeathed in this fashion his cast-off apparel would incur the risk of having his will disputed on the ground of mental incapacity!

The general ostentation infected even the serving-class. "Since blue coats have been turned into cloaks," says Middleton, "we can scarce know the man from the master." Puttenham, in his "Art of Poesy," ridicules the prevailing folly: "May it not seem enough for a courtier to know how to wear a feather and set his cap afaunt; his chain *en écharpe*; a straight buskin *al Inglese*; a hose *à la Turquesque*; the cape *alla Spaniola*; the breech *à la Française*, and, by twenty manner of new-fashioned garments, to disguise his body and his face with as many countenances, whereof it seems there be many that make a very art and study, who can show himself most fine; I will not say most foolish or ridiculous."

As to the slashed doublets which were so characteristic a feature of Elizabethan male costume, it seems desirable to quote the story

¹ So in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* p. i. a. ii. sc. 4.

² Fairholt quotes from Sir John Harrington: "The Queen loveth to see me in my laste frieze jerkin, and saithe 'tis well enoughe cutte. I will have another made liken to it. I do remember *she spit* on Sir Mathew's fringed clothes and said the foole's wit was gone to ragges."

told by Camden, for, though it may not be new to the reader, it is certainly *à propos* (and that is more than can be said of all quotations) :—

“Sir Philip Calthorp purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich, of the proud humour which our people have to be of the gentlemen’s cut. This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the taylor’s to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to this said taylor’s, and seeing the knight’s gown-cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the taylor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price to the same intent, and, further, bade him to make it of the same fashion that the knight would have his made of. Not long after, the knight coming to the taylor’s to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the taylor whose it was? Quoth the taylor, ‘It is John Drakes’, the shoemaker, who will have it made of the self-same fashion that yours is made of.’ ‘Well,’ said the knight, ‘in good time be it! I will have mine made as full of cuts as thy shears can make it.’ ‘It shall be done,’ said the taylor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor’s till Christmas Day, for serving his customers, when he hoped to have worn his gown; perceiving the same to be full of cuts, he began to swear at the taylor, for the making his gown after that sort. ‘I have done nothing,’ quoth the taylor, ‘but that you bid me; for as Sir Philip Calthorp’s garment is, even so have I made yours!’ ‘By my latchet,’ quoth John Drakes, ‘I will never wear gentlemen’s fashions again!’”

If not *vero*, this story is certainly *ben trovato*.

The tendency of the lower classes to ape their betters in the matter of dress is satirised by Thomas Lodge, in his “Wit’s Misery” (1596): “The ploughman,” he says, “that in times past was contented in russet, must now a daies have his doublet of the fashion with wide cuts, his garters of fine silk of Granado to meet his Sis on Sunday. The farmer, that was contented in times past with his russet frock and mockado [a kind of woollen stuff] sleeves, now sells a cow against Easter to buy him silken gear for his credit.”

To the important part played by dress in Elizabethan society, Ben Jonson bears witness in his comedy of “Every Man Out of His Humour,” in which he makes Fastidiosus Brisk say :—“Rich apparel has strange virtues: it makes him that hath it without means, esteemed for an excellent wit; he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means; it helps the deformities of nature, and

gives lustre to her beauties ; makes continual holiday when it shines ; sets the wits of ladies at work that otherwise would be idle ; furnisheth your two-shilling ordinary ; takes possession of your stage at your new play ; and enricheth your oars, as scorning to go with your sculls."

In the same comedy, Fastidiosus, in describing his duel with a Signor Luculento, incidentally names the chief articles of an Elizabethan gallant's attire :—

"Sir, I missed my purpose in his arm, rashed [struck obliquely, gored] his doublet-sleeve, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He again lights me here—I had on a *gold cable hat-band*, then new come up, which I wore about a *murrey* [dark red] *French hat* I had—cuts my hat-band, and yet it was massy goldsmith's work ; cuts my *brims*, which, by good fortune, being thick embroidered with *gold twist and spangles*, disappointed the force of the blow. Nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls¹ of an *Italian cut-work band* I wore, cost me three pound in the Exchange but three days before. With this we both fell out, and breathed. Now, upon the second sign of his assault . . . I made a kind of stramazoun [a downward blow with the sword's edge], ran him up to the hilts through the *doublet*, through the *shirt*, and yet missed the skin. He, making a reverse blow, falls upon my *embossed girdle*—I had thrown off the hangers a little before—strikes off a skirt of a *thick-lined satin doublet* I had, lined with four *taffatas* [thin silk], cuts off two panes [slashes or openings] embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

"Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused ; but, as I proceed, I must tell you, signor, in this last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels caught hold of the ruffle of my boot, and, being Spanish leather, and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning (a peach-colour and another), and strikes me some half-inch deep into the side of the calf ; he, seeing the blood come, promptly takes horse, and away. I, having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt, rid after him, and, lighting at the court-gate both together, embraced, and marched hand-in-hand up into the presence."

Under the first Stuart the long-waisted doublet continued to flourish ; and stays were frequently worn under it, to keep it straight

¹ Purl, a wire whipt with cotton or silk, for puffing out fringe, lace, hair, &c. Probably here it simply means pleats or folds.

and reduce the waist to the fashionable standard. White was the favourite colour ; and there is extant a full-length portrait of the elder Lord Falkland, in which he is shown entirely dressed in white, except his gloves, and these, by way of contrast, are black as jet. Marston, in his comedy of "What You Will," describes a gentleman's attire as comprising "a white satin suit, a chain of pearl, and pearl-coloured silk stockings" ; and Fitzgeffery, in his rhyming satire, "Notes from Black Fryers," portraying an exquisite of the time, remarks that

Pure Holland is his shirt, which, proudly fair,
Seems to out-face his doublet,

in its original whiteness.

James I. himself cared little for fine clothes, and made his wardrobe last as long as the stuff would hold together. Once, being offered a new-fashioned Spanish hat, he thrust it aside, with the remark that he liked neither the Spaniards nor their fashions. On another occasion, an attendant putting before him a pair of shoes adorned with rosettes, he inquired whether they intended to make "a ruff-footed dove" of him. Sir Anthony Weldon reports that his clothes were ever made "large and easy, the doublets quilted for stiletto proof, his breeches in great plaits and full stuffed." Even when he hunted, he adhered to that "most cumbrous and inconvenient of all dresses, a ruff and trowser breeches."

Arthur Wilson describes a suit worn by that splendid gallant, James Hay, Earl of Carlisle.—"one of the meanest," yet "so fine as to look like romance." "The cloak and hose," he says, "were made of very fine white beaver, embroidered richly all over with gold and silver ; the cloak, almost to the cape, within and without, having no linen but embroidery ; *the doublet was cloth of gold embroidered so thick* that it could not be discerned, and a white beaver hat suitable, brimful of embroidery, both above and below." Carlisle was the leader of fashion in James's reign. "He was surely," says Clarendon, "a man of the greatest expense in his own person of any in the age he lived, and introduced more of that expense in the excess of clothes and diet than any other man, and was, indeed, the original of all those inventions from which others did but transcribe copies."

In the matter of dress, however, he was close run by the brilliant Villiers, James I.'s and Charles I.'s favourite, and first Duke of Buckingham "of that ilk." When he went on his mission to Paris in 1625 he had no fewer than seven-and-twenty suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute, one of which was *a white uncut velvet*, "set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds,

besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds." "It was common with him," says a contemporary, "at an ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl; in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels."

To the prevailing extravagance in dress the satirists again allude in the severest terms. "I have much wondered," says Henry Peacham, "why our English, above other nations, should so much doat upon new fashions, but more I wonder at our want of wit that we cannot invent them ourselves; but when one is grown stale, send presently over into France, to seek a new, making that noble and flourishing kingdom the magazine of our fooleries, and for this purpose many of our tailors lie leger [*i.e.* reside] there, and ladies jest over their gentlemen ushers, to accoutre them and themselves as you see. Hence came your *slashed doublets* (as if the wearers were cut out to be carbonadoed upon the coals), and your half-shirts, pickadillies (now out of request), your long breeches, narrow towards the knees like a pair of smith's bellows, the spangled garters pendent to the shoe, your perfumed perukes or periwigs, to show us that lost hair may be had again for money, with a thousand such fooleries unknown to our manly forefathers."

The reader may find it a pleasant change to turn to the rhyming moralists. Here to the fore comes John Taylor, the so-called water-poet, launching his shafts—not too sharply pointed—at the excess of those who wear

A farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold;
A hose and doublet which a lordship cost,
A gaudy cloak (three manors' price almost),
A beaver band and feather for the head,
Prized at the church's tithe, the poor man's bread.

Then there is the apologue narrated by Samuel Rowland, in his satire, "A Pair of Spy-knaves":—

A giddy gallant that, beyond the seas,
Sought fashions out, his idle pate to please,
In travelling did meet upon the way
A fellow that was suited richly gay;
No less than crimson velvet did him grace,
All guarded and re-guarded with gold lace.
His hat was feathered like a lady's fan,
Which made the gallant think him some great man,
And sailed unto him with a meek salute
In reverence of his gilded velvet suit.

“ Sir,” quoth his man, “ your worship doth not know
What you have done to wrongr your credit so ;
This is the bewle in Dutch, in English plain
The rascal hangman, whom all men disdain ;
I saw him t’other day on Castle Green
Hang four as proper men as e’er were seen.”

The dress of a substantial citizen of James I.’s reign was worn by George Heriot, the London goldsmith, when he paid the visit to David Ramsay, horologist, from which such important consequences flowed. “ His paned hose were of black velvet, lined with purple silk, which garniture appeared at the slashes. His doublet was of purple cloth, and his short cloak of black velvet to correspond with his hose ; and both were adorned with a great number of small silver buttons richly wrought in filigree. A triple chain of gold hung round his neck, and, in place of a sword or dagger, he wore at his belt an ordinary knife for the purpose of the table, with a small silver case, which appeared to contain writing materials. He might have seemed some secretary or clerk engaged in the service of the public, only that his low, flat, and unadorned cap, and his well-blacked, shining shoes, indicated that he belonged to the city.”

The increasing seriousness of the national temper, due to the rapid spread of Puritanism, led, in the course of the reign of Charles I., to the adoption of a simpler and less extravagant style of dress. The canvas of Vandyke shows us how rational, how refined, and how becoming was the costume of the higher classes, and their example had its usual effect on that of the lower. I have ventured to characterise the Elizabethan dress as the most picturesque ever known in England, but that of the Cavalier period was, I should say, the most elegant and harmonious. This observation, however, applies rather to the dress of the gentlemen than that of the ladies, which, in the earlier part of Charles’s reign at least, was still marred by affectation.

We may recall that Strafford, at his trial, wore a doublet and breeches of black velvet ; and that, on the scaffold, when he removed his doublet, he remarked, “ I thank God I am not afraid of death ; but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.”

The king dressed himself on the day of his execution with peculiar care, observing to Herbert, “ This is my second marriage-day ; I would be as trim as may be to-day ; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus.”

Sir Philip Warwick’s description of Oliver Cromwell, on his appearance in the House of Commons in 1640, is well known: “ I

came one morning into the House," he says, "and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor." When he rose into power, he dressed as became his pride of place, generally in a suit of rich black velvet; but on such high occasions as his dining in state with the Lord Mayor (in 1653), "in a musk-coloured suit and coat richly embroidered with gold."

The characteristic features of the Puritans or Roundheads in their attire are concisely indicated by Sir Walter Scott: "Their dress," he says, "was in general studiously simple and unostentatious, or only remarkable by the contradictory affectation of extreme simplicity or carelessness." And he refers to "the dark colour of their cloaks, varying from absolute black to what was called sad-coloured; their steeple-crowned hats with their broad, shadowy brims; their long swords, suspended by a single strap around the loins, without shoulder-belt, sword-knot, plate, buckles, or any of the other decorations with which the courtiers loved to adorn their trusty rapiers." He sketches some of these grave persons with his usual graphic force: "Their dress was almost uniformly a black cloak and doublet, cut straight and close, and undecorated with lace or embroidery of any kind; black Flemish breeches and hose, square-toed shoes, with large roses made of serge ribbon. Two or three had large, loose boots of calf-leather, and almost every one was begirt with a long rapier, which was suspended by leathern thongs to a plain belt of buff or black leather."

In his romance of "Peveril of the Peak" Scott draws a portrait of a gallant of the first order. "His periwig," he says, "did not much exceed in size the bar wig of a modern lawyer, but then the essence which he shook from it with every motion impregnated a whole apartment. . . . His riding-coat was laced in the newest and most courtly style; and Grammont himself might have envied the embroidery of his waistcoat, and the peculiar cut of his breeches, which buttoned above the knee." Such was the contrast between Puritan and Cavalier.

Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, was one of the best-dressed gallants in Charles's service, and his "cloth of gold and silver" well became his handsome person. Alas! he spent his estate in support of the royal cause, and suffered grievous straits, going in ragged clothes—a sad contrast to his early splendour—and died, an object of charity, at a poor lodging in Gunpowder Alley, in Shoe Lane.

Pepys, in his immortal "Diary," makes numerous allusions to dress—that is, to his own and the king's. He sees the king in the

Park "in a suit laced with gold and silver, which, it is said," he adds, "is out of fashion." He spends £55, or thereabouts, upon new clothes—"a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist; with a new hat, and silk tops for his legs." He tells of his "coloured cloth suit," of his "best black suit trimmed with scarlet ribbons, very neat"; his "cloak lined with velvet, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble"; of his "camelot cloak, with gold buttons"; his "jakanapes coat, with silver buttons"; and his "new camelot suit" which cost him "above £24." And, with a gravity worthy of the subject, records the introduction of a notable new fashion, which marked an important development in the male attire. "*This day*," he writes, on October 15, 1666, "*the King began to put on his vest*, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords, and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it, being a long cassock close to the body, of long cloth and pinked [edged] with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with white ribbon, like a pigeon's leg; and upon the whole," he adds, "I wish the King may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment."

Even the grave and decorous Evelyn thought this incident important enough to be recorded, as indeed it was: "To Court, *it being the first time His Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest*, changing doublet, stiff collar, bands, and cloak into a comely vest after the Persian mode, with girdle or straps, and shoe-strings and garters into buckles, of which some were set with precious stones, resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode which had hitherto obtained, to our great expense and reproach."

Thus we have seen the tunic discarded in favour of the doublet, and now the doublet gives place—the change of dress harmonising with change of habits and manners, and being the outward sign of a great social revolution—to the coat; at first a long coat, which was worn with a long waistcoat, and enriched down the edges and seams and round the pockets with lace and embroidery. In the reign of William III. this coat became angular and long-skirted; and the William III. coat, with some modifications, is the frock-coat of the present day. In Congreve's "Love for Love" we meet with a reference that shows that the new garment, with its rich embroidery, had already grown into popularity. "I have a large piece," says Scandal, "representing a school; where there are huge-proportioned critics, with long wigs, *laced coats*, Steenkirk cravats,¹ and terrible faces."

¹ A military cravat of black silk, introduced after and named in honour of the battle of Steenkirk, which was fought on August 2, 1692.

Dryden has painted the Sir Fopling of the period with deft touches in his epilogue to Etherege's "Man of Mode."

So brisk, so gay, so travelled, so refined,
 As he took pains to graff upon his kind . . .
 From each he meets he culls whate'er he can ;
 Legion's his name, a people in a man.
 His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
 And, rolling o'er you, like a snowball grows,
 His various modes from various fathers follow ;
 One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow :
 His sword-knot this, his cravat that designed ;
 And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
 From one the sacred periwig he gained,
 Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned.
 Another's diving bow he did adore,
 Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
 Till he with full decorum brings it back,
 And rises with a water-spaniel shake.

We know that Congreve, wit, dramatist, and fine gentleman, made a brave figure in his splendid embroidered coat and waistcoat ; and Dick Steele, after his marriage, always went abroad "in a laced-coat, and large black buckled periwig."¹ A "laced coat" was then the distinctive mark of a man of breeding, and continued to be so throughout the reign of Anne and the early Hanoverian period. Picture him to yourself in his enormous periwig, which, thick with powder, falls over the shoulders and lies upon the chest ; and in his long-skirted coat, of claret colour or musk, buttoned down the front, provided with small pocket-holes, as well as with enormous laced-edged cuffs, which disclose the fine ruffles at the wrist ; and stiffened out with wire or buckram. But you must not forget the long cravat, with its rich lace border, the gold-embroidered girdle and sword-belt, and the long-flapped, many-buttoned waistcoat, reaching to his knees ; high over which will be rolled the silken or woollen stockings, of blue or scarlet, with gold or silver clocks. Finish off with a broad-brimmed or three-cornered hat and square-toed shoes with high red heels and small silver or gold buckles, and your picture will be complete. Such was the dress of the gallants who toasted the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, and of the courtiers who hung about St. James's when George I. was king.

¹ The Richardson portrait of Steele represents him with profuse curling brown hair, a plume, cravat, and a collarless coat ; the Kneller (painted for the Kit-Cat Club) shows the "full-buttoned dress periwig" which he wore in company and in his rides and walks abroad.

An admirable description of the Beau of this period occurs in Colley Cibber's comedy of "The Careless Husband," in which Lord Morelove speaks of "one of my Lord Foppington's gang—a pert coxcomb that's just come to a small estate and a great periwig—he that sings himself among the women. What do you call him? He won't speak to a commoner when a lord is in company—you always see him with a cane dangling at his button, his breast open, no gloves, one eye tucked under his hat, and a toothpick."¹

Contemporary advertisements will enlighten us on some of the characteristics of the fine clothes in which our exquisites then disported themselves. As, for instance, "Stolen [&c.], a new cinnamon-colour² Cloth coat, Waistcoat, and Breeches, embroidered with silver four or five inches deep down before, and on the sleeves, and round the pocket-holes and the pockets and knees of the Breeches. They are lined with a sky-blue silk." . . . "Taken from a Gentleman's House [&c.], a dove-coloured cloth suit embroidered with silver, and a pair of silk stockings of the same colour; a grey cloth suit with gold buttons and holes; a silk drugget salmon-coloured suit lined with white silk; a silver-brocade waistcoat, trimmed with a knotted silver fringe, and lined with white silk."

The "drugget" here mentioned was a stuff resembling baize, was sometimes half wool and half silk, but usually all wool. Gentlemen generally wore cloth, though camlet—an expensive mixture of wool and silk—was also worn. According to some etymologists this was named from the river Camlet, in Montgomeryshire, where, in this country, its manufacture first began; whilst others derive it from the camel's hair with which it was originally woven. Sagathy, a kind of serge, is another fabric that was used for making up the famous Drap du Barri and D'Oyley suits—the last named after the once celebrated haberdasher, whose fame is wrapped up with the dessert napkin. The following advertisement from *The Postman*, November 15, 1707, would seem to show that the stuffs I have mentioned were generally reserved for cheap clothing: "Whereas the Monmouth Street Men and other Taylors in and about the City, have by divers advertisements in *The Postman* and other public prints, and by bills given from door to door, boasted what mighty pennyworths persons may have of them, in selling Sagathy and Druggit Suits; the smallest size Men's for 3 guineas, and the largest sizes for £3. 10s., and Men's Cloth Suits at £4 and £4. 10s. This is to acquaint all

¹ This, as one of the appurtenances of a beau, has been revived in our own times.

² Bellarmine's coat, in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, is "cinnamon colour."

persons that have occasion for such Suits, if they please to make trial, may have the same as cheap in Birchin Lane, and as well and as fashionable made, and may be assured of seeing more choice both of broad cloths, camblet, druggits, and sagathys, than many of those upstarts can pretend to."

The Georgian exquisite loved to wear his waistcoat open, even in the midst of winter—to display, I suppose, the finery of the embroidered shirt. This extravagantly foolish fashion was duly ridiculed by the genial humour of Steele in *The Tatler* (No. 246): "There is a fat fellow, whom I have long remarked wearing his breast open in the midst of winter, out of an affectation of youth. I have therefore sent him just now the following letter in my physical capacity :

"Sir,—From the 20th instant to the first of May next, both days inclusive, I beg of you to button your waistcoat from your collar to your waistband. I am, your most humble servant,

" 'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, *Philomath.*' "

In the charming paper (No. 41) in which he describes Mr. Bickerstaff's visit to a friend, he represents his friend's wife as sportively complaining of her husband's carelessness: "I could scarce keep him this morning," she says, "from going out open-breasted." Again, in Lillie's "Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*," we read of "the unaccountable custom that for some time has prevailed among our fashionable gentlemen, of coming abroad in this cold, unseasonable weather [the third week in January] with their breast and bodies almost quite naked, by which means they have procured such terrible coughs, that's both uneasy to themselves and most troublesome to all their neighbours, in the church, in the playhouse, and at the opera." And yet again, in the *Tatler* (No. 77), Steele sarcastically remarks that, "a sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an open waistcoat."

Sackbut, in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife"—a very good specimen of the old drama of intrigue—says to Colonel Freeman:—"I can fit you with a suit of clothes, if you'd make a figure—velvet and gold brocade." Some such suit would seem to have been in Mr. Austin Dobson's mind when, in his charming "Proverbs in Porcelain," he delineates Beau Brocade as

Drest

In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest ;
And under his silver-gray surtout
The laced, historical coat of blue
That he wore when he went to London Spaw.

Richard Cumberland tells us of Quin playing Horatio (in the

tragedy of "The Fair Penitent," in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled square-toed shoes."

Goldsmith's love of fine clothes has become proverbial. A boyish weakness, it increased with him as he advanced in years : perhaps from an idea that bravery of dress took off the spectator's attention from his pock-marked countenance and short, squat figure. When a poor student at Edinburgh, he must needs have his coat and waistcoat made of "Genoa velvet," or of "best superfine high claret-coloured cloth, at 19s. a yard." Mr. Forster prints the gay youth's tailor's bill for January and February, 1753, and I take from it the following items :—

		£	s.	d.
January 24.	To 2½ yds. rich Sky-Blew sattin, 12s.	1	10	0
	To 1½ yds. white Allapeen, 2s.	0	3	0
	To 1¾ yds. do. Fustian, 1s. 4d.	0	2	4
	To 4 yds. Blew Durant, ¹ 1s. 4d.	0	5	4
	To ¾ yds. fine Sky-Blew Shalloon, ² 1s. 9d.	0	1	3½
February 23.	To 2¼ yds. fine Priest's Grey cloth, 10s. 6d.	1	3	7½
	To 2 yds. Black Shalloon, 1s. 6d.	0	3	0
	To a pair fine 3-thd. Black worsted Hose	0	4	6
	To ½ yd. rich ditto Genoa Velvett, 22s.	0	2	9
		£3 15 9½		

Twenty years later the struggling author was always in debt to Filby, his tailor. At his death he owed him £79, though in the previous year he had paid him no less a sum than £110. We read also of a "silk coat" which he purchased at Paris ; he complained that it made him "look like a fool." Then there was the "half-dress suit of ratteen³ lined with satin," and the "silk stocking breeches," in which he went to a celebrated dinner at Boswell's. And lastly, I cannot—who can?—forget the "bloom-coloured coat," respecting which Goldsmith, with his usual frank simplicity, told Garrick the pleasing circumstance that when the tailor brought it home he said, "Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane." Johnson, overhearing him, remarked, "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would

¹ This is, I suppose, identical with the strong kind of stuff formerly called "Durance," or "Duretta," because of its excellent wearing qualities.

² A woollen stuff, originally manufactured at Chalons, whence, by corruption, "Shalloon."

³ A rough woollen cloth, which was fashionable for some years later for gentlemen's wear.

attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a colour." Johnson was right to a certain extent: crowds *have* gazed at it, and the "bloom-coloured coat" will be always new in the eyes of all true lovers of letters.

Girding at fine clothes was not, however, a favourite pastime with the author of "The Rambler," who perceived that a man might be much better employed than in inveighing against a beau for displaying his figure in a laced coat. "Let us not be found," said he, "when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one." As everybody knows, he cared not at all for the adornment of his own ungainly person, wearing a rough, ill-dressed wig and an ill-fitting brown coat. "Everything about him," says Macaulay, "his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood."

When Boswell first visited the author of "Rasselas," in his chambers "on the first floor of No. 1 Middle Temple Lane," he found "his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill-drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers." This would seem to have been Johnson's ordinary dress; for his friend Beauclerc describes him on the memorable occasion when he rushed into the street to hand Madame de Boufflers into her coach—in an effort of dilatory gallantry—as wearing "a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose." As he thought ten pounds a year an ample allowance for clothes and linen, it is certain that he could at no time go dressed in "gay attire."

Boswell himself was something of a *petit maitre* in the matter of dress, and used to attire his not uncomely person in the latest "fashion." When he had been to court he was so proud of his appearance that he drove to the printer's without changing his clothes, and summoned all the printer's devils to admire his embroidered coat and waistcoat, his new ruffles, and his sword.

The attire of the gentleman of the old school, at the beginning of the present century, is graphically described by Lord Lytton, in his "Lucretia," where he introduces Sir Miles St. John, of Laughton, a comely old gentleman, dressed with faithful precision in the costume he had been taught to consider appropriate to his rank—a costume, however, that was rapidly falling out of use. "His hair, still thick and luxuriant, was carefully powdered and collected into a club behind. His nether man attired in grey breeches and pearl-coloured silk stockings; his vest of silk, opening wide at the breast, and showing a profusion of frill, slightly sprinkled with the pulvilis of his favourite Martinique; his three-cornered hat, placed on a stool at his side, with a gold-headed crutch-cane—but made rather to be carried in the hand than worn on the head—the diamond in his shirt-breast, the diamond on his finger, the ruffles at his wrist—all bespoke the gallant who had chatted with Lord Chesterfield and supped with Mrs. Clive." We may contrast with this impressive figure that of a man of fashion—the London man, the man who lounged at noon through Bond Street and spent the night with the Prince of Wales—alternating between feverish excitement and indolent prostration. "There was a kind of Bacchanalian fury in the life led by those leaders of fashion among whom Mr. Vernon was not the least distinguished; it was a day of deep drinking, of high play, of jovial, reckless dissipation—of strong appetite for fun and riot—of four-in-hand coachmanship—of prize-fighting—of a strange sort of barbarous manliness, that strained every nerve of the constitution. What is now [in 1846] the dandy was then the buck, and something of the buck, though subdued by a chaster taste than fell to the ordinary members of his class, was apparent in Mr. Vernon's costume as well as air. Intricate folds of muslin, arranged in prodigious bows and ends, formed the cravat, which Brummell had not yet arisen to reform; his hat, of a very peculiar shape, low at the crown and broad at the brim, was worn with an air of devil-may-care defiance; his watch-chain, garnished with a profusion of rings and seals, hung low from his white waistcoat; and the adaptation of his nankeen inexpressibles to his well-shaped limbs was a masterpiece of art."

The costume of the period may be studied with interest on the canvas of the great painter of manners (in the wider sense of the word), William Hogarth. The high born and well bred, in the reign of the second George, were immortalised by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as they had been in Queen Anne's time by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in Charles II.'s by Sir Peter Lely, and in Charles I.'s by Vandyck. To Hogarth fell the classes beneath this supreme class, who pre-

viously had had no artist of their own, for Hogarth had had no predecessor. His style of art, his subjects, his method of treatment belonged to himself. He was the first moralist who enforced his teaching on the public mind by means of a brush and palette. But we turn to him now for a lesser purpose. In "The Rake's Progress" may be seen the laced coat, with its ample cuffs and long square skirts, on the person of Thomas Rakewell. It may also be seen on the backs of the carousers in "A Midnight Modern Conversation." The feeble body of Lord Viscount Squanderfield, in the "Contract" picture of the "Marriage à la Mode" series, is decked out in a coat of light blue velvet, with a good deal of embroidery on it, and a long and richly embroidered waistcoat reaching to the knees. In another of the same series the profligate young noble is dressed in a coat and waistcoat of rich black velvet. For the ordinary costume of "the people" we may turn to the "Industry and Idleness" or the "Election" series.

Thomas D'Urfey, in his prologue to his comedy of "The French Coquette," reiterates the old-standing reproach against the English, of adopting foreign fashions, and is specially severe upon their imitation of the French :—

In apish modes they naturally shine,
Which we ape after them to make us fine :
The late *blue* feather was *charmante, divine* ;
Next, then, the slouching slide and our huge button,
And now *our coats, flank broad, like shoulder mutton,*
Faced with fine colours, scarlet, green, and sky,
With sleeves so huge, they'll give us wings to fly ;
Next year I hope they'll cover nails and all,
And every button like a tennis-ball.

Addison, in No. 129 of *The Spectator*, touches with his usual felicity at the vagaries of fashion : "I could wish," he says, "for the sake of my country friends, that there was a kind of everlasting drapery to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the town, and that they would agree upon such fashions as should never be liable to changes and innovations." And he goes on, in the assumed character of "a gentleman on the Western Circuit," to laugh at the belated efforts of provincials to follow the mode. What he says of female attire, amusing as it is, does not concern us now ; here I shall quote only so much of his bland satire as bears upon the masculine garb :—

"Upon our way from home we saw a young fellow riding towards us full gallop, with a bob-wig, and a black silken bag tied to it. He stopped short at the coach, to ask us how far the judges were behind

us. His stay was so very short that we had only time to observe his new silk waistcoat, which was unbuttoned in several places to let us see that he had a clean shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

“ From this place, during our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second’s reign, the people having made very little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires appear still in the Monmouth cock¹; and when they go a-wooing (whether they have any post in the militia or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were, indeed, very much surprised, at the place we lay at last night, to meet with a gentleman that had accoutred himself in a night-cap wig, a coat with long pockets and slit sleeves, and a pair of shoes with high-scollop tops.”

Further changes in the shape of the coat took place about the middle of the eighteenth century. The collar was made to turn over in a broad fold; the cuffs were reduced in size at the wrist and carried up above the elbow. The body of the coat fitted closely, but the skirts remained as long and as full as ever. The frippery of lace was discarded, and even the waistcoat or vest was restricted to one narrow band of it. All these alterations went in the direction of economy and convenience, and were necessitated by corresponding social changes. The costume of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods was, so to speak, a full-dress costume, suitable for a time when there was an abundance of leisure, and the gentleman sauntered negligently through life, taking everything with an easy indifference—his duties as well as his amusements. He was always an actor—always on the stage—displaying his silks and his velvets, his plumes and his jewels, to the eyes of the public, with a frank pleasure in them. If the chances and changes of fortune brought him to the scaffold, he still “dressed his part” with the utmost care; appeared in his richest suit; and loitered through the various preliminaries in a graceful and becoming manner. But, as the eighteenth century came towards its close, the stress and strain of life began to be felt even by the higher classes. There was need of more activity, of greater rapidity of motion; there was less time for public display. The distinctions of degree were less and less emphatically marked by distinctions of costume; and the gentleman, like the trader, sought a dress which should allow him freedom of movement, be adapted to every-day wants, and at the same time be replaceable at a moderate cost. For this is another consideration; he could no longer afford to devote a large

¹ A hat so called because worn by the Duke of Monmouth.

part of his income to the single item of clothes. The changed conditions of society had opened up new ways of expenditure, and he could not, like Raleigh, put a manor on his back. So it came to pass that extravagance of dress ceased to be the custom or habit of a class, but became the folly or the vice of individuals.

The alterations effected in the reign of George III. were considerable. To begin with: the Maccaroni Club, consisting of young men of fashion who had travelled in Italy, came into existence about 1772, and with it an entirely new style of dress. The coat, for instance, was shorn of its long full skirts, so that it reached only to the hips; it had a small turnover collar, such as is now worn; in fact, it was not wholly unlike the "dress-coat" of the present day. It was edged with lace or braid, and adorned with frog-buttons, tassels, and embroidery. The vest reached very little below the waist, and was relieved of the old flap-covered pockets. It was buttoned up nearly to the throat, but allowed space sufficient for display of the frills of the shirt-front. By degrees the coat-collar gradually increased in size, and rose very high in the neck.

This attire was sometimes found in the way, modest as it was, compared with the garb of former time. Horace Walpole relates that the young men of quality at Almack's, before they sat down to the gaming-table, "pulled off their embroidered clothes and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather, such as are worn by footmen when they clean the knives, to save their laced ruffles; and, to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons."

After the outbreak of the French Revolution, a great change occurred in English fashions. For instance, the cocked hat was replaced by the round hat—the precursor of the "beaver" or "stove-pipe"; large cravats came in, frilled shirts, breeches bagging out in the upper part but contracting to the thighs, and buttoned close down the legs; the hair was allowed to flow loosely, and tied behind in a club; while the coat, with high collar and small cuffs, was buttoned lightly over the breast, whence it sloped away to the hips, and terminated behind in long tails or skirts. At the same time a mania was developed for stripes, which procured for the garments and their wearers the title of "zebras." A caricature, published on March 29, 1799, entitled "Jemmy Lincum Feedle," represents a fop of this period in full costume, and is accompanied with the following appropriate verses:—

Whoe'er with curious eye has ranged
Through Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incensed, to monkeys changed
A tribe of worthless men.

Jove with contempt the men surveyed,
Nor would a name bestow ;
But woman liked the motley breed,
And called this thing *a beau*.

The opening years of the present century were marked by a curious outburst of bad taste. A beau in full dress was hideous to see—a subject for pity rather than laughter. He wore a coat of new construction, buttoned close to the figure, double-breasted, and having high protuberances or bunches on the shoulders, with tight breeches, and a large high cravat rising above the chin. This ugly costume was a direct importation from France ; and the coat was known, perhaps from its inventor, as a *Jean-de-Bry*. No wonder that it provoked the caustic pencil of Gilray, as in his caricature representing a French tailor fitting John Bull with a *Jean-de-Bry*. The tailor is equipped in the republican *bonnet rouge* and its cockade, and is seemingly jubilant over his work. “A—ha ! dere, my friend, I fit you to de life !—dere is libert   ! No tight aristocratical sleeve to keep from you do vat you like !—a-ha ! begar ! dere be only want von leetel national cockade to make you look quite    la mode de Paris !” Poor John Bull, whose Hessian boots crush under them a book of “Nouveaux Costumes,” exclaims, in indignant disgust, “Liberty ! quoth’a ! why, zounds ! I can’t move my arms at all, for all it looks woundy big ! Ah ! d——n your French    la modes, they give a man the same liberty as if he was in the stocks. Give me my old coat again, say I, if it is a little out at the elbows !”

The later changes of the coat scarcely require description. The dress-coat, worn at dinners and similar functions, is a survival of the tail-coat worn as an ordinary habiliment by the gentlemen of George IV.’s days, and the frock-coat is a lineal descendant of the tunic. Of late years the prevailing tendencies have all been in favour of simplicity and ease ; and the gentleman nowadays appears—at least out-of-doors—in a costume so unstudied that the old school would be shocked to the soul by its apparent licence.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

SERGEANT BELL'S RAREE SHOW.

THERE has lately come to light a long-forgotten illustrated children's book, of the earlier Peter-Parley period, of which it seems almost certain, or at least more than probable, that a considerable portion of the letterpress was from the pen of Charles Dickens. In order that a few copies of the book may be rescued, while there is yet time, from destruction, and in the hope of eliciting some new facts as to the circumstances attending its authorship and publication, I shall now lay before the reader, as briefly as possible, the evidence external and internal which seems to myself and to others to point to the conclusion indicated.

In the spring or summer of 1835 Charles Dickens, who was then living as a bachelor in chambers at Furnival's Inn, and beginning to make his first literary hit with the "Sketches of London," signed "Boz," which were appearing in the columns of the *Evening Chronicle*, received a letter from Mr. Thomas Tegg, the publisher, asking him upon what terms he would consent to supply the letterpress to a sort of "Picture of the World," giving descriptions of remarkable buildings, events, countries, &c., as seen by children at a raree show. The book was to be embellished with a number of old woodcuts in Mr. Tegg's possession, some of them from publications of George Cruikshank, and with an original frontispiece and vignette by that artist, designed expressly for the volume. Mr. Tegg's son, a smart youth with his eyes open, had been struck by the "Sketches" with the signature of "Boz," which were already beginning to be talked about, and hinted to his father that here was the man—if they could only get hold of him on easy terms—to supply them with graphically-written letterpress to accompany the illustrations in question.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. L. Dexter, to whose collection it has lately found its way, I have been enabled to inspect the original autograph of Dickens's reply.¹

¹ First printed, with substantial correctness, in *Notes and Queries*, May 8, 1875 (5th S. iii. 366), and reprinted in the Charles Dickens edition of Dickens's collected Letters, "edited by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter," London, 1882, vol. i. p. 10, where it is somewhat clumsily placed between two later Doughty-street letters of 1837. In 1875 the letter was still in the possession of Mr. William Tegg, who communicated it to *Notes and Queries*.

It runs as follows :—

15 Furnival's Inn, Wednesday Morning.

DEAR SIR,—I have made the nearest calculation in my power of the length of the little work you speak of; and guiding my own demand by the nature of the arrangements I am in the habit of making with other booksellers, I could not agree to do it for less than a hundred and twenty pounds.

I am not aware what the profit is upon this description of book, or whether it would, or would not, justify you in such an outlay. If it would, I should be prepared to produce the whole by Christmas—the sale at that time of year I apprehend would be important.

For many reasons I should agree with you in not wishing the name of “Boz” to be appended to the work.

I shall be happy to receive your answer before I leave town, which will most probably be on Wednesday next.

I am, dear sir,

Your very obedient servant,

Thomas Tegg, Esq.

CHARLES DICKENS.

It would appear that a personal interview or some further correspondence followed between the publisher and the young author, and that the latter was induced to make some abatement in his demand. At any rate, Mr. Thomas Tegg has written at the top of the page, above the letter : “The amount offered and accepted is £100.”¹ We do not know upon what authority Mr. William Tegg adds : “But for some reason it” (meaning, presumably, the negotiation) “fell through.” Less warrantable still was my own amplification of this phrase (after the style of the game called Russian scandal²) in the original issue of my “Bibliography of Dickens” (1880, page 84) :—
“*The scheme fell through, and nothing came of it.*”

The book itself, whether Dickens had any share in the writing of it or not, was undoubtedly published, though not until 1839, or the winter of 1838; and if the chapters in which the showman is introduced, or rather introduces himself, if the character and utterances of the showman are not the creation and the writing of Dickens, they bear so much of his sign-manual, that we are inclined to say, “If not Dickens, who the *dickens* did write them?” and that it is a clear case of *Dickensius aut diabolus*.

We take the intercalated descriptive chapters (added, probably,

¹ No mention is made of this important detail by Mr. William Tegg, who, in communicating the letter to *Notes and Queries*, simply says : “The terms were agreed upon and accepted,” leaving the reader naturally to conclude that this refers to the terms proposed or suggested in Dickens’s letter.

² In this game a party of twelve are assembled, of whom the first tells a story to the second, the second repeats it to the third, and so on down to the twelfth; the first story-teller generally failing to recognise in its final repetition to himself a single feature or detail of the original narrative.

as an afterthought to swell the bulk of the book) to be the work of an inferior hack hand—probably of that prince of bores, the late “Peter Parley”—as the only complete copy we have seen is lettered “Peter Parley’s Works : Picture of the World.”

Considering that by the time the book was actually published, in 1838–39, Dickens had already become famous, it may perhaps cause some surprise that a publisher, with so keen and practical an eye to business and to the main chance as the late Mr. Tegg appears to have been, should have concealed the real authorship, or not availed himself of the fact to give an impetus to its sale. But it must be remembered that he was tied down to an agreement of his own suggesting, approved and accepted by Dickens, and tantamount, if in writing, to a binding legal contract, that not even the pseudonym of “Boz” should appear on the title of the work.

The actual title of the published book (a square 16mo, measuring $5\frac{3}{8}$ by $4\frac{1}{8}$ inches) is as follows: “SERGEANT BELL AND HIS RAREE SHOW, embellished with woodcuts by Cruikshank, Thompson, Williams, &c. London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, No. 73 Cheapside; Tegg and Co., Dublin; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and J. and S. A. Tegg, Sydney and Hobart Town. 1839” (pp. viii. 447).

Only two of the woodcuts by George Cruikshank were designed expressly for this work, the remainder being from those used in “Punch and Judy,” “Mornings in Bow Street,” “Life of Napoleon,” &c.¹ The two original illustrations were the frontispiece, a view in the main thoroughfare of a country town, with Sergeant Bell standing by the side of his show and describing the scenes to his juvenile audience, “G. C., 1838,” inscribed on the picture of a house above the Sergeant’s head; and the vignette on the title-page, the entrance to a village which the Sergeant is approaching with the show on his back.

The internal evidence of the contents tends to support and lend weight to the strong presumption of Dickens’s partial authorship already established by the external evidence. Sergeant Bell himself—and wherever he is the speaker we conclude Dickens to be the writer—is quite a beautiful and typical character, a man as remarkable and superior in his own way as the pedlar hero of Wordsworth’s “Excursion”—full of humour, pathos, humanity, and kindness. Like a later character of Dickens’s, as ignoble and base, as ungrateful and treacherous, as the Sergeant (who resembles him in no other respect) is ingenuous and transparent,—like Mr. Silas Wegg,—Sergeant Bell occasionally, and indeed frequently, “drops into

¹ For further particulars on this point see “Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank,” by George William Reid. London: Bell & Daldy, 1871.

poetry." Note his love of order and discipline, and specially note the touching description of the news of his mother's death reaching him (p. 152), in which occurs this thoroughly Dickensian passage: "She taught me to say my prayers. I remember now the first prayer she taught me; very short; very sweet. I said it when a child: I say it now I am a man. It was the Lord's Prayer." A smile that "played round his mouth," we are told, "when he addressed his young hearers, bespoke good and benevolent feelings; his heart was evidently in the right place."

In another part he thus addresses his little friends: "It has been my lot to suffer a good deal. Look here! I have had my leg shot away when fighting for my king and country. . . . My dear country has amply rewarded me for all my trials, for all my privations. Look at this medal! I always wear it near my heart, it is my treasure, it is my country's token that I have done my duty; may you in time be told by your country that you have done yours. I have a pension; but it goes to support my dear old father, who is eighty-eight." And towards the end of the book (p. 446) he takes leave of his youthful audience thus: "If we should never meet again; if, one of these days, you should hear that the old showman has shut up his Exhibition for ever, say of him when you talk one with another, that he did his duty in the heavy dragoons, and was kind to young people." And so we recommend the honest Sergeant to the reader's further acquaintance.

What remains to be noted is the resemblance of certain subjects and the treatment of them to passages in later acknowledged writings of Charles Dickens. Compare, for instance, the description in "Sergeant Bell and his Raree Show" (pp. 38, 100-105, 197-207, 363-371) of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the Spanish Armada, the Battle of Hastings, and the Great Fire of London, with similar descriptions of those events in the "Child's History of England" (vol. i. pp. 77-83, and vol. iii. pp. 28, 132, 133, 266-268). There are many coincidences of actual expression and wording which can hardly be accidental.

The case with its *pros* and *cons* is now before the reader, and it may be hoped that, the subject being once ventilated, further documentary or oral evidence may shortly turn up, to settle the question finally one way or the other.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

CONCERNING CYCLING.

I AM within a measurable distance of thirty—that time of life when, according to many recent medical authorities, the heart begins to get weak and exertion becomes dangerous, unless indulged in very cautiously and temperately, and even then only after long training ; in short, though not yet exactly old, I see old age just ahead. My life, too, is a very valuable one—not perhaps to the world in general, nor to my large circle of friends (and I mean by friends those disinterested individuals who are always ready to accept an invitation to dinner, but who don't seem to see that they are the obliged, not I), but to myself—and so I am very chary of it and guard it all I can from everything that may injure or imperil it. When, therefore, my esteemed friend Dr. Crespi said to me one day pensively, “You have ceased to grow longitudinally, though not latitudinally : you ought to take more exercise,” I was much struck. I knew my friend's delicate sense of humour, or what he fancies is humour, and that word “latitudinally” commanded my respect. I took off my hat and bowed. Clearly at twenty-seven we don't grow longitudinally, though some of us begin to expand, as we find to our cost when, with three other individuals as nobly developed, we seat ourselves in a railway carriage, which is intended to hold five, as a very mendacious inscription above our heads informs us ; and we find that, from the too common and most horrible vice of scamping their work, the carpenters have left out a yard from the proper dimensions of the seat, so that there is just room for three comfortably—one at each end and one in the middle—though a fourth can with a mighty effort be squeezed in. Where the fifth is to go I can't conceive—in the hat rack perhaps ! “Exercise ?” I replied. “Why, I take no end. I pass a quarter of my time eating and drinking, and very good and necessary exercise it is too ; then I read the newspaper, look out of window, and if I find anything very lively I skip the last French novel. What more would you have me do ?” “You must,” he replied solemnly, “get a tricycle and use it regularly.” Now, I don't care to throw my hard-earned money away on experiments, and dangerous ones too, on my valuable life, and I had heard so much of

the herculean labour of propelling a tricycle up hill, and of the catastrophe often befalling well-developed riders of middle age—that is, on the border-line between youth and that time of life when a dressing gown and an arm-chair seem the proper thing—that I felt I was bound to protest. “Do you know,” I rejoined, “that it is universally agreed that a brilliant future awaits me? My father fully counts on my retrieving the family fortunes; and as for my mother, she thinks that, with the exception of John Ruskin, I am the most brilliant and accomplished of the coming men of the age—mothers, you know, are always proud of their sons, and mine is no exception to the rule: she knows my worth, and would not lose me for all the world.” Here I thought I had posed my friend, but he was not to be put off. “I will,” he rejoined, “get you a tricycle, and you shall have the full use of it as long as you like.” What could I do but reluctantly yield and prepare for the worst? A few days later a machine made its appearance, and then behold me, the great literary artist of the future, the delight of his mamma and the admired of countless friends, with some difficulty hoisted into the saddle, and there I sat, but the machine would not move, though I waited patiently enough, expecting it to go. “You must work the pedals,” said my friend. Then I tried, and I was soon convinced that the man who invented tricycles to save labour was a humbug. I tugged at the handles, moved the steering wheel, and worked away frantically with my feet—the tricycle would not stir. A happy thought struck me. “I will get off,” I said, “and push it; that at any rate will be good exercise”; and before anyone could interfere I was off—I mean I had got down—and I began to push, but so stiff were all its joints that I soon found that would not do. Besides, my friend remonstrated that I was to ride the tricycle, not carry it; a wheelbarrow full of stones would have done just as well for the latter. So after much persuasion I clambered up again, but the machine would not go straight. When at last it did begin to move, in half a minute I was against a wall, and, before I had well started the horrid invention again, some one shouted, “Where are you coming? Keep to your own side.” Rather mortified, I half made up my mind to give cycling up altogether, but once more I yielded to compulsion and again made another attempt, when instead of going forwards the machine began to move backwards, and had I not hastily scrambled out I don’t know what would have happened. The great luminary of the future might have been extinguished, the family fortunes would not have been retrieved, and John Ruskin, much to my mother’s chagrin, might have been left in undisturbed possession of the literary arena.

But an Englishman never knows when he is beaten, though sometimes he runs away before the fighting begins just to save time, and I resolutely tried again. "Rome was not," said I, "built in a day, and I can't expect to become the equal of Marriott and Holbein the first time I try." Comforting myself with the thought that I resembled the heroes of the Consular Guard at Marengo, whose troubles, however, lasted only a few hours, while my dangers endured for days, if not weeks, I stuck to tricycling, and at last I feel that I have added another to my many accomplishments of person and mind. Behold me, then, a graceful wheelman, ready to dare anything and beat any record! When I hear of any specially notable feat I ask myself, "Could I beat that? I dare say I could if I only tried long enough. Perseverance will move mountains; but so far I have not won any prizes, and I have not appeared in print as a champion of cycling. When I heard that my friend Dr. Richardson, of hygeian and tricycling fame—Cold Water Richardson—electrified a Birmingham audience by relating Holbein's magnificent achievement, 324 miles in twenty-four hours, on one of Hillman's bicycles, the "Premier," I turned the matter over in my mind. I was not sure that I could have done better, though I daresay with proper training, on good roads, I could have done the twenty-four miles, if I only started early enough in the day, and gave myself plenty of time. No, I don't somehow fancy racing and breaking records would be quite decorous on the part of an elderly gentleman, who is growing latitudinally—I like the word, it is so suggestive and elegant—but I will guarantee to keep up with anyone, champion or amateur, who goes no faster than myself, and that is my challenge to the whole world.

Practice, says the proverb, makes perfect; and a little well-directed attention on my part has made me quite an expert. When I first tried tricycling, what a toil it was to get to the nearest town, six miles off! and when I dismounted at the local cycling works I faltered out, "Well, I never thought I should have got here!" The proprietor used to look quietly at me and smile. But now, I fly in as cool as a cucumber, without turning a hair. My cycling friend has of late looked admiringly at me, and, glancing at a large assortment of charming bicycles, has said: "You are just the build and figure for a bicycle; can't I tempt you?" and then he smiles persuasively. But only fancy a small mountain on the top of a bicycle! What would happen to it—the mountain, I mean—if it fell off? Charm he never so wisely, I am content with my tricycle; and every day of my life I bless the friend who opened up to me such a new and untried world.

My personal narrative being told, and the steps narrated which took me from the painful and timorous beginning of my career to my present exalted position as the possible record breaker of the future, I must deal with the matter more systematically, and, for the benefit of the many country and town residents, who want some information from an expert, that information I gladly offer. Before, however, discussing the matter in all its relations, I shall not hesitate to quote a rather long passage from the writings of the Rev. R. A. Chudleigh, as it will save me a great deal of trouble, and I must positively husband my time and strength for tricycling. I have not asked Mr. Chudleigh's permission to quote him; perhaps he might have refused it, so I have spared him the pain of a refusal. Besides, I am a great free trader, and don't see what right a man has to copyright. Our enlightened friends across the Atlantic hold copyright in abhorrence, and steal—I mean borrow—anybody's words and thoughts; so I will imitate them, and do Mr. Chudleigh the honour to incorporate the following lengthy passage:—

Most of what is written on cycling seems addressed to one or other of two extremes—the mighty athlete, or the health-seeking convalescent. The following hints are intended for beginners, whose skill and strength are neither more nor less than ordinary. Most of the rules, such as to go slowly round a corner, may be left to common sense; but there are a few catches in which the danger does not strike one beforehand, but is usually learnt by disagreeable experience, though easily avoided if indicated previously. The time of chief peril is when going fast down hill; if the brake-power be insufficient, or the steering-gear get disorganised, and yet one *must* pull up because of some danger in the way, it should be remembered that one can almost always pull up quick by dropping everything and laying one's hands and arms on the tyres of the two wheels. This plan need only be adopted when matters are serious, and the choice seems to lie between a skinned hand and a cracked skull. When going down hill lean forward if the steering-wheel be in front, but lean backward if it be behind, so as to throw weight on the steering-wheel, for, unless that wheel has a firm hold of the ground, a cycle at full speed does not follow its guidance, especially when loose stones or inequalities of the road toss up the steering-wheel so that it makes long bounds in the air. When going fast down hill, a sudden jolt will often throw the feet off the treadles, which, if revolving rapidly, are not easily caught again. Do not attempt to catch them, lest the attention, becoming concentrated on the treadles, be diverted from the steering, the consequence being that the cycle, as quick as thought, deviates into the ditch. On losing the treadles, put the feet on the rests and apply the brake, but keep the attention fixed on the steering. A very fertile source of spills is looking back over the shoulder, for the hand unconsciously turns with the head, and the cycle charges at the fence on the same side as the shoulder over which one is looking. I have observed all these to be sources of accident; there may be others, but, except the self-evident ones, I have not observed them. The length of run which is safe for a lady should be measured by her own sensations rather than by miles. On a smooth road, with a fair wind, the exertion required is almost nothing. But with a

rough road and a head wind the resistance is great, and progress is like ploughing. Now, a lady's chief aim in cycling should be to avoid over-exertion or painful strain. Directly she feels distress, especially near the base of the spine, she has done too much. Ladies must remember that their peculiar peril in cycling is overstrain, and any attempt at performing feats or "breaking records" is likely to end in breaking something far more valuable than a "record." With beginners the fatigue-point is soon reached, especially in the knees; but as use and practice advance the fatigue-point indefinitely recedes. In choosing a lady's tricycle I would make some sacrifice of speed to secure an equivalent gain in power. What is called a "good climber" is to be preferred; not that a lady should aim at working up steep hills; it is good economy both for herself and her machine that she should dismount and push, if the ascent be at all stiff; but a good climber implies great lever-power, and it is a law of mechanics that a gain in power means a loss in speed; and it is far more important for a lady that her tricycle should run easily than rapidly. I should hesitate to recommend any maker by name, but I can suggest the far better plan of hiring various tricycles for an occasional day or hour, and thus finding by actual trial which pattern combines most advantages. As to the saddle, I cannot believe that for man or woman "perineal pressure" can be other than injurious. From the anatomical standpoint the narrow saddle seems wholly indefensible. The ischial bones, and not the perineal structures, are designed by nature to support our weight; wherefore I advise that, at any rate for ladies, the popular saddle be discarded in favour of the broad seat. With regard to clothing, as in all active exercise, flannel should be next the skin. The dress must not be full, and need not be inordinately long if tapes be used. I recently saw a lady on a tricycle, and another lady on a horse careering in the neighbourhood of Onslow Square, and I must confess that the cyclist was, from every point of view, the neater, the more graceful, and the more elegant. I would also say, drink, if you are thirsty. There is no virtue whatever in a parched throat, nor the least need to endure the miseries of thirst, which sanitarians, afflicted with water-horror, prefer to drinking; at the same time one can easily train oneself either to drink water excessively, or to do a deal of hot work on wonderfully little fluid replenishment.

Mr. Chudleigh has excellently summarised everything that can be said on the subject for the benefit of beginners; indeed, I don't know that I could have conveyed that information very much better and more lucidly myself, though one never knows what one can do till one tries, and I have no intention of trying; but I must say a few words on saddles, and on drinking, for on both I differ from Mr. Chudleigh *toto caelo*. Mr. Chudleigh is an accomplished anatomist, but he has overlooked the indisputable fact that if one has a seat one must sit, and the legs must be very considerably bent, consequently the muscles work at a signal disadvantage, and with undue friction. No! A comfortable saddle is the thing; it is a splendid support to the body, and no one who has accustomed himself to it could abide a seat. For one thing, to use the latter properly you must sit very low to avoid the pressure of the edge of the seat against the back of

the thighs, and thus you are tempted to sit as though in a very low chair, to the manifest loss of muscular power. A rider who goes at even very moderate speed reposes an inconsiderable portion of his weight on the saddle, except during the short intervals of "down hill," the bulk of his weight being nearly always on the pedals. The dangerous pressure referred to does not occur in my opinion. Considering that I am not a medical man, I fancy that passage is so lucid and scientific that it would not disgrace Richardson. Then as for drinking, why drink at all? Thank Heaven, I am a total abstainer, and I do not approve of excess in any form. Fluids are hardly necessities of life. Dr. Richardson and other authorities have asserted that life can be sustained twice as long on fluids as on solids alone. Granting that this is correct, is there any need why active, healthy men should take fluids at all, beyond those in their food? A vegetarian lecturer once said in my hearing that he had gone a whole month without drinking one single drop of fluid—he found sufficient in the foods he swallowed; and two ladies whom I was told about the other day by a gentleman, in whose veracity I place implicit reliance, greatly astonished a large circle of people by going long excursions and taking severe and continuous exercise, while living on nothing but porridge, fruit (mostly uncooked), and well-cooked vegetables. These ladies were untroubled by thirst, enjoyed the most vigorous health, and distanced many of their competitors. When cycling the less fluid the better, and runs of many hours are practicable, even in the hottest weather, without indulging in any fluids. This I know from repeated experiments. The muscles speedily acquire a firmness and tone impossible when fluids are taken, while exertion becomes a positive delight. This is no crotchet of mine, but a solemn fact, and one being recognised by my brother cyclists, who are fast learning that the less fluid the better. Soldiers on review] days in hot weather and in foreign climates have been gradually learning the same truth experimentally, and though, when they have been greatly over-exerting themselves for many hours, they are not prohibited from taking fluids, they are cautioned to take very little. In this way the risk, always appreciable, of taking cold water in insanitary villages is avoided; though how many of the evils attributed to the badness of the water are really due to the amount of cold drinks imbibed? When the run is over, then, if you will, take a little fluid, but not much; the more you drink the more you want to drink, and nothing is worse for you. As for alcoholic beverages, every cyclist now knows that if he wants to cover a long distance he must avoid them like grim death as perilous beyond words. So you see

you need not take any portly flask or water bottles, and you need not encumber yourself with cold tea and flavourless coffee ; you can set off absolutely unencumbered.

When I began this article my chief difficulty was what to call it. I like a good, wide subject—one feels so perfectly untrammelled. I thought of twenty titles ; but they all cramped me so dreadfully. If I were going to write a history, I think I should take a leaf out of Sir Walter Raleigh's book, and call it " A History of the World " ; then everything would come in appropriately. So, now, in writing this paper, had I tied myself, how disagreeable it would have been ; but " Concerning Cycling "—what a field, what opportunities, for displaying those vast stores of erudition which have gained for me the proud epithet of the " Admirable Crichton " ! I have just been able to give Richardson a valuable hint or two, which, I hope, he will profit by in the reprint of his admirable work on cycling, which I am informed is just coming out.

As I shall not have space to deal with the curiosities of cycling, I must do that elsewhere, confining myself here to the safety, utility, and pleasantness of cycling. As for its safety: with moderate care, accidents are incredibly rare ; and then chiefly occur from turning sharp corners rapidly, or going down hill too quickly ; occasionally from collisions, and even the latter are usually preventable ; still more rarely from the machine breaking down. Never mind, although your life is heavily insured and your profession is so greatly overcrowded that a few vacancies would be welcomed, go round corners quietly, giving them a wide berth.¹ Go down hill cautiously, taking care that you have ample brake-power, and be exceedingly cautious in passing carriages. If you insist on trying to force your way between two carriages close together, as you can't very well sweep both out of your path, though you will probably succeed in frightening the horses, which does not improve matters as far as you are concerned, you are pretty sure to come to grief ; and if you try to tear round a sharp corner, you will infallibly capsize, and there will be work for the tricycle-mender and the doctor, and the latter, if you happen to be a doctor yourself, would be too bad, for dog won't eat dog—I mean doctors don't charge one another for professional services, and the reward that sweetens labour they cannot look for

¹ Nothing is more delightful in cycling than shooting a good long hill having a smooth surface, and the accomplished rider, *on a sound well-built machine*, may do so with impunity when he can see the bottom of the hill, and in many cases when he cannot, provided his brake is reliable, and he makes a point of always keeping a good margin between top speed and the next turn in the road.

from attending a brother practitioner. With reasonable care, and after a little, a very little, practice, cycling is as safe as walking, and bicycling is even safer than tricycling—collisions are rarer, and corners can be more safely turned. As for the pleasantness of the exercise, that depends in some slight measure on the roads and the hills. At starting cycling is a painful effort, though the first day is the worst, and facility rapidly comes with practice. Pain and effort, such as they are, do not last many days ; and by beginning with a mile a day, and gradually increasing the distance covered, the time soon comes when even a man who has ceased to grow longitudinally will get over thirty or forty miles without turning a hair, without conscious effort, and without the smallest sense of subsequent fatigue. Then there is a singular and indescribable charm in the rapidity of motion—flying along at six, or eight, or ten miles an hour, and so bringing many places within easy reach, which were before impossible to get to. For country doctors a tricycle is a positive luxury. They can, when the roads are reasonably good, pay special visits, particularly in the summer evenings, and so actually rest themselves, as it were, while sparing their horses and their men. Hills when rough and steep are a drawback certainly, but the enjoyment is far greater in a moderately hilly country, like Warwickshire or Surrey, than on roads such as those in the flat fen country. A good wheelman will run a dozen miles altogether and pay an ordinary visit in a couple of hours. England is not a perfectly level country, but not until you begin to cycle do you learn how wonderfully hilly even the smoothest and most level roads are ; but it is surprising how quickly the legs seem to gain strength, and ascents are surmounted without an effort that at one time sent a shudder through you. I only wish my aristocratic friends could see me flying along, blandly smiling at acquaintances. Hills, what are they to me? Nothing ! though once I panted up them on foot, and when I reached the top, oh ! it was dreadful to think of jolting down to the bottom. Positively I was often tempted to think of trying to roll down them, only I might have rolled into the ditch or under the feet of restive horses, and neither would have been pleasant nor particularly safe. Now the steeper the hill the greater my pleasure, for going down on a well-built tricycle with good brake-power is indescribably soothing. I throw myself back in my saddle, half close my weary eyes, and only wish my mamma could see the future Ruskin gliding swiftly, not to destruction, oh dear no ! but to his destination in that brilliant future, which I am more and more convinced awaits me. When the country is hilly, well, the hills must somehow or another be surmounted—on

horseback, in a carriage, on a cycle, or on foot, and with a machine properly geared to the steepness of the locality, it takes a good long hill to stop a practised cyclist. The beginner who uses a hired machine should take care that it is *at least* a free running one, that the handle and saddle are adapted properly to his height and reach, and that he rests on the latter, with his hands on the handles and feet dangling (*not on the pedals*), *without any tendency to slip either forwards or backwards*. If these precautions are not attended to, the beginner suffers much more of the trouble and pain of learning to cycle gracefully than I should like to go through myself.

As for the utility of cycling: Well, I sometimes go off to a friend's, taking a large parcel of books, which not even the certainty of being universally recognised as Ruskin's successor would induce me to carry on my back, and I feel no inconvenience. Mile after mile I fly along, not giving the burden under me a second thought, and doing the pedalling automatically, going at double the rate I could ever have managed on foot—I mean which I could have covered on foot in those days when, not having ceased to grow longitudinally, the rapidity of my movements delighted and surprised my friends; especially when, as an infant, I sometimes missed my footing and rolled down from top to bottom of a couple of long flights of stairs.

A few hints must be given as to the choice of a machine. A learner should certainly use hired ones. They are used to being upset, and it does them no harm. Besides, every practised rider requires his own machine, adapted to his height, weight, and the special character of the country in which he lives. For busy doctors, who have no wish to break records and to figure in the annals of cycling, great speed and endurance are not requisite; indeed, I should hint at the prudence of not getting over the ground too rapidly, or special visits, at particularly inconvenient hours, will have a tendency to increase, and the man who boasts that he can do his twelve miles an hour will have plenty of opportunities of putting his powers to the test, and people will send for him just to give him extra opportunities of showing his skill to greater advantage. Every rider should choose a good, easy, strong modern machine, made by makers of acknowledged reputation, fitted with efficient brake-power, a comfortable seat or saddle, bright lamps, and conveniences for carrying a bag or a parcel. He should not lend it to anyone, but keep it for his own use, and it will get to know him and he it.

Cycling is by no means so universal an amusement as one would expect, although the manufacture of machines has been exceptionally brisk this year. Good cycles are expensive, and many people too

busy or inactive to find time and inclination for this health-giving and life-prolonging exercise. It has been computed that there are 600,000 cyclists in the United Kingdom—a large number certainly, but not half or a quarter as large as one would expect. Why should not cycling become vastly more common, and, instead of being the amusement of one person in sixty or seventy be the delight of one in ten? Some people still think that it means prodigious labour and a long apprenticeship, but on both matters they are greatly in error. The other day I was gracefully and rapidly approaching my abode when I met a cavalry captain riding in his carriage. He looked very sympathetic. “Good evening,” he exclaimed, “that *is* hard work,” and then he sighed—he was so sorry for me!

Tricycles or, at any rate, cycles of some sort have been in use for very many years—how many, I do not pretend to say. It is only of late that they have been made light, easy, and useful. When my friend Dr. Crespi was living in Dublin, he tells me that he then for the first time saw bicycles, which were exciting the astonishment and chaff of the light-hearted inhabitants of that industrious city. He saw riders going at the rate, it was computed, of fourteen miles an hour in Stephens’s Green; but at that time it was thought that only a very active man here and there would ever ride them. The following year, when he first came into residence at Oxford, in the summer of 1870, he made the acquaintance of a clergyman still living, Mr. Charsley, one of the tutors of St. Mary’s Hall. That gentleman had been a civil engineer in early life, but, after entering the Church, retained much affection for his former calling. He had made a *velociman*, as he called it, a rather cumbrous and very heavy machine, worked by the hands. It required great labour to propel it, and the exertion of rapid movement was most severe. The *velociman* is still made, though it has not come into general use.

Last Tuesday, in my ardour to be thoroughly posted up in the latest advances of cycling, I made my way to the largest cycling works in the world—those of Hillman, Herbert, & Cooper, of Coventry—and there I picked up all I could about the present and future of cycling; and when I left I was considerably wiser than on my arrival. At the risk of telling my readers stale news, I will give them the cream of what I heard. Sociables are not often made now, while Safety bicycles are rapidly leaving tricycles out in the cold. This very year the number of bicycles has enormously increased, and probably seven are made for every tricycle. Contrary to the usual opinion, prices have not fallen for good machines, that is, though the market is being flooded with cheap inferior ones, some of them

would be dear as a gift. The finest now made are better finished, last longer, and are easier to ride. As everyone knows, the size of the machines in use is much reduced of late, so that many of the best modern ones look like toys compared with the huge unwieldy things of a dozen years ago. In consequence of the small size of bicycles, and the consequent ease with which they can be managed, many people now commonly ride them who would never have ventured upon the gigantic bicycles of a few years ago, and many tricyclists have abandoned their tricycles in favour of Safeties. It is certain that the proportion of tricycles will decline more and more rapidly.

Among my many delights has always been visiting large places of business. My proud relations thought me too good for trade, and destined me for something much higher. How good of them ! Well, I suppose I must not complain, for I am some day—when, I wonder?—to be the rival of John Ruskin ; but at present I am half tempted to wish that I was the head of such a business as that of Hillman, Herbert, & Cooper, Limited, of Coventry. I think a berth of that sort would suit me admirably. The next best thing, however, to being the head was to be the guest ; and as I wandered from one vast room to another, and was told that this was the dull season—the stock-taking time when nothing was being done, though immense preparations were being made for the pressure of the early spring, when all the machinery runs at full time, and every available man is put on—I could not help looking with profound respect on the enormous numbers of cycles waiting to be finished. This one firm makes over 10,000 machines a year, and employs 500 men at Coventry in the busy season, and 300 in Germany. When the stock is at the highest figure 4,000 finished machines are in reserve. One of the workshops has a total length of 300 feet, and a width of 60 ; good management, cleanliness, and method reign supreme everywhere. The cycle trade of Coventry is said to employ, in one fashion or another, something like 4,000 men, and that without any displacement of other industries.

Dr. Richardson told a great friend of mine that he was using a tricycle weighing only 50 lbs., and there is no difficulty in making such machines ; but they are far too light for the wear and tear of ordinary roads, and are not to be recommended. From 70 to 80 lbs. is a fair average weight, and no great effort is needed to propel such tricycles along any but the roughest and hilliest roads.

A great modern step was the introduction of ball-bearings, that is, of tiny steel balls, which work in double grooves, and lessen friction to a notable extent. Wherever parts move upon one

another ball-bearings can be used, and even the pedals can be fitted with them ; indeed, the application of balls to pedals is now becoming general.

Among the many lessons which our Transatlantic cousins have taught us is the importance of making machines so that every part should be of precisely the same size—in other words, every part must be turned out by precisely the same machinery—the result being that the several parts can be fitted together with very little trouble and expense, and, if one portion is worn out or seriously injured, it can be replaced by another similar portion in a few minutes, much as obtains in the manufacture of guns and rifles. This great improvement, I need hardly observe, is carried out to perfection at the Premier Works, and no doubt elsewhere at all first-class factories ; but it simplifies the repair and the making of cycles. Another important matter, in these days of racing and of dangerously high speed, is the great toughness and strength of the materials. I was shown spokes made of cold-drawn hardened steel, which could scarcely be bent by the hands, their resistance was so great, while inferior spokes were handed me which bent like stout copper wire between the fingers.

As for its relation to health I have surely said enough. Anyone who can walk upstairs or climb the most gentle elevation can tricycle, even if he cannot bicycle ; effort, there is practically none, and Richardson's estimate, that one mile on foot or three on horseback is more fatiguing than six on a cycle, is within the mark ; indeed, with the recent unparalleled advances in cycle manufacture one might say that on good roads one mile on foot, or three on an easy horse, would fatigue one more than nine or ten on a first-rate cycle.

I have the profoundest veneration for science, especially when it condescends to the practical, because then it is often so accurate, so completely in accord with the experience of every-day life. It would be positively entertaining to recall some of the dismal calculations and forebodings of scientific men, and to compare them with the present condition of cycling. A brilliant mathematician computed, says Richardson, that no possible arrangement or modification of a cycle would ever admit of the rider gaining any advantage in time, for he would have to carry himself and his machine ; others, mostly medical men, prognosticated a dire list of diseases, the penalty of cycling—terrible heart complaints, varicose veins, and I know not what besides ; and yet one has actually found out that about the safest place for a man to be in is a cycle seat, while as for speed he

can with little labour go four times as fast as a quick walker. Long live science!

Dr. Richardson mentions that he has known 25 miles done on ordinary roads on a tricycle, at the rate of 14 miles an hour, and that apparently without constitutional disturbance or subsequent fatigue; but such a pace could not be kept up without severe strain on the system, and an attack indistinguishable from rheumatism, in consequence of the body getting overcharged with waste products beyond the capacity of the system to eliminate. One word more: Will the matchless and tireless powers of electricity be utilised for cycle propulsion? Why not? True, it will then cease to be the healthy and pleasant exercise, which we have found it to be; but I cannot see the smallest difficulty in the way of such contrivances as would admit of machines being driven rapidly without effort on the part of the rider. At present such electro-motor power can only be managed by means of secondary batteries, and the machine weighs little short of half a ton, and is about as large as a gig; but science is as untiring as it is accurate, and the near future may have great surprises in store.

Not so very long ago forty or fifty miles a day was an almost impossible distance, and was looked upon as the utmost limits of human endurance. Then Mr. Marriott reached a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and before long cleared 183, and still later he reached 214. Even ladies have gone prodigious distances, and the late Mrs. Allen managed to cover 153 miles in twenty-four hours. I do not wish to say one word which would seem to approve of such reckless strain and profitless and dangerous exertion, but on September 7, this year, Mr. M. A. Holbein, the famous rider, cleared 324 miles within twenty-four hours. That gentleman reached the end of the first 100 miles in six hours thirty-three minutes, and did 175 miles in twelve hours. The machine he rode was a Premier—no wonder that the makers were elated, though it is not to be supposed that their principal object is to manufacture record breakers. Among other marvels of cycling, Mr. Sutton, in September 1884, rode on a Cruiser from London to Edinburgh, in two days—399 miles; and Mr. George Smith went 100 miles, in the same month, on one of Hillman's Kangaroo safety bicycles, in 7 hours 11 minutes 10 seconds. At Bridgetown, Barbadoes, in 1883, tricycles were supplied to some of the police. They have not only paid their expenses, but in horse keep alone the public gained in seven months to the extent of £53. 16s. 6d. One cannot, however, help speaking in modified praise of racing, objectionable as it may be in many ways, for there is no doubt

that it is the competition among makers to produce the easy-going machines of our day which has led to the unexampled improvements of recent years: it has been the constant striving after longer distances in shorter and still shorter times that has led to those wonderful machines on which a practised bicyclist will go twenty miles an hour on good smooth roads, and a tricyclist sixteen miles. Still, these are higher rates of speed than I should recommend, and for pleasure and utility one may be satisfied with ten miles on a bicycle and eight on a tricycle.

And if good for the doctor, the young, the strong, the active, in short for all not growing latitudinally, how good for invalids? To them time is no object; they could have their own comfortable machine, settle themselves in it and work on steadily, choosing the easiest and best roads and fully vindicating the value of cycling as a means of health.

W. ARMSTRONG WILLIS.

UNDER KING JOHN.

IN the history of crime each age has its special characteristics. We have the age of violence and ferocity, when civilisation is at a low ebb and education confined to the few ; the age of robbery and rapine, when everything is sacrificed to deeds of military prowess and the law of might is that of right ; the age of maritime adventure, when piracy flourishes as a great commercial industry ; the age of speculation and buoyant trade, when criminal activity is busy with its introduction of fraudulent companies, its clever forgeries, and its thousand and one schemes to decoy the innocent into the meshes of the knave. Crime in the nineteenth century is just as low, cruel, and calculating as in the thirteenth, only it has changed its character, and glosses its nefarious offences with a veneer of civilisation and intelligence which in the earlier periods of our history it was necessarily unable to acquire. A work lies before us which reveals, as only contemporary evidence can reveal, the criminal condition of our country in the reign of King John.¹ From its pages a light is shed on the social history of England not to be obtained from any other source. Before information culled from judicial proceedings of the period, engrossed on parchments at the very date the decisions were given, all matter drawn from printed authorities and subsequent chronicles must pale its ineffectual fires, like artificial light before the rays of the noonday sun.

Here, in this interesting volume, we have life under King John as written by those who lived with him and interpreted his rule. Among the latest associations the object of which is to unearth the memorials of the past the Selden Society takes the very front rank. Indeed it is second to no antiquarian body in the useful work it aims at producing. Started under distinguished patronage, and assisted by a staff of accomplished scholars, the one main object it has in view is to encourage the study and advance the knowledge of the history of English law. To effect this end it delves amid the early muniments stored among the public archives, or explores the mass of uncalendared matter neglected in our public and private libraries, and hunts

¹ *Select Pleas of the Crown*, vol. i.: Selden Society.

up any classes of manuscripts calculated to illustrate the purport of its quest—the growth and the principles of mediæval common law. Selections from this treasure trove the Society proposes to publish from time to time, and thus throw a light upon our early history which it is impossible for printed books to reflect. The work before us is the first attempt of this praiseworthy body at introducing the public to its skilled labours. No happier choice could be made for an initial effort than the publication of these selections from the Pleas of the Crown. Of all classes among our archives the Plea Rolls of the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, which run from the reign of Richard I. to the commencement of the eighteenth century, are the most valuable for the historian and legal student. Their pleadings and judgments constitute invaluable materials for English legal history, since they furnish us with information not to be obtained elsewhere as to the state of the law and the social and economic condition of the people at the very time their entries were recorded. From the well-preserved parchments of these Rolls we learn the crimes that were perpetrated, the punishments inflicted, the fines imposed, and the quaint customs by which offences were purged.

A perusal of this volume leads us to the conclusion that crime during the reign of King John was somewhat of a monotonous character. The deeds recorded simply ring the changes upon murder, robbery with violence, mutilation, burglary, rape, petty thefts, exactions of unjust tolls, the use of false weights and measures, the ignoring by a villein of his obligations to his lord, and the like. The criminal received punishment according to the enormity of his offence. He was hanged, or drawn and hanged, or burned, or fined, or dismembered, or sentenced to engage his opponent in a duel. Two modes of detecting guilt were at this date of frequent adoption—the ordeal by fire or water, and the ordeal of battle. The water ordeal had to be gone through either with cold or boiling water. In cold water the suspected offender was considered innocent if his body was not borne up by the water contrary to the course of nature; in hot water the criminal had to immerse his arms or legs naked in the scalding fluid, and, after a time, on taking them out, if they were found to be unscathed he was adjudged innocent. He was generally found innocent; in the cases before us there is but one instance of a failure at this ordeal. The ordeal by fire was a severer test. The criminal was blindfolded, and made to walk with his bare feet over nine glowing-hot ploughshares; or else he had to carry heated irons in his hands, usually of one pound weight, which was called the simple ordeal; or of two pounds weight, which was called *duplex*;

or of three pounds weight, which was *triplex ordalium*. If he came out of this trial unhurt he was pronounced innocent, and acquitted. As a rule, the ordeal by fire was reserved for freemen and persons of better condition; the water ordeal for villeins and rustics.

The ordeal by battle, or trial by combat, was at this date another favourite form of deciding a judicial issue. The defendant, if of sound health and not a minor, declared that he was innocent of the crime—generally murder—laid to his charge, and, flinging his glove upon the ground, swore that he was ready to defend himself by his body, and determine the question in dispute by a duel. The challenge accepted, a day was appointed by the court for the conflict to take place, and until that time arrived both plaintiff and defendant were kept in the custody of the marshal. On the eve of the ordeal both parties were arraigned by the marshal, and brought into the field before the justices of the court, who addressed the combatants, and restated the nature of the accusation. Then, the next morning, at the rising of the sun, the two foes met, bareheaded and bare-legged from the knee downwards, and with their arms bared to the elbows. They were armed with staves an ell long, and each sheltered himself behind a four-cornered target. Before entering into action both men made oath that he “had neither ate nor drunk, nor done anything else by which the law of God may be depressed and the law of the devil exalted.” Silence was then proclaimed, and the engagement commenced. If the defendant was vanquished, or was unable to continue the fight, he was considered to be guilty, and was hanged forthwith; but if he could maintain the conflict all the day until the stars appeared, judgment was given in his favour, and he was quit of the appeal. When the plaintiff was weak or maimed, he was allowed to avoid the wager of battle, and could compel the defendant to put himself upon his country. The trial took place before the constable and marshal.

Punishment then, as now, for minor offences was condoned by the imposition of fines. *Ideo in misericordia* are words constantly to be found in our records at the end of a charge made against an offender. “*Misericordia*” was a legal term used for an arbitrary or discretionary amerciamento imposed upon any person for an offence; it was so called because “the fine to be paid should be small and rather less than the offence according to the provisions of *Magna Charta*.” In those good old times the catalogue of offences which could be committed by the people was a heavy one; the law of the land showed them scant mercy when they erred, yet the law of the lord of the manor was the severer of the two. On all sides the peasant

was oppressed and overworked. If he had a few sheaves of corn, he could not grind them himself, but had to bring them to the mill of his lord, and there, on payment of a toll, have them ground. If the wife of his lord had a child, or the daughter of his lord married, or the son of his lord came home from the wars, the happy event had to be commemorated by compulsory gifts from the delighted peasantry. At harvest-time the unhappy son of the soil was compelled to devote several days to reaping his lord's corn, getting in the hay, and the like, without the slightest remuneration. If he snared a rabbit or a hare, or shot a deer with his bow and arrow, and was caught in the act, he was strung up on the nearest tree. If his daughter married, the lord, if he so chose, could anticipate the rights of the husband—*les droits de seigneur*. No horse or cart could pass over the lands of the lord without payment of a tax; no bridge could be crossed, no market held, no cattle bred or bought, no firewood collected, no walls built, no sheds erected, no pigs fed on open spaces—in short, nothing was permitted without the payment of a toll either in money or in kind. His industry taxed, his cattle tithed, his family rights ignored, mulcted at every turn, the lot of the peasant, like that of the policeman in the burlesque, was not a happy one. One advantage he however possessed. In spite of irritating and incessant exactions he was well fed; beef and mutton and fat bacon were cheap and plentiful, and could be washed down by sound, nourishing ale at a penny a gallon. Hence the peasant, though crushed and hard-worked, was strong and healthy and able to endure the burdens heaped upon him.

From the full quiver of the proceedings before us let us see into what channel the current of crime at this date flowed, and select a few specimens from its turbid waters. One Lefchild was accused of stealing a pair of boots; he denied the theft, swearing that he bought the boots at Bodmin for twopence halfpenny; convicted, and sentenced to purge himself by water. A man was charged with rape, but pardoned on condition of his marrying his victim. Eadmer of Penwithen appeals Martin, Robert, and Thomas of Penwithen, for that Robert wounded him in the head, so that twenty-eight pieces of bone were extracted, and meanwhile Martin and Thomas held him; Robert sentenced to purge himself by iron. Save for two offences a woman was powerless to institute proceedings. Hawise, daughter of Thurstan, appeals Walter of Croxby and Wm. Miller of the death of her father and of a wound given to herself. But her husband refuses to prosecute. Therefore it is considered that the appeal is null, for a woman has no appeal against anyone except for the death of

her husband or for rape. One Cardun was charged with taking from every cart crossing his land with eels one stick of eels, and from a cart with greenfish, one greenfish, and from a cart with salmon, half a salmon, and from a cart with herrings, five herrings, whereas he ought to take no custom for anything save for salt ; he was fined twenty shillings. Maud, wife of Hugh, was taken with a false gallon, with which she sold beer ; fined two marks. A woman, Lemis, was suspected of being present when Renild of Hemchurch was slain, and of having been a party to his death. She defends herself. Sentenced to purge herself by the ordeal of iron, but as she is ill the ordeal is respited until her recovery. Another woman was accused of compassing the death of her neighbour ; she was sentenced to be hanged, but, as a favour, was pardoned after having her eyes torn out.

Numerous cases of mutilation occur ; the fines ranging from two to twenty marks. When a man was wounded, if he failed at once to show his wounds to the coroner in the County Court he was unable to prosecute. One Herbert of Pattesley, suspected of murder, was sentenced to go to the Holy Land, and remain there in the service of God for the soul of the slain for seven years ; should he return before that time he was to be hanged. Wille Brown, who was charged with killing a man, and who purged himself by water and abjured the realm, offers the king one mark that he may be suffered to return. Gilbert, son of Hodwin, was found slain in the forest of Malvern ; it is not known who slew him ; he was found in the highway between Little and Great Malvern, and because he was found in the covert of Malvern forest there is no murder fine, and this by an ancient custom. That part of Gloucestershire which lies west of the Severn enjoyed at this date a similar immunity from murder fines. William Trenchebof is suspected of having handed the knife wherewith Foliot was killed. Let him purge himself by the water that he was not consenting to the death ; he has failed, and is to be hanged. Mabel, daughter of Derwin, was playing with a stone at Yeovil, and the stone fell on the head of Walter Critele ; but he had no harm from the blow, and a month after this he died of an infirmity, and she fled to church for fear ; but the jurors say positively that he did not die of the blow ; therefore, let her be in custody until the king be consulted. At this date the sovereign was not only consulted, but often sat on the bench with his justices and delivered sentence.

We have here also frequent instances of culprits flying to the sanctuary of the church to obtain protection ; also of men who, after a crime, shaved their head and put on monkish robes to obtain the more lenient punishment given to those who could claim benefit of

clergy. Sefrid, son of Reginald Cote, was arrested because it was said of him that he tallaged ships which came through the marsh; he was replevied, and, after his replevin, he shaved his crown and made him a tonsure like a clerk's; then his pledges came and confessed that, while he was in their plevin, he had his crown shaved, and they put themselves in mercy. Alice, wife of Wm. Black, confesses that she was present, along with her husband, at the slaying of three men at Barnet; therefore, let her be burned. Here is a curious form of theft. The sheriffs of London testified that one Wainer was found in possession of a cape, a tunic, and a towel, which were extracted from the house of Fulk Woader, through the window, by means of a long stick with a crook at the end; he was hanged.

Of the numerous cases of murder, maiming, robbery, selling by false weight, encroaching upon the lands of the crown, and the like, we make no mention, since they are destitute of particular features; the punishment accorded to these offences was hanging, burning, tearing both eyes out, and occasionally, if the interest was sufficiently powerful, the infliction of a heavy fine. In one of the entries we have something like a very early trace of the privy councillor's oath. Two men, Ranulf and Gilbert, were accused in their appeal of making mention of the king's death. Thereupon Henry de Pomeroy and Alan de Dunstanville said that "they belonged to the king's private household, and were sworn that in case they heard anything that was against the king they would report it to the king." Consequently they took the two men into their custody, and handed them over to the royal presence for further investigation.

Let one more entry, and this shall be our last, illustrate the ostracised and defenceless condition of the outlaw. One Hugh, outlawed for murder, had been summoned to put in an appearance at the County Court, but had declined to obey the mandate. The sentence of outlawry, which was about to be reversed, was therefore confirmed. "Wherefore the County said that, as Hugh would not appear to the king's peace, he must bear the wolf's head (*lupinum caput*) as he had done before." This phrase, as the editor notes, is indeed "picturesque," but it would perhaps have not been a work of supererogation had he explained what it signified. How many of those who pique themselves upon their antiquarian lore know the meaning of the "wolf's head"? And yet the interpretation is very simple. The outlaw who declined to obey the law was to seek in vain for the protection of the law. He was the sport and butt of aggressive humanity. He could be hunted by anyone, and, if not captured alive, his victor could make short work of his quarry, for it

was a meritorious act to kill him and cut off his head as a gift to the king ; the outlaw being looked upon in the same light as *the head of a wolf*—"that beast so hurtful to man." Like the wolf, the outlaw made his home in the dense forests, which were then one of the chief features in the landscape of England ; and sportsmen when out on the war-path with their bows and arrows as often brought down one as the other. In either case the "bag" was a welcome one.

As is to be expected in a rough and untutored age, the chief crimes in the list before us consist of murder, mutilation, and robberies with violence. Hinds keeping guard over farms were slain in order that the sheep and calves might be the more easily seized ; men wandering along the highway were killed for the clothes they wore ; vengeance or pure mischief accounted for numerous mutilations ; churls returning from the ales, drunk and quarrelsome, indulged in frequent fights, which often resulted fatally ; at harvest-time peasants were attacked by marauders and the standing sheaves of the corn and barley of their lords stolen ; the breaking into houses was a crime of frequent occurrence—yet in the whole catalogue there is not an offence of any marked ingenuity, savage brutality seems to have been the dominant thought and mode of action. Of those heathenish vices which a depraved luxury generally has to record we do not find a single instance. There is one horrible case of mutilation, too horrible even to be given in the original Latin, yet it is but a mild case of dissection compared with the atrocities of a White-chapel murder. For criminal ingenuity as well as for demoniacal brutality the nineteenth century seems complacently to hold its own.

We cannot part with this volume without a word of praise for its editor, Mr. F. W. Maitland, University Reader of Law at Cambridge. In our splendid collection of archives the *Coram Rege* Rolls of John, from which the chief portion of the entries before us is taken, are perhaps the most difficult of all our muniments to decipher. Their parchments, it is true, are sound and well preserved, but the handwriting which covers their membranes is so small, and the contractions are so numerous and *far fetched*, that perusal becomes a work of labour to even the most trained palæographer. Mr. Maitland is to be congratulated upon the care and accuracy with which he has performed his task. We have in several instances collated his reading with the Rolls themselves, and can therefore bear personal tribute to his skill as an archivist and a scholar. We do not say he is faultless—no decipherer of old handwriting, from Rymer downwards, ever was or will be. Occasionally we have found him tripping, as, for instance, when he reads in various entries *appellaverat* for *appellavit*, *et* for

que, quod for *unde*, *fuert* for *sunt*, *illum* for *eum*, *idem* for *ibi*, and now and then when he omits an interpolation. The worst errors of which we have found him guilty are in reading *jocantem*, translating it disporting, when it is as plain as a pikestaff *potantem*, drinking (entry 45), and in the omission of a whole line at the end of entry 115. But it is always easy to discover mistakes, no matter who the author may be or what his work. Few know better than he who is accustomed to the blinding handwriting of the records of our earlier reigns how soon the eyes get tired, the brain confused, and the *pattes de mouche* of the monkish scribes fail to keep within their proper limits ; at the end of a few hours' study lines, though parallel, hopelessly meet, letters run one into the other, and contractions, which when the brain is fresh are easily deciphered, end in being misread or are pronounced unintelligible. Mr. Maitland has every reason to be proud of his book. The Selden Society is not only to be congratulated upon its work but upon its workman.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

THE GIANT STONES OF CARNAC.

AT about a mile from Carnac, on the road from Auray, we first catch sight of the standing stones or alignments, as they are called, of Kermario. At a distance of about 300 yards to the left we see, outlined against the sky, what appears more like a cluster of gigantic tombstones of irregular shape than anything else to which one is accustomed. Even those who have hitherto been untouched by the mystery of these stones are fascinated by their strange appearance, and the desire for an immediate closer inspection is irresistible. Leaving our carriage we hasten across the stretch of waste land that separates the road from the monument, never pausing until we stand among the mighty monoliths. They are all of the close-grained granite of the district, weather-worn and covered with the lichen-growth of ages. Many of them are 12 feet high, and from 4 to 5 feet in diameter. We can see at once the general arrangement. They are not placed at random, but stand in long rows, ten in number, stretching away to the east along a desolate moorland. Close at hand, in a line with the southernmost alignment, is a ruined dolmen. There are many gaps in the rows, and several of the *menhirs*, as the individual monoliths are called, are no longer upright, but it is easy for the eye to follow them down a slight incline and up some rising ground until they disappear in a wood surrounding an old windmill. A few years ago many more menhirs were prostrate, but the State has recently acquired the site and has been busy for some time past erecting once more the fallen giants. It is a relief to think that these alignments will no longer be used as quarries, but will now be preserved as national property; yet many of us will regret that any work of restoration should have been undertaken. It may be admitted that the work has on the whole been carefully done, and that the tourist can now enjoy *la belle perspective* better than formerly; still, there is something incongruous in the thought of a modern civilised State erecting rude stone monuments. The vision of a steam crane hoisting up the mighty blocks robs them of half their mystic charm. Whenever a tall obelisk betrays by its fresh pink face the fact that it is a State-

erected menhir one cannot help regarding it as a sort of impostor. But worse than this. Inferences such as scientific observation has already drawn, as we shall presently see, from the position and appearance of the fallen monuments are no longer obtainable.

The alignments of Kermario do not stand alone. They are only the central one of three phalanxes of menhirs which extend with but short intervals over a distance of two miles. Across the road we have just left, runs the second phalanx, the menhirs increasing in size as they reach the village of Ménéac, where they end in a semicircle of huge close-fitting slabs. The houses of the villagers, dwarfed in strange contrast, stand huddled among the giant pebbles. If we walk in the other direction down the avenues of Kermario beyond the mill, we find the rows of menhirs still continuing, though the stones are more sparse and of smaller dimensions, until we lose them in a great pine forest. Following on in the same direction, however, and crossing the ravine of Kerloquet, we soon come upon the third phalanx, the alignments of Kerlescant, taking the same easterly course. As before, at the western end these menhirs attain their greatest size, and end in an irregular enclosure, somewhat similar to that at Ménéac, with a long barrow on the north. These three great alignments of Ménéac, Kermario, and Kerlescant, contain altogether about 2,000 stones—a remnant only of the original number. A similar monument, consisting of upwards of 1,000 stones, may be seen at Erdeven about four miles off. Others of smaller size are to be found on the peninsula of Quiberon and elsewhere in the neighbourhood.

What are these strange stones like petrified battalions drawn up in line of battle? Who set them up, and when, and for what purpose? It is not easy to answer these questions. Archæologists differ. They have been looked upon as tombs, as temples, as triumphal monuments. They have been ascribed to pre-Aryan, to Celtic, and to Gallo-Roman peoples. They have been associated with sun-worship, with serpent-worship, with phallic-worship. Perhaps the most absurd theory, suggested by the tradition which calls them Cæsar's camp, is, that they were erected by the Romans as supports for their tents, and to shelter them from the wind! Like many other antiquities they have, of course, been attributed to the Phœnicians, though there are no rude stone monuments in Phœnicia proper. Undeterred by the fact that, of the three great alignments near Carnac, the first consists of thirteen lines, the second of ten, and the third of eleven, another writer has not hesitated to consider them as representing the signs of the zodiac, each row of stones standing for a

sign. Perhaps the most prevalent theory is that referred to in Matthew Arnold's lines :

No priestly stern procession now
Streams through their rows of pillars old ;
No victims bleed, no Druids bow ;
Sheep make the daisied aisles their fold.

But there is absolutely nothing to connect the Druids with megalithic remains. The late James Fergusson, the learned author of "Rude Stone Monuments," supposed them to be the memorials of some great battle or battles, and, in accordance with the general theory his book endeavours to establish, considered them to be of much more recent date than is commonly supposed. From the silence of the Roman writers, and in particular of the observant author of the "Commentaries," who waged war against the Veneti in this very neighbourhood, and who must have seen the stones if they then existed, he argues that they must have been erected in the period which elapsed between the overthrow of the Roman power in Gaul and the early part of the sixth century, when the people of the country were completely converted to Christianity.

Since Fergusson's book was written, a patient investigator, James Miln, has carefully explored the lines of Kermario, and, in spite of the silence of Cæsar, has established the fact that they were in existence, at all events, before the Romans left. Mr. Miln excavated certain *taluses*, or earthworks, which run along through the menhirs, in some places coinciding for short distances with the alignments. These taluses contain the foundations of ancient walls, and the works thus laid bare were shown, partly from their construction, and partly from the nature of the objects found beside them, to have been in some places Celtic and in others Roman. In particular he found the remains of the four walls of a Roman camp (*castra stativa*) situated among the menhirs (thus in a remarkable way accounting for the tradition according to which the alignments were known as Cæsar's camp), and his excavations disclosed the fact that the Roman builders had in some places utilised the lines of menhirs by building their wall from stone to stone. Fallen menhirs, too, were found built into the walls of the camp. The alignments are, therefore, older than the Roman occupation.

In one place Mr. Miln found a prostrate menhir buried in the earth and lying at an angle to the Roman wall. It had apparently fallen before the camp was constructed, and had been utilised to protect a fire-place. But more than this. One end showed by its deep grooves and weather markings that the menhir had stood erect

at one time, and stood erect long enough to be scored by the elements. The irresistible inference is that it had stood for centuries before the camp was constructed. Other taluses containing Roman objects are set down by Mr. Miln as the remains of temporary Roman camps (*castra subita*), dating possibly from the first arrival of the Romans in the country. Similar traces of Roman occupation have since been discovered among the alignments of Erdeven during the operations conducted by the State for their restoration. To return however to Mr. Miln. Certain walls of ruder construction laid bare by him, containing no traces of the Romans, but only stone implements of various kinds and fragments of coarse pottery, such as is frequently found in the dolmens, are believed to have been the remains of defensive works erected by the Celts prior to the Roman invasion. As these latter works surround several of the standing menhirs and incorporate in their construction several fallen ones, it is evident that the alignments are older than the Celtic works. How much older we cannot say; but the mere fact of their being utilised, not to say desecrated, in this way suggests the hypothesis that the people who erected these defensive works had no religious associations connected with the stones, in fact that the Celts had as little to do with the erection of the monument, whatever it was, as the Romans. This supposition, it may be remarked, is strengthened by considerations drawn from the geographical distribution of rude stone monuments, many of which are to be found in countries which, there is good reason to suppose, were never occupied by any Celtic people. It is to be noted, however, that stone implements and other objects usually called prehistoric have been found associated with the Roman remains both along the Roman works and on the floors of certain primitive dry-stone structures, unearthed by Mr. Miln in the immediate neighbourhood of the alignments. The inference drawn by Mr. Miln is that on the fall of the Empire the inhabitants of the country lapsed quickly into barbarism, as is indeed maintained by the best writers, and took refuge in these defensive works from the frequent invasions to which the country was exposed. But more than this. Some facts brought to light by Mr. Miln tend directly to show that the custom of erecting menhirs did not cease with the arrival of the Romans. Among the foundation stones used to prop up an isolated menhir near the Roman villa of the Bosseno were found a fragment of a vase of Samian ware, a rough piece of marble, and several fragments of roofing tiles (*tegulae*), together with a worked flint flake. Nor does this evidence stand alone. Roman pottery and even Roman coins have been more than once found in the dolmens. It is not satisfactory to explain this by

the supposition that such objects were left by Roman pillagers. It seems more probable that burial in the dolmens was not wholly abandoned by the native population in Roman or post-Roman times. If this be so, it would appear that the Celts, if they did not introduce the custom, must at least have adopted it from the former inhabitants.

As to the purpose for which the alignments were erected, it is to be observed that in general the objects found by Mr. Miln at the base of the menhirs, with the important exception of human bones, were similar in character to those found in the dolmens, namely, ashes, charcoal, rude pottery, hammer stones, and flint chips. The sepulchral nature of the dolmens is no longer questioned, so that the correlation existing between them and the alignments is of importance as possibly throwing light upon the origin of the latter. It is worth noting therefore that while the numerous dolmens of the Morbihan, with one or two exceptions, all open towards the east, the orientation of the alignments is the same. The alignments of Kermario terminate, as we have seen, with a dolmen, those of Kerlescant and of Ménéec end in an enclosure of close-fitting slabs, with, in the former case, a chambered barrow, while on a mound in the middle of the Erdeven group there are two small dolmens. On the other hand, with the dolmens are often associated single menhirs. As a rule the menhirs do not appear to bear any sculptures, but cup-markings similar to those on some of the dolmens have been observed in one or two instances. The names of the menhirs, too, suggest a sepulchral origin. Ménéec, according to one version, indeed, merely means the place of the stones, but according to another it signifies the place of remembrance; Kermario means the town of the dead; and Kerloquet or Kerlosquet (of which Kerlescant is probably a corruption), the village of burning or of incineration. So of menhirs elsewhere. At Dol a famous monolith, 35 feet high, is called *la pierre du Champ Dolent*, and Mr. Miln mentions that in Auvergne the menhirs are called *plourouses*, while in Finisterre there are alignments called *carnoel* (ossuary). On the whole, it is not rash to conclude with Mr. Miln, that in the menhirs, alignments, cromlechs, and dolmens, we have "the mutilated remains of an immense necropolis, the construction of which had extended over a long period, and must necessarily have required a great amount of organised labour and skill." On this theory the absence of bones among the alignments may perhaps be accounted for by the porous nature of the granite soil, which would tend to disintegrate bones rapidly, or it may be that the exact place of interment has not yet been discovered.

Mr. Fergusson was then certainly wrong in assigning these alignments to the fifth or sixth century, but the theory which he held in common with others, that they form the monument of some great battle, seems the most plausible of any that has been suggested. It is confirmed by the local tradition (though this may not count for much), according to which the alignments were once an army of pagan invaders, but were metamorphosed into stone by the power of St. Cornely, to whom the church at Carnac is dedicated. A stone standing high above his fellows in the Ménéac group is called "the Colonel," and another on a neighbouring height "the General." Certainly the alignments occupy the most advantageous positions from a strategical point of view in the district, and their appearance and arrangement are suggestive of battalions. Mr. Miln, indeed, seems to think that the great extent of the alignments prevents us from regarding them as belonging to one event. Assuredly they were not built in a day; but a victorious commander with an army of workers might well, we should imagine, collect the menhirs and erect them before the enthusiasm inspired by the victory had died out. The uniformity of plan, too, seems consistent only with one continuous effort. This theory is quite compatible with the belief that the menhirs in after-times became the objects of some sort of superstitious observances originating, perhaps, in ancestor-worship. The numerous decrees of the early Christian Church against worshipping stones bear out this idea; and even at the present day the peasants in certain parts of Brittany believe in the efficacy of the menhirs to heal their diseases and to make the barren fruitful.

Summing up, then, we think it has been proved that these alignments date from a time antecedent—and probably long antecedent—to the Roman occupation of Brittany. It is not certain whether they were erected by the Celts or by a pre-Celtic people, but it is probable that they, like the dolmens, are sepulchral in character and were erected by the same race. The most plausible theory of their special purpose is that they were intended to commemorate some great battle or battles. More than this we cannot say. The Roman Empire has come and conquered and gone since these forgotten victors celebrated their triumph. Their names are lost, their very race is uncertain, but these stones now "bearded with lichen scrawl'd and grey" remain, a sort of colossal lithograph of the battle-scene in which those who erected them bore their part. Will our statues and columns and triumphal arches last so long?

GODDARD H. ORPEN.

“GENTLEMAN PETE.”

BY A CONVICT.

DIRTY, unkempt, unsweet
 Was Pete ;
 A wind-driven atom of skin and bone ;
 A strip of the life that exists alone
 In the street.

Nobody ! nothing ! for him ;
 A limb
 Of the gutter-fed upas of London growth ;
 The thing that hath plighted to hell its troth—
 Sink or swim.

Yet, was there something bright—
 Poor mite !—
 In the features outshadowing through the dirt :
 The gleam of a body—without a shirt—
 Lithe and light.

Known by the dockmen well,
 They'd tell
 How he'd run here and there for Liz' or for Jane,
 Regardless of weather, though wind and rain
 Roared and fell.

Ever and aye he'd smile ;
 The while
 He his pinched little cheeks for a whistle would swell,
 To issue in notes that a hard heart well
 Might beguile.

But 'twas his gentle way,
They say,
That won him the love of alley and street,
And with it the title of "Gentleman Pete"
By courtesy.

Truly an arrow shot,
I wot,
By the Archer who never hath missed His aim,
And giveth to each of His own a name,
Ne'er forgot.

Hard by the grim Dock Gate,
His mate—
For he had one—"Old Mickey," a crossing swept :
A highway that many a secret kept
Inviolate.

There, when the work was slack,
They'd rack
The broom, and, in spite of the quaint conceit
Of the elder, the better was "Gentleman Pete"
For the crack.

"Mickey"—he one day said—
"What's 'Dead' ?
Does gentlemen—real uns, yer know—peg out,
And take theirselves off in the night wi'out
E'er a red ?"

"Pete, it's a weary walk,
And talk
Don't make it seem shorter ; but, mind thee lad,
A true gent's the ripest fruit to be had
On the stalk.

"Carved by the hand of God,
A rod
To be laid on the altar within the veil,
To bud in the morning, and then make sail
At his nod."

